BRITANNIA

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Vol. I. No. 2 October 5, 1928

Flash Goods From Brummagem Market.

By GILBERT

OURSELVES AND THE "OBSERVER"

I HAD intended devoting this page to thanking the thousand or so friends who have written to me about our first number, and to dealing—because so many of those friends are also friendly critics—with the many improvements, especially in print and paper, which I and my loyal helpers are planning for BRITANNIA. The outburst in last Sunday's *Observer*, however, makes it imperative that I should reply.

The editor of the *Observer* appears to resent my paragraph in "Samuel Johnson's" Diary which began: "I have just been told that, in arranging with Mr. Garvin to undertake the editorship of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the American proprietors stipulated that all articles on Eastern political questions should be written by Americans."

I may say, in parenthesis, that *I* resent the *Observer's* suggestion that BRITANNIA is "seeking to inject another drop of poison into Anglo-American relations." My feelings towards the United States and the resolute stand for co-operation that I have always made, both here and right across America, are too well known—even were they not re-iterated opposite—to need any defence. This co-operation, nevertheless, cannot be reached—rather is it jeopardised—by hole-and-corner methods of propaganda. The plainest need between friendly nations—the only need between them—is truth.

AND with regard to the offending paragraph, since Mr. Garvin expressly states "there is not one grain, not one atom, not one tittle, nor a jot, nor a tincture of truth" in it, I accept his statement gladly.

All the same, without going too exhaustively into the matter, I do not feel that I should be doing my duty by my readers were I not to publish just the two letters—the italics are mine—which appear below.

The letter of September, 1925, addressed to one of our foremost Chinese authorities and signed by Mr. Garvin's former Managing Editor, in which he states "the Chinese section of the work has been entrusted to our New York office," seems to me difficult to reconcile both with Mr. Garvin's own statement and with the other letter personally received by me from the American Chairman of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The letter of September, 1925, refers, I gather, to the thirteenth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, also edited by Mr. Garvin, which, by the way, was entirely printed in Chicago. But the identical American professor will be, I now learn from Mr. Garvin himself, also responsible for the Chinese section in the fourteenth edition.

This feature of the case seems to me an important one, because actually it happens that the only Eastern political question outstanding between England and America was in 1925, and still is, this very question of China.

I SHOULD like to add as my final statement on this subject that I consider an *Encyclopædia Anglo-Americana*, in the present state of approach between our two great nations an urgent need. But surely the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, so long as it keeps its present title, should be entirely the work of British hands and brains!

The "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA"
Founded 1768.

LONDON,
September 28, 1928.

The Editor, BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, W.C.2.

DEAR SIR,—*There is not a word of truth in the paragraph headed* "Encylopædia Americana" in your issue of to-day's date, and what you "have been told" is totally unfounded in every respect. The article on Japan in the New Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is being written by the very greatest of living British authorities. In the same way, the articles on India are in the hands of eminent British experts. The same is true as to the origin and authority of the articles on Asia, Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan and Malaya. The article on French Indo-China is to be written by an eminent Frenchman; the important article on Pacific questions by a distinguished New Zealander. *Finally, the article on China is in the hands of a Professor of Yale College, a trustee of Yale in China, whose unsurpassed knowledge of the subject is known to all important persons. For this reason, doubtless, he was chosen by Mr. Garvin.*

I write in the name of the American proprietors, who have never for one moment dreamed of attempting to influence the judgment of Mr. Garvin or the Editorial Board in the way you absurdly allege.

There could not be a more ludicrous and baseless suggestion than that contained in your paragraph. I am confident, therefore, you will be glad to give this correction the same prominence.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) WM. J. COX,
Chairman.

The "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA"
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Office of the Editor.
To whom all letters should be addressed.

J. O. P. BLAND, Esq., *London, November* 12, 1925.
5, Mansion Place,
Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to ask you if you will rewrite the article on Yuan Shih-K'ai which you contributed to the supplementary volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* published in 1922. The reason for this rewriting is that the article you wrote before only covered a little more than half a column, but in view of the importance of Yuan we are prepared to give something like three columns (2,000 words) to him. This means a new biography. As regards fee, I suggest that we pay you ten guineas for this article. Please let me have a line as soon as possible, when I will send you a copy of the existing article.

I am very sorry that I am not in a position to offer you other articles on Chinese subjects, *but the reason is that the Chinese section of the work has been entrusted to our New York office.* I trust, however, that we shall have your co-operation on this important biography, which, I may mention, will be one of the longest in the book.—I am, Yours truly,

(Signed) A. W. HOLLAND,
Managing Editor.

THE TORCHES

λαμπάδια ἀλλήλοις

FRANKAU

William Randolph Hearst

HEARST AND I

With Some Reflections on America.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST! The name in England—and in America, too, for that matter—still conjures up hatred, misunderstandings, distrust. Because for so many years Hearst, the super-Northcliffe of America, and his great chain of newspapers which links the Transatlantic Continent from east to west, stood for all that was most anti-English in that vast polyglot congeries of still not altogether united peoples we call the United States.

But the man himself always possessed, and still possesses, his personal charm.

I saw him first, some two and a half years ago, at the Ritz-Carlton in New York; and again, a while after that, in the Cocoanut Grove at Hollywood, surrounded by all the movie stars that ever twinkled from Celluloid City for the delectation of a democratic world.

I DID not make Hearst's acquaintance then, however. I only regarded him, somewhat speculatively, from afar. And it was still speculatively that I regarded him last week, in the sitting room of his big suite overlooking the Thames, at the Savoy Hotel here.

A bulky, almost elephantine, man he is; clean shaven, with a face like parchment, and the mouth of one who means business, and Irish eyes. He *is* Irish, American-Irish to the very backbone of his brogue.

In America they had told me many stories of his wit, of his courage. And one of these came back to me as we sat down together—the one which tells how a certain politician, whom he was attacking, threatened him with an old scandal.

"We'll sure bring that up against you in *our* Press," said the politician.

"I wouldn't if I were you," retorted Hearst. "The American public doesn't appreciate stale news."

"Not the man to beat about the bush with," thought I, recalling that story—and so brought our interview down to brass tacks with the direct question:—

"Mr. Hearst, you and I, as representative press-men of two great and friendly nations, ought to be able to talk straightly with one another. Not so very long ago you were definitely anti-British. Now, from what one reads, you are pro-British. Can I, through BRITANNIA, proclaim that this is so? And will you tell me why?"

The big man with the Irish eyes did not flinch.

"I was never anti-English," he said. "I was pro-American. Just in the same way that you and your new paper are pro-British. With me, America comes first. And because of that, I could not tolerate your old patronising attitude towards us. You will admit, I think, that though America doesn't know very much about Britain, Britain's ignorance about America is still abysmal. You used—I felt—to look down on us. And, being an American, I couldn't stand for it."

"And now, Mr. Hearst?"

"Well"—the eyes twinkled—"you're still ignorant. But I don't feel that you despise us."

"So the attacks have ceased?"

"Yes."

"And you believe, as I do, in Anglo-American co-operation?"

"On a basis of equality, Mr. Frankau."

"Quite, Mr. Hearst. On a basis of absolute equality."

And after that we looked at one another for a full minute, like boxers in a ring.

IN that minute I was conscious, and very clearly, of the essential antagonism—friendly if you like, yet still antagonism—between the two major races of the earth. Neither he nor I—though both of us had subscribed to it—cared over much for that word "Equality." We were both—as all men worth a pinch of salt—nationalists first. For him, America. For me, Britain. Which was all the more curious when you remember our ancestry—the Celt in his veins, the Oriental in mine.

Then, as was fitting, the Celt spoke; and I listened, except for occasional interjections, while he hammered out what I believe to be the convictions of one who, having done us much harm in his time, has now seen the only Light which—in the present stage of international relations—can show peace to the world.

"It must be on a basis of equality," he reiterated. "But on that basis I believe most absolutely in the fullest possible co-operation between all the English-speaking peoples. As things are, I can see no other move on the international chess-board. The question is not one of sentiment, it is one of commerce. Commercially our interests are identical. Both of us want, both of us must have, peace to develop our trade. Between us we possess, in the final issue, the power to enforce peace. No other nation, no other group of nations, possesses that power. United, we can do anything. Divided . . ."

HE paused there; and as he did so, that unthinkable picture which is War between our two nations tried to flash itself across my mind. But it *is* unthinkable, that war-picture. And my mind, as the mind of every reasoning man and woman must, rejected it; while Hearst went on.

"It is not a question of formal alliance," he went on. "It is a question of mutual understanding. Commercially, the English-speaking races are a group. We must act as a group. And if, by so acting, we cause the formation of other groups, say of a Latin one, I cannot see any harm in it. The commercial spirit of our age is one of trustification. Eventually the diplomatic spirit must go the same way."

"Meaning internationalism, the world-alliance?"

"Not in my time, Mr. Frankau. Nor in yours either. For the present, for many, many years yet, Anglo-American co-operation is the best the world can expect."

With that—for it was all I wanted—I left the big Celt to his own devices. And perhaps it would be wiser were I to leave the whole matter of Anglo-American co-operation here.

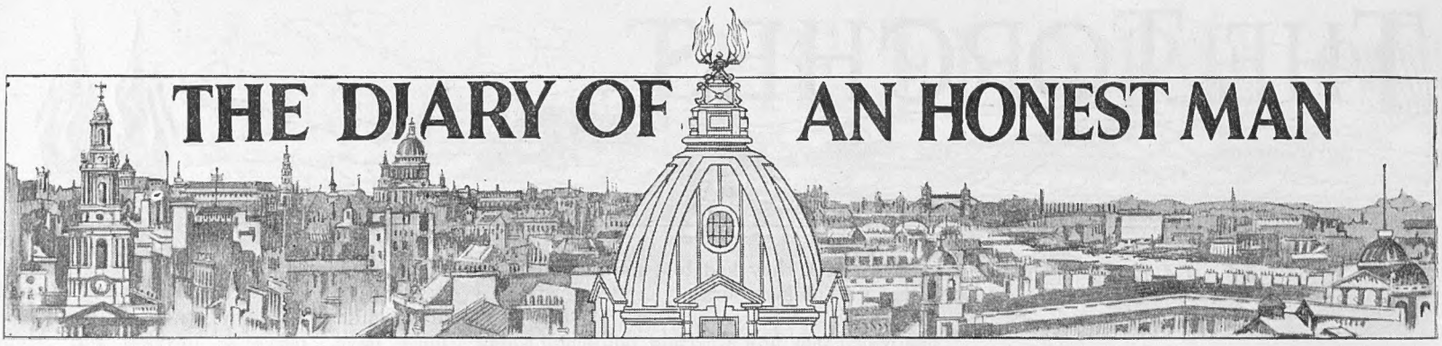
BUT BRITANNIA is BRITANNIA; and because our torches signify the truest of true speaking, I feel that I should not be doing my duty did I not add, and without equivocation, my own views on this, the most pertinent international question of the day.

I believe, as I have already said, in Anglo-American co-operation. I stand, and always have stood, four-square for a complete understanding between all the English-speaking peoples of the world. This understanding, however, will not be reached by "hands across the sea" tea parties, or by calling the Americans our "cousins." The need between us—a need all the more vital because, though Americans and ourselves speak the same language, we do not think the same thoughts—is for absolutely unfettered speech.

The great cause of peace has not been advanced by our politicians. It can only be advanced by the most resolute plain dealing in our Press.

I DO not expect the Press of America to wear a muzzle when, as inevitably happens, we tread on her corns. Neither shall I muzzle BRITANNIA in those cases where—as happens with equal frequency—she treads on ours. Too many of our newspapers, wear that particular muzzle. And the result adds neither to British dignity nor the common good.

Edward Frankau



Why We Are Tired.

MR. ROBERT LYND protests in the "Daily News" against the view that the country is sick of party politics. "I believe," he says, "that what the country wants is a revival and perpetuation of party politics." I wonder how Mr. Lynd accounts for the fact that as education progresses and the reading public grows larger the space devoted by the daily press to politics has fallen.

I suspect that Mr. Lynd himself supplies the explanation: "Party politics," he says, "was born of tolerance." The politicians have fallen into the same error as the clergy. Churches which preach a definite creed have an enthusiastic following. Churches which deal merely in pious generalities are empty. The same with politics. People will be interested to the point of risking their lives (as in the American Civil War) in clear-cut issues of principle. But they are not interested in the tolerance extended by modern politicians to practices in which they do not believe.

I am not, unfortunately, young enough to imagine that this tolerance is anything new. But it has grown with the growth of the franchise.

Jam Yesterday and Jam To-morrow.

MR. BALDWIN'S declaration on safeguarding is hardly satisfactory. He declared that it had passed the experimental stage, and repeated his statement that no industry would be debarred from presenting its case to the tribunal. Mr. Davidson followed this up by stating that the declaration applied to iron and steel. On Friday night, however, Mr. Amery made it clear that the declaration applied only after the next general election.

So the Tory party is going to incur the hostility of the hide-bound free trader, because of what it says it will do one day, without relieving the industrial depression in the heavy industries by actually doing anything at all. If politicians must go in for tactics, let them be good tactics.

Not the Sport of Kings.

ON October 1st pheasant shooting began, and the illustrated papers will be full of those depressing pictures of "Lord Blank waiting for the birds," which convince the foreigner that we take our pleasures sadly. The fact, of course, is that it is the birds which have been kept waiting, and not for Lord Blank but for his tenant, and that the element of "sport" grows yearly smaller with the letting of moors to hurried visitors from Lombard Street and Wall Street.

A friend of mine who took a shoot in Essex last year had an enlightening experience. Almost from the start he noticed that the beaters were extremely dissatisfied, and on looking into the matter, he found that previous tenants had made a practice of distributing ten pound notes whenever, in the excitement of the moment, they mistook a beater for a more conventional target. By good fortune no serious accident had occurred, but, on the other hand, the arrangement had provided the beaters with an income the loss of which they could ill afford. No doubt the discontent among the game with the new tenants was equally great, but it was less vocal.

Turbulent Bishops.

LORD HALIFAX, the veteran leader of the Anglo-Catholics, has challenged the right of Bishop Barnes and Dr. Major to address the English Church Congress on the ground that they are not "fit persons to address a meeting of Christian people." This is an interesting commentary on the announcement from Lambeth that the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, meeting informally, have agreed on their policy in regard to the Prayer Book.

Briefly, the suggestion is to authorise any departures from the old Prayer Book which would have been allowed if the new Prayer Book were legal, and to take disciplinary action against all other irregularities. This is subject to one important condition. No departure from the old Prayer Book is to be allowed without the concurrence (whether active or passive is not stated) of the Parochial Church Council. While the Bishops' decision is "informal" and "provisional," the law of the land is neither, but, if discipline is to be restored and the Christian tradition of the Church of England maintained, the Bishops could do nothing else. No English church could allow its doctrine or its practices to be dictated by a slender majority of the House of Commons, which, but for the adherence of members of other churches or representing non-English constituencies, would have been a substantial majority. Among Anglicans representing English constituencies there was a majority for the new book, and this simple fact dominates the situation. The power of parliamentary majorities is not absolute, and it is good that Parliament should learn this simple fact as soon as possible.

The Allied Internment Camp.

LAST Sunday was the anniversary of the armistice with Bulgaria, which marked, chronologically at least, the beginning of the collapse of the Central Empires. Franchet d'Esprey's offensive began on September 19th, but there was no military reason for the mere disintegration of the Bulgarian armies. They were tired of the war, and the shortest way home was surrender.

It was not unfitting that the Salonica campaign should end in a fantastic manner. The Allies had assembled, by the end of the war, 650,000 men to face the Bulgarians stiffened by a few German troops, and for a time with a Turkish infantry division. Hindenburg christened Salonica the Allied Internment Camp, and this force, which failed to save Serbia, which could not keep even the Turkish division permanently detached from the main Turkish army, and which failed to assist Russia or to prevent the defeat of Rumania, remains in history as the most ludicrous example of the dispersal of forces at the dictation of amateur strategists.

It owed its origin largely to the distrust of English politicians for Mr. Winston Churchill, and the trust of French politicians in General Sarrail.

This rather unattractive commander wanted troops to lead, and we supplied him with the troops by withdrawing them from Gallipoli. We withdrew too few (only 13,000) to save Serbia, but we reinforced this ridiculous advance guard so strongly as to necessitate finally the evacuation of the peninsula. Mr. Lloyd George was a warm partisan of the Salonica Expedition.

The Spread of Democracy.

REPRESENTATIVE institutions are spreading to Mexico. The Mexican Congress, meeting in secret, has elected a provisional president by means of the ballot. Only one name was on the ballot paper, that of Señor Gil, President Calles's nominee! Señor Gil, unlike recent Mexican presidents, is a civilian, but like his predecessors he will need to rest his authority on force and probably to defend it by force.

The Mexican policy in regard to the Church is likely, it is said, to remain unchanged. The "Daily Express" some time ago instituted an inquiry into the alleged atrocities of the Mexican Government, and the result was substantially to confirm the allegations. No one cared. Our enlightened century, however, takes a great interest in Mexican oil.

Is it kind to be Healthy?

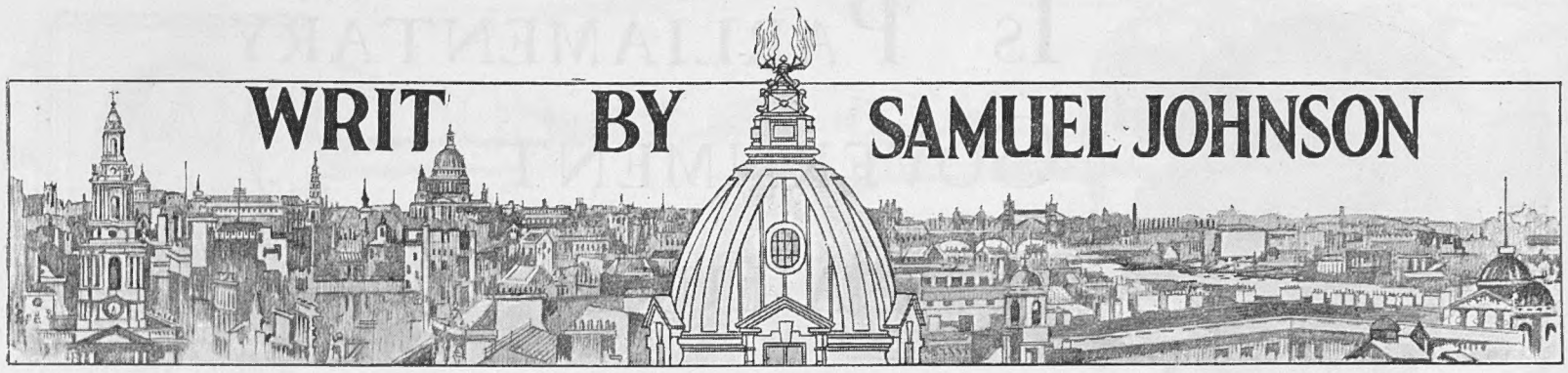
"WANTED.—Permanent patients for nursing home." This pathetic cry in the "Times" Agony column caught my eye a day or so ago. I cannot help feeling that the staff of this nursing home have missed their vocation. They would surely find the position of mortuary attendants more congenial. The chance of getting well when actually dead is admitted by even our most advanced scientists to be small.

My only wonder is as to what would happen if an inmate of this nursing home were so tactless as to show signs of recovery. Presumably the home would change its medical attendant.

Nationalisation: A Timely Warning.

THE grain failure in Russia has led to a deficit of £14,500,000. The grain failure was partly due to natural causes, but 7,000,000 acres, as compared with last year, have fallen out of cultivation, owing to the dissatisfaction of the peasants with the prices paid by the Government buyers.

The British Government had, if we remember rightly, a rather similar experience with bacon in 1918–9, when the absence of competing purchasers from England for American bacon ended by driving the bacon almost off the market. The "shortage" was remedied miraculously when bacon was decontrolled, and armies of British buyers reappeared.



The Labour Party propose, when they come into power, "to transform the import of meat into a public service." (*Labour and the Nation*, p. 28). At least we know what to expect. But do we? How many people really take the Labour Programme seriously, with its further proposals to "transfer to public ownership the coal, transport, power and life insurance industries," and to "control" banking and credit. How many even bother to read it?

Mr. Maxton's Mistake.

ON Monday last Mr. George Lansbury announced that he was no longer a poliltical "rebel." This is an eloquent testimony to the "redness" of the official Labour Party and a convincing answer to Mr. Maxton's contention that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is a half-hearted Socialist. The evidence is precisely to the contrary.

The Labour Party Conference now sitting at Birmingham has decided by an overwhelming majority that only "those who are prepared to advocate the principles and policy of the Labour Party" and who are "loyal" to the decisions of the party conference should be allowed to appear on the party platform. *Labour and the Nation* is the programme officially issued by the National Executive of the Labour Party and no one who does not endorse its dangerous and disingenuous proposals will be eligible to stand as or to speak in support of a Labour candidate, if, as is certain, the pamphlet itself is generally endorsed by the Conference.

So far from Labour not meaning what they say, they are setting an admirable example to the older parties in leaving no room for doubt either as to the exact nature of their proposals or as to their wholeheartedness in advocating them. For this reason I should like to see their programme, which costs only 6d., in the hands of every elector, so that the Labour proposals can be examined and challenged line by line.

The Tiger.

ON Friday last Monsieur Clemenceau, the veteran French statesman, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. That the occasion should have passed almost without comment is in one sense a grateful sign of a new spirit in Europe. For the things for which M. Clemenceau stood signify very little to the younger generation.

M. Clemenceau, was thirty at the time of the Franco-German war, and the whole of his active life was spent amid wars and the rumours of war. When he began his career, Poland, "ringed round with bayonets and triple sealed with the seals of three great empires," to quote Conrad's phrase, typified the inevitable destiny of small nationalities in Central Europe in the nineteenth as in earlier centuries. Clemenceau lived to see an independent Poland and the disappearance of the three great Empires. To that better world he made his contribution. That it is in danger of being forgotten is a tribute to the definite passing of the old order. The "tiger" has no more need of his claws.

Leading a Triple Life.

ANOTHER anniversary—that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who celebrates his eightieth birthday to-day—comes nearer home to us. T. P. has not led a double but a triple life.

He is the Father of the House of Commons, and as such we regard him as an Englishman; he is the *doyen* of journalists, and Fleet Street regards him as a Londoner; and he is the last survivor in the British Parliament of the old Irish Nationalist Party, which evoked in its time more bitterness than any other political organisation in the United Kingdom. As with Clemenceau, the political causes which brought Mr. T. P. O'Connor into public life are causes no longer. To the gladiatorial combats of the Home Rule days post-war parliamentary history affords no parallel.

Next Week.

OCTOBER 6TH.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles at Portumna.
Brooklands Motor Cycle meeting, Cup day.

OCTOBER 7TH.

Mr. Frank Hodges at Coventry Cathedral.

OCTOBER 8TH.

Dean of Westminster to open Westminster City Library, Leicester Square. 3.15 *p.m.*
Royal Horticultural Show, Vincent Square.
Lawn Tennis Professional Championships begin. Queens Club.
The Publicity Club of London, Hotel Cecil. 7.
Mr. Gilbert Frankau on "The Future of Advertising in this Country."
Mrs. Annett Wolter of New York will also address the Club.

OCTOBER 9TH.

Canadian Chamber of Commerce. Luncheon to Sir Henry Thornton, Hotel Cecil.

OCTOBER 10TH.

The King opens new Tyne Bridge, Newcastle.
Polling Tavistock By-Election.
Motor Manufacturers' Dinner, Connaught Rooms. 7 *p.m.*
Kennel Club Championship Show, Crystal Palace.

OCTOBER 11TH.

Tavistock By-Election result declared.

OCTOBER 12TH.

Lord Darling at National Liberal Club.

Russia and Europe.

THE Soviet Government, according to M. Ksandof, the President of the Supreme Concessions Council, is to increase systematically its efforts to obtain foreign money by the sale of concessions. If this is true it is important, because M. Ksandof very frankly stated that the sale of concessions had fallen off since the breach with Great Britain. These two facts together mean that the Soviet Government is reaching the point when they must either recast their foreign policy entirely or suffer economic disaster. Anglo-Russian relations are likely in the circumstances to be an important one for British industrialists in the near future. The prosperity of Russia is essential to the peace of the world. The future of Europe depends very largely on the possibility of recreating Russian prosperity without impairing the stability of Western institutions and the European political tradition.

True Pacifism.

TO the voluntary contributions towards the extinction of the National Debt has been added one of £3,000 by an American towards the payment of interest on the American debt. This generosity calls only for publicity. Actions like this help to create that genuine good fellowship between nations which is so often disastrously stifled by more formal alliances.

A Useful Commission.

THE Royal Commission on London squares recommends that, with one or two reservations, the whole of London's squares and open spaces should be permanently preserved as such for the benefit of the public.

Some differences of opinion are disclosed in the report as regards compensation, but it seems clear that on the most generous view the amount that could be claimed would not exceed £600,000. In practice it will probably be much less. An interesting suggestion was made by the Committee of Owners that they should be free to deal with the subsoil, the idea being that garages and parking places can be built beneath many of the squares.

If the owners would at the same time remove the railings which surround them we should be on the way towards a saner use of these properties. Mr. Winston Churchill tells us how, during the war, he prepared a scheme for utilising London's miles of railings for making munitions. Had this been necessary Londoners at any rate would not still be debating whether they had got anything out of the war.

Progressing Backwards.

THE capture of the London steamer *Anking* in Chinese waters by pirates and the murder of two of the ship's officers is another reminder of the spasmodic character of humanity's incursions into civilisation.

No doubt peace will one day break out in China, but the day is as distant as the day when commonsense will dawn among sociologists. Remove the restraints of Governments and human nature will assert itself. "Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains,"—so Jean Jacques Rousseau in a famous sentence which altered the course of history. The statement was correct, but the deduction was not. Man will win salvation in his chains; free, he will fall like Lucifer.

Pride comes before a fall, but remains after it, and diplomatists who trust to the native wisdom and the virtues of mankind, left to themselves, to correct the follies of governments are, to say the least of it, optimistic.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Is Parliamentary Government A Failure?

By The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

Photo. Norman.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

I AM afraid that Parliament and politicians do not stand very high in popular estimation to-day. That may be the fault of Parliament and politicians; it may be the fault of the electorate. It is a common practice of human beings to put the blame for the consequences of their own indifference upon other people's shoulders.

In a country with a democratic franchise the people get the Parliament they deserve. The theory of democracy assumes that the electorate have the knowledge and capacity to select the best men for representative positions. It does not work out like that in practice. A hundred reasons, other than political fitness, may determine the selection of a member of Parliament. The political education of a great mass of the electors is deplorably low.

From one-half to one-third of them never trouble to vote. The great majority of those who do vote, do so on strict party lines, without any consideration of the issues at stake or of the personal fitness of the candidates.

But if it were possible to select, and to elect to the House of Commons, the six hundred best qualified persons in the country, Parliament would still be in drastic need of radical reform before it was capable of fulfilling the expectations of earnest reformers.

Out-of-Date Procedure.

The simple truth is that the machinery and procedure of Parliament is centuries out of date. No one elected body, however capable, can do efficiently the vast and varied duties which are thrown on Parliament in these modern times.

In the last twenty years the volume of industrial and social legislation has grown enormously. The passing of such legislation not only takes up a great amount of time, but every Act passed calls for constant discussion upon its administration.

The procedure of Parliament is so cumbersome that it is not possible to get through in one Session more than two first-class measures, in addition to the Estimates and the Budget. There is far too much talk, and far too little of business methods in the House of Commons. The procedure on the Budget is an illustration of the waste of time on vain repetitions.

It takes at least three weeks to a month of Parliamentary time to get a Budget through all its stages, even if it contains little or nothing of a controversial nature. There are four stages, and on each stage after the first the same amendments are moved and the same speeches made.

Closure for Parrots.

It is much the same with every Bill. Not only is the discussion on each Clause continued for hours after everything possible has been said, but the same speeches are repeated at each successive stage. There is a rule in the Manual of Procedure against the repetition of arguments already used. If this rule were enforced, nine-tenths of the speeches would be stopped in the first five minutes of their delivery.

It is said that it is the business of the Opposition to oppose. It is certainly the business of the Opposition to obstruct legislation to which it is opposed. But Parliamentary practice goes much farther than that. The Opposition's game is to embarrass the Government, to waste as much time as possible, so that other contemplated legislation cannot be introduced and passed.

I suppose all this is inevitable under the party system, and I have never seen any practical alternative to that system suggested. On the rare occasions when members are left free, the debates always rise to a higher level and the decisions show greater wisdom. But I do not see how the responsibility and control of the Executive could be maintained unless it retained the power to " whip " its party to support them.

Apart from the abolition of the party system much could be done to make Parliament more responsive to popular demands, and to secure greater Parliamentary control over administration and expenditure. The primary purpose of the House of Commons is supposed to be to control national expenditure. As a matter of fact, the House of Commons does not exercise the least effective control over the expenditure of the vast millions taken from the taxpayers' pockets.

Twenty days a year are set aside for the discussion of the Departmental Estimates, which amount in the aggregate to about £500,000,000. There never is, and there never could be, a discussion by the House of Commons as a whole of the thousands of items which make up this colossal figure. Near the end of the Session the greatest farce in Parliamentary procedure is always enacted. The outstanding Votes, sanctioning the expenditure of hundreds of millions, are passed without a word of discussion being permitted.

How to Save Money.

Without impairing the authority of the Executive, and quite consistently with the maintenance of the party system, small Committees of members could be appointed to examine in detail the Estimates of all the Departments, with power to call and examine the heads of the Departments.

There is a Public Accounts Committee, which examines the accounts a year or two after the money has been spent; but if we are to get national economy, there must be some machinery by which the House of Commons can find out, when the expenditure is proposed, whether it is necessary or not. There is no such control at present, and I am convinced, from what inside knowledge I have, that if there were such control great savings could be made.

There are many other ways in which the machinery of Parliament could be improved. The waste of Parliamentary time, and the enormous expense to which local authorities and public companies are put by having to apply to Parliament for powers is a scandal.

These matters could be easily dealt with in the locality by Commissions acting under the authority of general legislation.

Increase the Committees.

Most of the members of Parliament take no active part in its work. Not twice in a Session are more than two-thirds of the members within the precincts of the building. Of those about the place, only a few take an interest in the debates. When the division bells ring they come in from the smoke-rooms, the terrace or the library, and the Whips point to the lobby in which they are to vote.

A much needed reform of procedure is to transfer much of the business which is now done in the House itself to Committees. The number of Committees should be so increased that every member would have to serve on one or more Committees. The House itself would not need to meet, except for Questions, on more than two or three days a week. This method would enable a good deal more legislation to be passed, and it would enable fuller and closer consideration of the Bills.

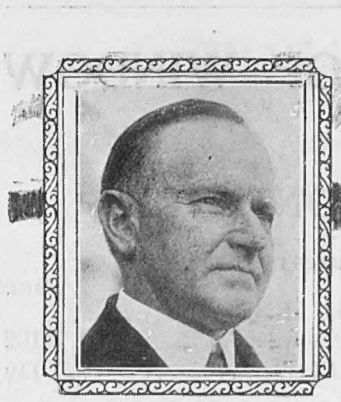
If Parliamentary government becomes discredited it will be mainly because of its failure to deal with industrial problems. I do not think that a Parliament elected for general purposes is fitted to deal with industrial questions, even if it had the time.

The pitiable failure of Parliament to deal with unemployment is an illustration of its incapacity in this respect. I think the ultimate solution of industrial legislation will be found in the setting up of an Industrial Parliament, something on the lines of the National Industrial Council which was suggested after the war.

A body set up for definite purposes, and composed of experts on its subjects, would get things done. Such a body would not be composed on the ordinary political party lines.

If such a body were set up, industrial and commercial questions would be taken out of the sphere of party political controversy and would be settled in the general interest.

I am deeply concerned about the prestige of Parliamentary government. A democratic Parliament is the only possible safeguard of popular liberties, and the main instrument of social progress. It is, therefore, very important that its procedure and its machinery should be such as to enable it to discharge effectively its duties and to fulfil popular expectations.



President Coolidge.

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY

By CRAWFURD PRICE

IT would almost seem, at this date, that little remains to be said on the subject of the late, unlamented Anglo-French Naval understanding. The object and scope of the negotiations are by now fairly common knowledge, and by his courteous and moderate Note, President Coolidge has let Britain and France down very lightly indeed. Despite an invitation to continue the discussion on approved lines, Washington has firmly expressed disapproval of a fatuous experiment in continental diplomacy, and the Anglo-French Pact lies, shrouded in ridicule, dishonoured in its inevitable grave.

Yet the question cannot well be left where it is. The Pact has had a most serious repercussion on international politics. It has done incalculable harm to Anglo-America relations. In all that part of Europe uncovered by the French military hegemony, it has cast serious doubts on the *bona fides* of British diplomacy. It has aroused much ill-feeling in Italy and Germany. As an effort towards general pacification, it was the most untoward development since Poincaré marched French troops into the Ruhr.

A Pre-War Entente.

I would be happier were I certain that all these nefarious consequences were merely the result of a bad piece of diplomatic blundering. I am not, however, so sure of this. Ever since Sir Austen Chamberlain took over the Foreign Office, and still more since Sir William Tyrrell left his side to become Ambassador in Paris, British diplomacy has apparently been influenced by the desirability of a new Anglo-French *rapprochement*. We find evidence of this in the Pact itself, in the acceptance by Britain of the French contention that trained recruits should not be counted as effectives for the purposes of disarmament, and in the suggestions for the future control of the Rhineland.

There is, of course, something to be said for the idea of an Anglo-French entente on pre-war lines, and professional diplomatists, proverbially deficient in imagination, might turn to it as a sure foundation in a political world which is, alas, still in a state of flux. Realistic policies are apparent everywhere; every nation insists that its concessions to disarmament must be limited by its particular requirements; force is still the custodian of treaties and fear the mainspring of diplomacy. Hence the temptation to cut the cackle, total up military, naval and air units, and decide that Britain and France, standing shoulder to shoulder, can ensure peace, protect their own shores and, if necessary, defy the world.

An International Misfortune.

That, however, is nothing but the old mentality which built up alliances, ententes, huge armaments, and finally led to the greatest catastrophe in history. That there should be even a suspicion that it persists in the British Foreign Office is nothing less than an international misfortune. As a policy it is manifestly and desperately short-sighted. It could endure only until Germany found herself economically restored, able to build up military resources, and combine with other disgruntled Powers to repair real or imaginary wrongs. Obviously, therefore, permanent peace cannot be achieved along these lines. That is one reason why the Anglo-French Pact must go. The other reason is that it blocks the way to an Anglo-American understanding.

The Way to Peace.

Whether we like it or not, world peace is quite definitely the joint concern and responsibility of Britain and America. As matters stand at present, and will stand for some time to come, no nation, even in Europe, could wage modern war without the direct or indirect support of one of them. In other words, if the two English-speaking countries so ordered it, intending belligerants would have to stay their martial hands. Consequently, it is not so much the question whether Britain and America want to work together, or whether, in the light of their loudly-advertised principles, they must work together.

How is this ideal—it is the only immediately practical ideal—to be achieved? What of the mischief-makers on the one hand, and the sob-stuff merchants on the other? Neither need be heeded. Whatever their petty differences, Britons and Americans as individuals get on amazingly well together; as nations they have common interests and protest a common devotion to the joint cause of peace and humanity.

If, as I believe, the statesmen of Britain and America are sincere in the acclamation of these principles, and if, as I also believe, they honestly voice the sentiments of their respective peoples, they can easily agree that, apart from anything hitherto written in pacts and treaties, Britain and America will settle their differences like gentlemen and never resort to fisticuffs. They can then proceed to build as many ships as they can pay for without jeopardising their friendship. This done, they can agree not to aid, abet or assist, either as a government or through their nationals, any Powers contemplating hostilities, at least until such Powers have fulfilled their obligations under the Kellogg Pact, and, where they are members thereof, submitted their dispute to the League of Nations. That way lies real peace.

Slavs and Greeks in the Balkans.
(Italy's Islands are in black).

A New Balkan Entente.

Sweet are the uses of political expediency. You could hardly have imagined, in those hectic days when Italy was busy commandeering the Dodecanese (the twelve essentially Hellenic islands of the Ægean Sea) and threatening to blow Corfu to smithereens, that a brief interval would see Rome and Athens gathered together in sweet communion.

Yet the unexpected has happened. The new Græco-Italian Pact is a full-blooded affair, for it stipulates for neutrality in the event of attack by a third party, mutual diplomatic support in case of menace or aggression, and concerted action if the common interests of the parties are imperilled. More could not be asked in these days of peaceful protestation.

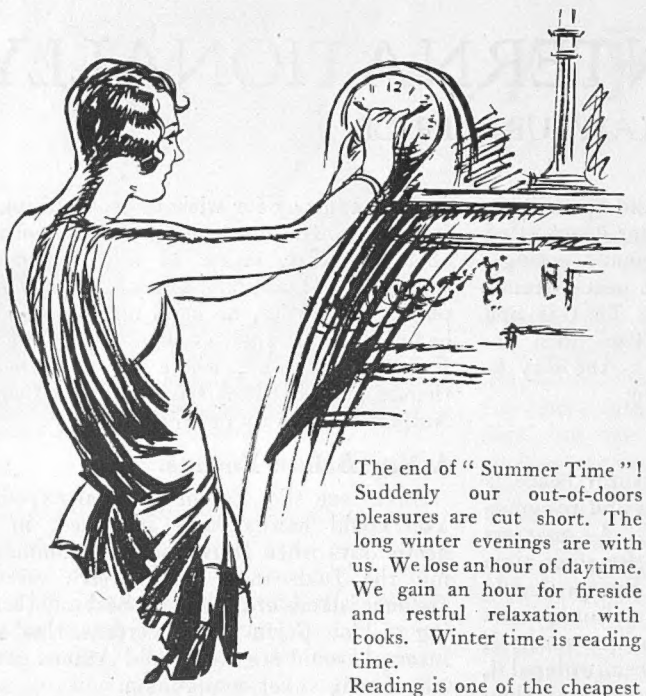
In one respect Italy gains a clear point over her new associate. Her annexation of the Dodecanese, with their invaluable naval bases in the Eastern Mediterranean, is now countersigned by the Greek Government. That must have been a bitter pill for Hellas. Why did she swallow it so easily?

The crux of the deal, of course, is Salonica, and here the arrangement suits both sides. Italy has forged one more link in the encirclement of Yugoslavia, because if the Greek seaport becomes no longer available for supplies, the Triune Kingdom will be effectively isolated in case of war. It is this consideration which has hitherto prevented a Græco-Serbian understanding and has led the Serbs, to indulge in a certain amount of threatening language. The hand of Greece has now been enormously strengthened, and the protracted negotiations between Athens and Belgrade will doubtless take a new turn.

Indeed, I do not hesitate to stress this new Orientation of Balkan policy as one of the most important political moves of the recent past. For all practical purposes, the Græco-Serbian Entente has passed into history, and in all probability we shall see a new re-grouping of the Powers in the Near East. Italy, Albania (strategically important) and Greece will work together, while the Yugoslavs, bottled up in the Adriatic, will be more than tempted to turn their eyes towards Bulgaria and a Southern Slav Confederation.

Once again Slavs and Greeks may contest for supremacy in the Peninsula, and to those who would pooh-pooh such an eventuality, I commend a glance at a map of the Balkans, with the long, thin line of Greek coastline effectively cutting off the Slavs from the blue waters of the Mediterranean and its communications with Western Europe. Thus is accentuated one of the problems (and dangers) inherent in the peace settlement.

SUMMER TIME TO READING TIME



The end of "Summer Time"! Suddenly our out-of-doors pleasures are cut short. The long winter evenings are with us. We lose an hour of daytime. We gain an hour for fireside and restful relaxation with books. Winter time is reading time.

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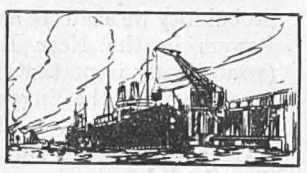

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THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

By J. SAXON MILLS

IT has been said that "a great Empire and little minds go ill together." A great Empire and unemployment queues go even worse. England is at her wits' end at the present time to transfer 250,000 miners who are soaking in idleness and poverty to other employment. Here and in the shipbuilding and other depressed areas is good human material running to waste. Yet England is the head of an Empire covering a quarter of the land surface of the globe and mostly in the temperate zones.

Our critics and enemies often tell us that England stole her vast estate when nobody was looking and nobody competing. They kindly add that as England seems quite unable to make the most of her inheritance she might, perhaps, step aside and let somebody else try. The reproach is not wholly undeserved.

What would Italy or Germany give for England's unlimited outlet for their surplus populations into vast undeveloped territories where the white man can work and thrive?

Room for Workers.

Our rulers are sadly lacking in imagination and enterprise. The response to the Canadian demand for harvesters shows that our enforced idlers are willing to go overseas when they get a chance. There is no limit to the productive work awaiting the labourer in the 14 million square miles of the British world—railways, roads, harbours, bridges to be built, mines to be opened, lands to be drained or irrigated.

It is surely a paradox that any single person should be unwilfully without work and wage in an Empire which includes every soil and climate in the world, whose productivity is as wide as human need and whose development is only in its beginnings. The opportunity is there, the worker is here. The task for a statesmanship which is not merely party-ridden and parochial is to bring the two together.

Loosening the Bonds.

Mr. Mackenzie King is taking advantage of his European visit to open the new Canadian Legation in Paris. These successive steps in the independent diplomatic representation of the Dominions in foreign capitals are rather hard to fit into an Empire which claims to be an international unit.

The Imperial ideas commended in the Conference of 1926 have been allowed to pass with singularly little discussion. The new Empire status has still to justify itself as a unique and untried experiment.

It obviously contains the possibility of an *impasse* from which there may be no escape. Allegiance to a common Sovereign is practically the only remaining link of Empire. We have still to find out whether it is possible for any length of time to invest in one person the sovereignty over half a dozen states, each of which is pursuing its own foreign policy, concluding its own treaties, appointing its own Ministers to foreign Powers and deciding in the last resort its own peace or war.

The King may be advised in one sense by one set of his ministers and in a diametrically opposite sense by another. He might conceivably be at war and peace at the same time with the same Power and even find himself, though this is a rather remote possibility, at war with himself.

The constitutional disruption of the Empire is almost complete. Unless the absence of formal union is supplied by an unfailing spirit of voluntary co-operation, the whole fabric may sooner or later fall asunder.

Whether it was necessary in 1926 to rule out all prospect of closer constitutional union is open to doubt. The strange thing is that the decision was allowed to pass with so little question.

Placating the Implacable.

The expectation that this virtual independence of the Dominions would scotch all further movements for entire secession from the Empire has not been realised. In Ireland and South Africa republicanism still survives. In the latter the Nationalist party proposes to substitute for article 4 in its programme, which demanded secession, another on the lines of the Conference declaration. But even that has not been done without challenge.

Dr. Vandermerwe, member for Winburg, who is not without support, is still for complete separation, and looks forward to the day when the Union Parliament may abolish the monarchy, the sole remaining bond of Empire.

It may be well, therefore, to repeat a few primary and ultimate facts. The South African Union has always had a different relation *vis-à-vis* the rest of the Empire from any other Dominion. Canada might conceivedly leave the Empire without bringing down the rest of the fabric. The secession of South Africa would cut in half our only assured line of communication with India, Australasia and the Far East.

South Africa is the "clasp of the Imperial girdle." England acquired it by every conceivable title—conquest, cession and purchase. So long as she is responsible for India and has to keep touch with the Australasian Dominions, so long will she resist, by every means in her power, any attempt of South Africa to secede from the Empire.

She has gone to the very farthest limit in the concession of liberty and self-determination. The last step of allowing South Africa to set up as a foreign and republican state she will never take, so long as she retains the right and instinct of self-preservation. These are the facts, and no wishing or imagining them to be otherwise will make them so.

Cigarettes and Politics.

It is useless to plant settlers on the land unless we provide outlets for their produce. The vital connection between Empire land-settlement and markets is well shown in Southern Rhodesia to-day. Tobacco-growing there has made enormous progress, the acreage under the crop having grown from 3,198 in 1918-1919 to 29,172 in 1926-27, and the production from 1,170,932 lb. to 18,631,069.

Southern Rhodesia could supply every ounce of pipe and cigarette tobacco consumed in Great Britain and Ireland. And the United Kingdom happens to be the biggest per capita consumer of cigarettes in the world, with an annual figure of 880 as against 678 for the United States, which comes next. Moreover, Rhodesia can produce every species of Virginian or Turkish tobacco. Her Virginian tobacco includes a hundred flavours, and much of it is quite indistinguishable, even in the opinion of experts, from the American product.

Yet owing to lack of custom some 11,000,000 lb. of excellent Rhodesian tobacco are at present in bond in this country and can find no buyers. That is a social and economic disaster for this youngest and most interesting of British Dominions.

It is also indirectly a damage to Great Britain. If this inadequacy of markets continues, not only will Southern Rhodesia have to cry halt to her introduction of new settlers, but many existing settlers will have to leave.

It is a curious reflection that a very slight change in taste and fashion, a little abatement of a prejudice which has no longer any justification, would set things booming in Rhodesia and open up new British homes in one of the healthiest and most charming countries in the world.

Perhaps before long we shall learn to smoke "Imperially" and thus make our tobacco consumption serve important economic and political ends.

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Mother: It's wonderful, isn't it, dears. Have you seen these, Uncle Jack?

Uncle Jack: Ah, is this the new Picture 'Pianola' Martin was telling me about? He says they've got Chopin, Debussy, Ravel, and a lot of the new men one knows so little about.

Mother: Yes, indeed. Then there's the Life of Wagner.

Uncle Jack: Wagner? That's a large order—easy to go wrong there.

Father: Yes, but the right man is doing it. Wagner's son, Siegfried Wagner himself; so there's not much room for error. This book tells all about it.

Uncle Jack: By Jove, they *have* organised it. May I look?

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Miss Viola Tree:-

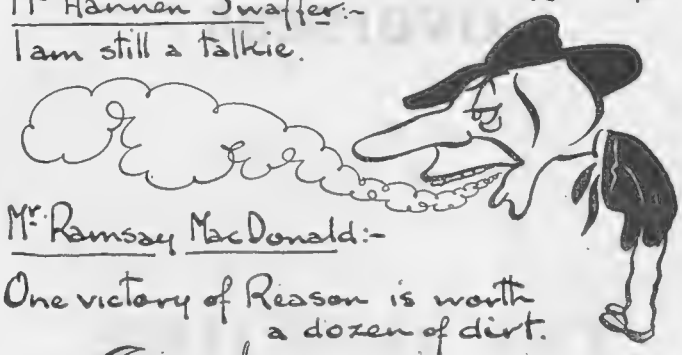
A woman loves a pat on the back from... a Tolley!

Miss Norma Shearer:-

The secret of good street make-up in winter is that it should look as natural as possible.

Mr. Hannen Swaffer:-

I am still a talkie.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald:-

One victory of Reason is worth a dozen of dirt.

Sir A. Conan Doyle:-

South African Spiritualists have invited me to help the movement there.

Wife in Willesden Police Court:-

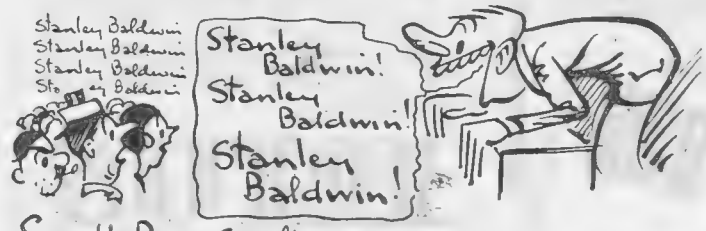
My husband got hold of me by the mouth, and flung me out of bed.

Judge Crawford:-

The possession of these motor cars leads to other forms of extravagance.

Lord Queenborough:-

Your best battle-cry is a cry of two words, & those two words, a name - Stanley Baldwin!



Sir H. Page Croft:-

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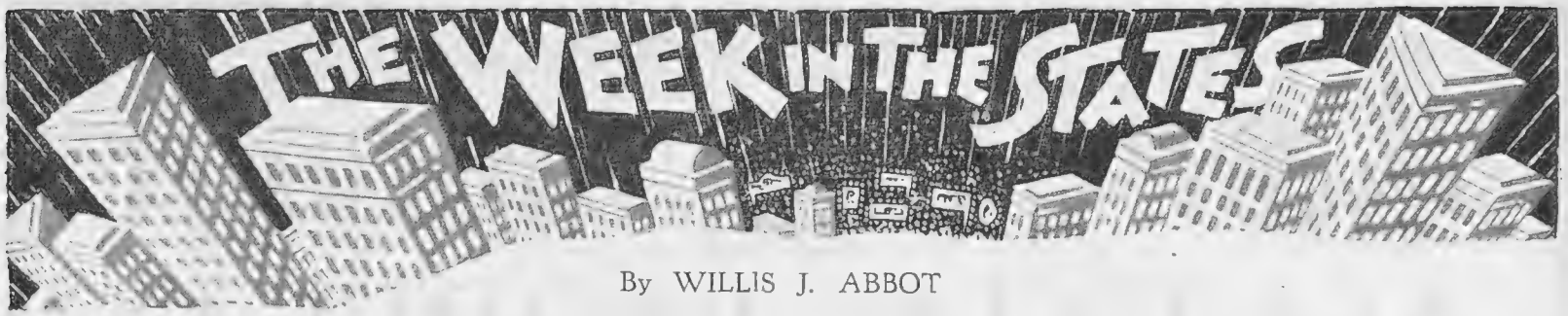


By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the second of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

BOTH the American Press and public sentiment are seemingly thoroughly behind the President's letter on the Franco-British Naval Agreement. In those sections of the United States where foreign problems are much discussed there has been a general disapproval of the secrecy involved in this Agreement. There is much heard now of the fact that the President was forced to express an opinion not on the official text of the Agreement but on the Summary, but gratification is great that the latter does not close the way to further negotiations for international agreement regarding the limitation of armaments.

American sentiment is solidly united in favour of such an agreement, and is impatient with the naval technicalities which are now standing in the way, but there is a belief that some solution of the difficulties can be reached.

Back of this, however, is a feeling, except in now limited Irish circles, that the best form of international agreement would be an amicable and definite understanding between the English speaking nations. This conviction lacks political organisation and official expression, but it is widespread.

The Election Campaign.

At two points only does the present election campaign touch on topics of international interest, and they are not major topics. On both platforms the question of the adhesion of the League of Nations has been ignored, and neither nominees have thus far referred to American participation in European affairs, but questions of immigration and the Saint Lawrence Ship Canal have been discussed by both Hoover and Smith. Because of its position "Al" Smith has always opposed development of the Saint Lawrence route.

A barge canal from the Great Lakes to the head of the ocean navigation on the Hudson River already exists, and Smith urged its development on the grounds of its being a ship canal running wholly within United States territory. That attitude appealed to New York local interests, but now, in seeking national support, Smith finds that the interior States would prefer an international canal which could be created by deepening the Saint Lawrence Channel.

Hoover has long advocated this. It affords a quicker route to the sea for Western farm products and further cements the ties between Canada and the United States. So it is that Smith, who has evidently been forced by Western sentiment to abandon this narrow local position, now promises to abide by the opinion of a Commission of Experts.

Changed Opinions.

Immigration restriction is also an important issue. Governor Smith's past record, like that of many Tammany representatives in Congress, shows that he favours breaking down the immigration restrictions. But his attitude has changed. He now declares that some alteration on the present form of limitation is necessary but insists that he believes in the principles of restrictive immigration.

Hoover stands squarely for the present rule. Apprehension has been felt lest Smith should advocate the basing of quota restrictions on some census other than that now in use, thus opening the door more widely to that class of immigrant which the United States seeks to debar, notably those from South-eastern Europe. There is a fundamental difference between the two party candidates on this point.

The Democratic organisations in the North have always been strongly supported by voters of foreign origin, hence they are generally opposed to the immigration restrictions.

A Republican Split.

Prohibition and religion are still the dominant issues, despite the efforts of the leaders to shelve both of them.

Mrs. M. Willebrandt, Assistant to the Attorney-General, who has been in charge of prohibition

Governor "Al" Smith, while engaged in the strenuous work of a Presidential Election Campaign, finds time to visit the races.

enforcement, has been making strong dry speeches, and has encountered the hostility of the wet elements of both parties and an earnest endeavour has been made to call her from the stump. Prohibition supporters rally about her, resulting in a curiously partisan fight in which the wet Republicans have joined the Democrats against a Republican leader.

The indiscretion of another woman politician in the Republican Party who wrote a letter saying "we must save the United States from being Romanised and rum-ridden, and the call is to the women to do so" spurred Hoover to write a vigorous letter of repudiation. He cited the fact that his Quaker ancestors were persecuted for their beliefs, and sought and found religious freedom in the United States, declaring that "by blood and conviction I stand for religious tolerance both in act and in spirit."

A candidate for Presidency could scarcely take any other view, but the fact is apparent that on the twin issues of liquor and Roman Catholicism the voting publics run away from the political leaders. The Romanists are supporting one candidate with complete unanimity, but the way in which the Protestants support their candidate is in no way as wholehearted. With practical unanimity, too, the Wets, irrespective of their former party affiliations, are supporting Smith and the Drys turning to Hoover.

The Candidates' Chances.

A forecast of the voting is strikingly shown in a big poll of the electorate taken by the weekly paper, the *Literary Digest*. This poll follows a similar one of four years ago in which 19 million voters expressed their advance views, the results of which corresponded amazingly with the outcome of the election.

Thus far, about three hundred thousand votes recorded show Hoover in twelve states exceeding Smith's vote by two to one. So far as it has progressed, this poll indicates a marked growth in the Democratic vote over that of four years ago. In the New York districts, for example, the poll then showed Coolidge with a superiority of five to one. Hoover this year has two and half to one.

An effort which has been made to discover the degree to which voters are changing parties shows that Smith is drawing nearly one half of his vote from former Republicans. The Democratic drift to Hoover is less. The only reasonable explanation of this is the spread of anti-prohibition sentiment in the Republican party, but it must be borne in mind that the States thus far covered, with two exceptions, are strongly Republican States and any change would be from the Republican vote, exactly as when the Southern states are canvassed Hoover's gains will be seen drawn from former Democrats. The results of the poll thus far indicate a closer election than in 1924.

Lady Astor's Discretion.

Lady Astor, who landed on Friday in New York, was besieged by reporters for expressions concerning the election. She handled herself with great discretion, refusing to make any comment which could be construed as favouring either candidate. She did say, however, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the women's vote split the solid South. I should say the present election in America is going to be influenced strongly by what the women think."

She had put her finger on the one doubtful factor in the present Presidential campaign. Every state reports the largely increased female registration. If it proves to be a vote cast for Prohibition or for Protestantism, Smith's defeat will be overwhelming.

On the other hand, the women's devotion to the Church makes it virtually certain that the votes of the Catholic women will be an absolute unit in the support of the Democratic candidate. Hoover's letter is looked on as an effort to split this solidarity, but probably it will prove futile.

ANNOUNCING THE FORMATION

of

ACETATE PRODUCTS CORPORATION

LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £675,000.

Formed to manufacture on a large scale Non-Inflammable Safety Celluloid, Cellulose Varnishes, and Cellulose Brushing Paints, and to acquire part of the old-established business of Greenhill and Sons, Limited, one of the largest Celluloid Manufacturers in the country.

The new Non-Inflammable Safety Celluloid which the Company will manufacture possesses all the advantages of durability, strength, quality and beauty of design possessed by ordinary celluloid. It will not discolour with age and is ABSOLUTELY SAFE FROM THE DANGERS OF FIRE.

The present consumption of ordinary Celluloid in England alone is over 15 tons daily, and there are no other big manufacturers of Safety Celluloid. It is anticipated that next April the Company's daily output capacity will be 4 tons of Safety Celluloid in addition to paints and lacquers.

Non-Inflammable Celluloid is used in the manufacture of :

Cutlery Handles.	Fountain Pens.	Imitation Tortoiseshell.
Safety Glass.	Piano Keys.	Imitation Ivory.
Gramophone Records.	Buttons.	Sanitary Toilet Accessories.
Children's Toys and Dolls.	Fancy Goods.	Toilet Sets.
Collars and Cuffs.	Lampshades.	Umbrella Handles.
Combs.		

and, owing to the fact that it is a non-conductor, the requirements of the electrical trade alone will, it is believed, be very large.

The market for articles made from Ordinary or Nitro-Celluloid has always been much restricted owing to the highly inflammable and dangerous nature of these commodities, as a result of which many Stores and Retail Establishments stock small quantities only of celluloid goods, ships do not carry cutlery or other articles manufactured from celluloid, and heavy insurance premiums are imposed on its use and storage.

Cellulose Brushing Paints have so many advantages over ordinary productions, PARTICULARLY BEING IMPERVIOUS TO MOISTURE, that they should supplant all present paints for steamships, yachts, and outdoor and indoor work of all kinds.

The National importance of the manufacture of Cellulose Acetate in this country is evidenced by the fact that it is subject to an import duty of 33⅓ per cent. under the provisions of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, 1921.

The Company have provided for an adequate supply of suitable acetate of cellulose, the raw material necessary for the manufacture of the Company's products, at cost price, plus 10 per cent., under an Agreement with The Cellulose Acetate Silk Company, Ltd. The latter Company is already in a position to supply under this contract up to four tons per day. Three factories (two freehold and one leasehold) have been acquired by the Company at Richmond, Surrey ; Leytonstone, Essex ; and Slough, Bucks ; together with the up-to-date plant and machinery.

An issue of Shares will be made over the week-end, when further particulars will be advertised.

You and your Money

By A. G. Walsh

I AM not out to preach about the vice of gambling with the "one-shilling share" as a text. There are many major evils in the world of finance; this is but a minor one.

After all, speculation in shares is a natural enough thing; but a word of caution may be timely here. My view is that if only investors would think in terms of £1 shares they would realise more readily that one-shilling shares standing at premiums are dearer relatively than shares of any other denomination.

Per contra, securities quoted as stock (that is, in £100 form) often are relatively cheap. You may hardly realise, for instance, that London Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. Preference (1923) stock, now quoted about £65, is actually equivalent in price to a £1 share standing at 13s.; or, that London and North Eastern Deferred at 12¼ is valued at 2s. 6d. for £1 worth. Were these quoted in £1 units I am sure that the public at once would appreciate, better than they do, their comparative cheapness.

A Controlled Market.

BUT I am getting away from my subject, which is on the inflation of one-shilling shares. I admit that the price, or realisable value, of any security depends upon the supply and demand of the moment. In too many cases the supply purposely is kept limited.

Some of you do not realise, perhaps, how an important market factor is the floating supply of shares. If, say, 80 per cent. of the shares of a certain company has passed into strong hands, and such shares are not available for the use of speculators, the other 20 per cent. is the moving power in the market.

For example, a company has issued 500,000 shares; of these 400,000 are held for permanent investment and the remaining 100,000 are in the hands of speculators. It is obvious that the quoted value of the 400,000 shares which don't come on the market is made by the holders of the minority floating supply of 100,000 shares.

When share values have advanced rapidly, without apparent reason, to giddy heights, you may take it that the floating supply is comparatively small. In such cases, the market in the shares generally is described as "controlled." That means the operators behind the scenes can move prices up and down to suit their book.

They buy and sell at convenient times to the confusion of speculators not in the know. Sometimes they are described as "insiders," but this does not necessarily mean that they are on the Stock Exchange.

Kept in the Dark.

AND this brings me to a matter that concerns you and the whole investing public—I am still on the subject of one shilling shares. Dealings opened last week in the one-shilling Deferred shares of Blunt and McCormack, film producers. Within a few days the price was hoisted to 7s. 6d. (equal to £7 10s. for a £1 share).

Here we have a newcomer commanding a premium of 650 per cent.; yet nobody in the market can give me any useful information concerning the company. The official statement "for information only" was not helpful. No useful particulars were given; only a meaningless list of customers (some through sub-contracts).

And of what use was a reference to "estimates have been given" for work totalling £45,032. Probably other firms have tendered for the same work. If the business has been successful, why not show the profits? Business has been in existence "over some years"; why so vague? Blunt and McCormack may have splendid prospects; it may not. But when the public are asked to pay a fancy premium for the shares, it is only fair that there should be a clear conception as to the company's position.

Just recently the vendors of the business were content to accept for it £608 13s. 5d. in cash and £7,650 in shares. Yet within a couple of weeks the market value of the £5,000 deferred capital has appreciated to nearly £40,000. This simply invites criticism.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

A Word about Beira Rails.

IN some quarters I find that the briskness of business at the Port of Beira is accepted as evidence of the prosperity of the Beira Railway. As a matter of fact, a good deal of the trade this year at the port results from a large traffic movement from Zambesia and Nyasaland, railed not over the Beira line, but over the Central African and the Trans-Zambesia railways.

This is because Chinde, further up the coast, is practically closed to shipping on account of trouble at the bar. Do not for a moment assume that I am belittling the potentialities of the Beira Railway. It should do very well, as Beira's hinterland develops; but this lies in the future. My object is to present to you both sides of the picture. Beira Rails have been a popular tip lately on dividend prospects.

The market's estimate of a first dividend of 2s. a share may be an intelligent anticipation, but there is nothing definite about it. At a guinea I did think that Beiras were a promising speculation; but when the price was rushed up in a couple of weeks to 28s., I could not well avoid the conclusion that the market was looking too far into the future. It is well to remember that earlier this year the shares were obtainable at 18s.

Television Hot Air.

WHAT is behind all this claptrap about the Baird Television system? Another boost of the shares, I suppose. Anyhow, optioned shares are coming on the market. Reports are current that again the B.B.C. will approach Mr. Baird and offer facilities for a private test; also, that the Postmaster-General will not object to television being broadcast. An exaggeration of the truth, to put it kindly.

Last year the Post Office authorities believed the invention was not then practical for broadcasting. Is it now? Emphatically no, I am told. Television in its present state is not suitable for broadcasting. Don't be misled by the idea that it has got beyond the stage of scientific experiment.

Many experts refuse to admit the prac-

(*Continued overleaf*)

London's largest factory.

You and Your Money—*cont.*

ticability of television on the Baird principle. The inventor deserves well for what he has accomplished, but he has gone a certain length, and there seems to have grounded. There is reason to believe that the Marconi Co. turned down the Baird patent some time ago.

Just as the thermionic valve made wireless telephony possible, a similar discovery is needed to lift television out of its present crude state. Till then I have slender hope of real progress. Unless a miracle is taking place behind the scenes, all this sensational publicity about the wonderful achievements of television is simply a strong blast of hot air. There's nothing like hot air and a balmy atmosphere for arousing enthusiasm. Are you going to carry the financial risk?

You may regard me as prejudiced; Jeremiah perhaps. Nothing of the kind. I have faith in the possibilities of television; but at this stage it is not a suitable proposition to put before the investing public. This, too, is the view of level-headed people in the City.

Company Floating Finance.

THE speech of the chairman at the statutory meeting the other day of the Baird International Television prompts these remarks. To my mind that was a company-promoter's speech. No information, useful to the practical man interested in television, was vouchsafed.

Some people came away with the impression that the concern had embarked upon a company-floating career. Apparently subsidiaries are to be floated here, there, and almost everywhere. Doubtless nice promotion profits will accrue to the parent company.

That policy is wrong; it will tend to create a financial jig-saw. And it savours of company-promotion of doubtful character. It is a thousand pities that Television shares should have become a gambling counter. Somebody is, or will be, making money out of them at the expense of witless speculators, for I learn that 400,000 of the 5s. "A" shares are under option at 6s. They are now quoted around 10s. Naturally the buoyancy of the market must be kept until that packet has been unloaded upon the public.

Vickers' Activities.

VICKERS are not going into the textile machinery business, so I gather. A suggestion to that effect has been made. Evidently the arrangement to manufacture an automatic loom (to be called the Vickers-Stafford) has been misconstrued in the City.

The manufacturing rights for England for this loom have been secured from the Stafford Company of Massachusetts. Vickers (Crayford), a Vickers' subsidiary, will undertake the manufacture on mass production lines, and I understand that it is intended to place the machine on the market at a competitive price.

Lancashire has never taken kindly to automatic looms, so it will be necessary to hold out some inducement or other. A spinner, who has seen the new machine, tells me that he and others were impressed with it; but trade has been too slack up North to think of installing new looms yet awhile.

Artificial Rubber.

TALK to anyone on the Stock Exchange about artificial rubber and you will probably get the answer: Pshaw, bogey. Prof. Gustav Egloff's remarks on synthetic rubber had the effect more of a damp squib than a bombshell. So I hope you didn't sell those rubber shares. Curiously, the learned professor from Chicago was on the subject of oil supplies at the Fuel Conference when he suddenly skidded on to rubber.

The time was ill chosen. Had rubber been scarce, selling at 2s. 6d. or 3s. per lb., and American manufacturers raving about a British monopoly, then I could have seen the point of the observation that the oil-cracking process could be developed so as to supply the world's requirements with artificial rubber.

But with real rubber selling below 9d. per lb., and a glut of it, who cares about substitutes. The learned professor showed a lack of business acumen, but he was honest; he could have waited for the next boom in rubber and then burst it. Perhaps.

Scientists have talked like that before. Twenty-two years ago the commercial possibilities of artificial rubber were discussed at a meeting of the British Association. Learned ones then predicted a great future for the imitation article. Had not natural indigo been displaced completely by a synthetic product? The same thing must happen to rubber, they argued.

But it hasn't so far. Perhaps never will in this generation, so long as we go on planting up new areas. I don't question the ability of chemists to produce synthetic rubber, but owing to the high cost of production it cannot be an economic proposition, when the real stuff is cheap and plentiful.

Signs and Portents.

SO long as speculation continues rampant in Industrial shares I cannot forsee a rival boom breaking out either in Oils or in Tin shares. Yet these two groups seem to me to be the most likely claimants for future speculative attention.

Opinions differ on the Stock Exchange as to which offers the most promising opportunities. Myself, I fancy Tin shares. They now appear to have the right atmosphere for a revival; but (and it's a big "but") everything depends upon the rise in the price of the metal being continued and held.

You must bear in mind that the position at the moment is not without elements of uncertainty, for the improvement in the metal is due, not so much to a larger commercial demand, as to the support coming from a strong group who desire to see prices higher.

To my mind the immediate outlook, therefore, is interesting. The group referred to has the necessary cash resources to support its plans. Whether it will achieve its aim is another matter. I am confident it will.

Tin Shares.

DON'T accept this as a hint to rush in and buy Tin shares on the off-chance of making a profit right away. Spasms of activity before the revival are most probable.

Tin shares, let me remind you, are not for the careful investor, who can ill afford to face the risk of capital depreciation. They are for the speculator; and my view is that at present prices the odds are more in favour of capital appreciation during the next six months than against it. All good class Tin shares should participate in any general upward movement.

Oil Uncertainties.

AS to Oil shares, everything has to be taken for granted. The favourable views one hears in the market presuppose an agreement between the leading international groups to curtail production. The natural corollary to such a step would be, of course, an increase in the price of crude oil.

Informal conversations are known to have taken place between the leading oil interests, but, at this juncture, an opinion as to future policy, voiced by anyone outside the charmed circle, would be mere guesswork.

All the rumours are based upon conjecture. The Americans themselves cast doubts upon the wisdom of raising prices. It is always possible for the few large groups in the United States to come into agreement on the question of output and prices; but there are hundreds of small producers throughout the American oil fields. Their activities cannot be curbed when prices go up. It is the cumulative effect of this minority, who flood the local markets with its output, that causes so much trouble.

My own view is that any agreement arrived at will be aimed primarily at bringing production more into line with consumption, and so preventing an uneconomic oversupply. On the question of a rise in prices, doubtless, the leading groups will be guided by market conditions.

Whatever may be decided upon, I regard the outlook for the oil industry—and for Oil shares—as brighter than it has been since the autumn of 1926.

The Inveresk Paper Co.

I AM officially informed that the following are the facts regarding The Inveresk Paper Company's impending issue of 1,500,000 6½ per cent. First Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each.

Already, 750,000 of the new Preference shares have been applied for, and will be allotted for cash immediately after the meetings on October 4th, free of any underwriting commission.

As to the remaining 750,000 Preference shares, these have been underwritten by the well-known City trust company, The Cardinal Investment Trust, Ltd. Under these circumstances the expenses involved in a public issue as originally contemplated, will be saved, the new shares being only offered to the shareholders of the Inveresk Company.

Quite Sound.

ANYONE on the look-out for a thoroughly sound investment unlikely to depreciate much should consider a purchase of Melbourne Harbour Trust 5 per cent. Debentures. The price is a few shillings over £96.

The Debentures are repayable at par in 1948, and in the meantime gradual redemption will be effected by annual purchases in the market up to par. A sinking fund of 1 per cent. is provided for this purpose.

I regard these Debentures as sound. Melbourne Harbour Trust corresponds to bodies like the Port of London Authority, the Mersey Docks Board and the Clyde Navigation Trust.

To readers who desire a good return with a minimum of risk, I have recommended in the last few days London Midland and Scottish Railway 4 per cent. Preference (1923) stock. The decline in earnings in no way jeopardises interest payments.

Last year's results disclosed a margin of about £4,500,000 behind the interest on this stock. It seems unthinkable that the decline in earnings would go the length of wiping out that margin.

You can now buy the above Preference stock for about £65 or £66. At this it returns just over 6 per cent. And it is a trustee security, a status which stamps it as practically gilt-edged, though I admit the decline in earnings has rubbed off some of the gilt.

New York Buys Motor Shares.

INDUSTRIAL shares continue the rage in Wall Street, but the speculators prefer to concentrate on Motors. Chryslers have been the big feature rising in the week from 111 to over 124. Last week I mentioned that I had heard that a bonus was coming along.

There is also talk of General Motors declaring a share bonus, and then splitting the shares. Despite the stiff charges for interest on loans for Stock Exchange purposes there is no indication that the speculative fever is abating. G.

By A. G. Walsh.

THIS week has seen the resumption of the tarantella dance of speculation in Industrials to the tune of gramophone records. It might be more fitting to describe it as the recurrence of speculative fury. The excitement has not been confined to the "House" itself, as the Stock Exchange is called. Dealings continued in the street long after the official closing hour.

The other evening I gazed upon a bellowing mass of humanity in Throgmorton Street. Gambling in gramophone records was the cause of the ferment. This has developed into a rich man's gamble, for I cannot imagine people of modest means speculating in Columbia Graphophones at over £18 for the 10s. share, or even in Gramophones (H.M.V.) in the neighbourhood of £15. These two shares, and Victors, have been well in the limelight.

H.M.V. Expectations.

The speculation in H.M.V. shares is based upon dividend expectations. The announcement should be made within the next ten days. An increase upon the 7s. a share paid for the year 1926–27 is a foregone conclusion. As a point of interest, the Gramophone (H.M.V.) Company does not derive its profits entirely from the sale of records. The manufacture of the instrument itself furnishes a profitable source of revenue. Of the profits for the year 1926–27, one-half was derived from the sale of records. I understand that dealings will take place on Monday in Columbia Graphophones ex the bonus.

Needless to say, many of the cheaper record issues participated in the activity, but I noticed a wholesome tendency on the part of shrewd speculators to take their profits at any favourable opportunity.

The idea has taken root that many more securities, quoted as £100 stock, will be dealt in on the basis of a £1 unit. Gas Light and Coke ordinary and Watney Combe deferred have shown how popular units have become. It is likely that we shall see shortly P. & O. deferred added to the list. The current quotation of £250 tends to frighten away investors. As a £1 unit the equivalent price would be £2 10s., but I shall expect to see the price rapidly appreciate to £3 or so per unit.

I notice that the market in Electrical Equipment issues has responded quickly to the manufacturing possibilities that will arise out of the Government's electricity scheme. Orders to the extent of £3,000,000 already have been placed. This is only a beginning. Callender's Cable and the General Electric Company have received a good share of the above orders.

I cannot see any basis yet for a boom in electrical manufacturing shares. It will be two or three years before the benefits of the contracts will accrue. At current prices the leading electrical shares mostly yield less than 4½ per cent. on the basis of last year's dividends. The outstanding exception is Johnson and Phillips, which give a potential return of over 5 per cent.

Railway Stocks Better.

In contrast, other markets have been quiet. The announcement that the Nankin Government proposes to restore the service of the loan secured on the Salt Tax has imparted some firmness to Chinese bonds, but, until conditions are more settled out East, these loans are likely to remain out of favour.

Home railway stocks look promising. At any rate, the tendency is distinctly more favourable. Business, dealers inform me, is still on the small side.

The Preference and Ordinary stocks of the Peruvian Corporation, which owns several railway systems in Peru, have proved sensitive to market rumours suggesting some rearrangement of its Debenture capital. This is simply the revival of an old story. How true it may be I cannot say, but it should not affect adversely current dividend prospects.

Turning to the mining markets, apart from some mild activity in Tin shares, conditions have been uninteresting. Gold shares, especially South Africans, are out of favour for the time being.

The most noticeable feature about Oil shares is the selling that is encountered upon any moderate advance. There will be no sustained improvement until the public take a hand in this market.

One or two engineering shares have been in request, but brokers tell me that very few of their clients are interested in this direction: the trade position is too obscure. The demand for Mond Nickels has continued, and I expect to see the price attain the £7 mark. Interest in Imperial Chemicals has died down a little, but the price has held well.

Weakness has developed in Dunlops, following upon the reduction in tyre prices. While I regard Dunlops as worth much more than 25s. on merits, I am not anticipating an early recovery in the price. I believe that a good many shares are held by weak speculators, who may now liquidate their holdings.

Other two noticeably weak features have been African and Eastern Trades and A. W. Gamage. The cause of the fall in African and Easterns is attributed to sales by holders who apparently fear that the company has been badly hit by the break-up of the cocoa pool. Gamage shares have been sold because of the liability undertaken in the shape of a guarantee of the Preference dividend of the new enterprise, Gamages (West End).

Features Among New Issues.

THE ready response of the public to new issues is nothing short of amazing. Omitting public loans, last month's capital issues totalled something like £30,000,000. The stream flows on merrily. Public support in no way flags. This week an issue of shares of Colour Snapshots (1928), Ltd. brought in at least 30,000 individual applications, I hear. As the cash total of the issue was only £150,000, this response is surely a record.

The company is under practically the same auspices as Wireless Pictures, which owns "The Fultograph." A small premium has been established on these shares. An outstanding feature among recent issues has been the strength of Waste Food Products. The £1 Ordinary shares have been changing hands over £3, while the One-shilling Deferred have marked 15s.

The Acetate Products Prospectus.

ARRANGEMENTS are under way for an issue of shares of the Acetate Products Corporation.

The company has been formed to develop an industry that must be unique. Its business will be to manufacture on a large scale non-inflammable safety celluloid. This material is suitable for making a hundred and one (and even more) articles, such as cutlery handles, piano keys, fancy goods and so forth.

The enterprise seems to have possibilities and I am favourably impressed with the company, which is managed by a Board of well-known business men.

The shares, of course, don't come within the investment class, but they seem a good speculation for anyone prepared to take a reasonable commercial risk. The natural importance of the manufacture of cellulose in this country is evidenced by the fact that it is subject to an import duty of 33⅓ per cent.

The shares to be issued early next week will consist of 500,000 Ordinary £1 and 500,000 Deferred 1s. shares. The Ordinary are entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 8 per cent. and 25 per cent. (that is, one-quarter) of the remaining profits. The balance is divisible among holders of the Deferred shares.

Only applicants for the Ordinary shares will be entitled to apply for the deferred shares.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT

We much regret that the exigencies of last minute "make-up" necessitated a "cut" in Mr. Arnold Bennett's article in our last issue. Mr. Bennett wrote on:

PERNICIOUS POLITICIANS THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

The "cure" for Pernicious Politicians—one of the author's main points—was unfortunately jettisoned. It ran thus:

"The quality of politicians depends on the quality of the intelligence of the electorate. Improve that, and politicians will be improved. Bad education is the root of the affliction."

ACES AND KINGS

By Jack Dalton.

LET me begin by explaining how it was that the unfortunate individual to whom I referred last week was not allowed to play the hand when he held :—

♠ Ace, King, Queen, Knave, 8, 6.
♥ Ace, King, Queen, 9.
♦ Ace, King.
♣ 10.

His partner dealt, and picking up seven spades to the 10, and the Ace, King of Clubs, bid one spade !

They made a Grand Slam, but my friend still felt that he had a grievance !

Before discussing the more advanced aspect of Auction Bridge, I intend to outline briefly the main principles of bidding as applicable to the game as played in this country to day. Some of you may perhaps consider this very unnecessary, but I can assure you that it is not.

Sound declaring is the foundation of the whole game, and the mere fact that only last week I received two letters asking me what constitutes a " two trick " bid shows that some players have as yet much to learn on the subject.

Make Your Calling Clear.

Bridge is essentially a game of co-operation, and therefore the first thing to do is to ensure that your partners—no matter how bad they may be—can thoroughly understand your calling. If, at the beginning of a rubber, you have to explain what your bids mean, merely because you have not previously played with that particular partner, you can be quite certain that there is something radically wrong.

Some players tell you that they do not want to be taken out of a double of " two," or, in other words, that they intend it as " business " as opposed to " informatory." That, to my mind, is very bad policy, because it is contrary to a recognised convention.

Nobody dislikes conventions more than I do, but the moment you refuse to accept those that are universally adopted you make your game different to that of other people and at once put yourself at a disadvantage.

As the saying goes, " When in Rome do as the Romans do." If you are fortunate enough to cut a partner who knows the accepted theories of the game, you should be only too thankful, and the last thing you want to do is to bother him with, your own pet ideas and idiosyncrasies. He has quite enough to think about already. See to it therefore that your bidding is as simple and orthodox as possible, as by this means alone can you hope to arrive at a complete understanding with your partner.

Now you all know that the " original " declaration is the one that really matters, and this can be of three distinct types—" one trick," " two trick," or pre-emptive.

High Bidding.

Many players never seem able to differentiate between one and two trick calls, and I always consider that they are the most difficult of all partners to play with. Under normal circumstances the correct call is " one " and " one " only of a suit. If you get into the habit of bidding " two " instead of " one " for no specific reason you will very soon discover that you fail to get the best out of your partner.

In the first place he is hazy as to what you mean, and secondly it often occurs that, although he has some suit of his own that he would like to show he is nervous of doing so, as you have already put the bidding on so high a level.

A " two trick " bid has a very definite meaning and should only be used very sparingly. The information that it conveys is that you wish your partner to support you if he has good outside cards, as those and not trumps are what you require. In my opinion this call should not be made unless you have at least six cards in a major suit headed by the Ace, King, Queen. Let me say most emphatically that at a love score a call of " two " in a minor suit should never be made under any circumstances whatsoever.

I know that it is a convention in America, and likewise at Contract Bridge. The argument usually produced by its advocates is that, having nothing else of any value, they do not wish their partner to call No Trumps, but personally I cannot see it. When all is said and done your object is to win the game, and this is infinitely easier in No Trumps than in a minor suit, especially when you have in all probability already got six certain tricks.

The Pre-emptive Call.

Finally I come to the question of pre-emption, which has as its object the shutting out of all other calls. In order to do this the bid must be three or more if in a major suit, and four—or better still five—if in a minor. A " two trick " call is not pre-emptive, so make no mistake about that ; in fact, if anything, it is exactly the reverse, as it seems to act as an incentive to some players to bid against it.

The time to make a pre-emptive call is when your hand is such that it must be played in a certain suit irrespective of what either your partner or opponents may have to say. I am a great believer in pre-emptive bidding with certain types of hands, but it is essential that it must be done properly. Half-hearted measures are worse than useless, and you must pre-empt to the limit or not at all.

It is always advisable to exercise great caution in doubling the opponents' contract, if it so happens that your partner has previously made a pre-emptive declaration.

More often than not these calls indicate freak hands, and they do not of necessity point to top honour strength, such as is guaranteed by a " two trick " call ; for instance, if your partner bids three spades he may hold the King, Knave to seven, and an outside Ace. This is a very powerful hand in attack, but in defence it may easily be worth next to nothing.

Next Week's Features in Britannia.

In addition to our regular features and other articles on subjects of topical importance, next week's issue will include :

Major Segrave, D.S.O.
on
The Motor Show.

Sir Herbert Samuel
on
A Square Deal for the Working Classes.

Reginald Berkeley
on
I Challenge the League.

Sir John Foster Fraser
on
The Curse of Bureaucracy.

His Honour Sir Edward Parry
on
The Injustice of Costs.

Benito Mussolini
on
My Life.

Gilbert Frankau
on
Dare We Trust Labour ?

When do we start ?

Adelphi : 8.10 " Clowns in Clover " *Revue*
Matinees : Mon. and Fri., 2.15.

Aldwych : 8.15 " Plunder " *Farce*
Matinees : Wed. and Fri., 2.30

Ambassadors : 8.30 " Many Waters " *Drama*
Matinees : Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

Apollo : 8.30 " The Lord of the Manor " *Farcical Comedy*
Matinees : Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Carlton : 8.15 " Good News " *Musical Comedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Comedy : 8.30 " The Devil's Host " " *Mystery* " *Comedy*
Matinees : Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

Criterion : 8.40 " Passing Brompton Road " *Comedy*
Matinees : Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

Daly's : 8.30 " Blue Eyes " *Musical Comedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Drury Lane : 8.15 " Show Boat " *Musical Play*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Duke of York's : 8.30 " Such Men are Dangerous " " *Historical* " *Tragedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Fortune : 8.30 " Napoleon's Josephine " " *Historical* " *Comedy*
Matinees : Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Gaiety : 8.30 " Topsy and Eva " *Musical Play*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Garrick : 8.15 " The Constant Nymph " *Drama* (revival)
Matinees : Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.

Globe : 8.15 " The Truth Game " *Comedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Haymarket : 8.30 " Alibi " *Detective Drama*
Matinees : Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Hippodrome : 8.15 " That's A Good Girl " *Musical Comedy*
Matinees : Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

His Majesty's : 8.15 " Song of the Sea " *Musical Play*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

Kingsway : 8.30 " Thunder on the Left " *Play of*
Matinees : Wed., Thur., Sat., 2.30. [*Phantasy*

Little : 8.30 " Diversion " *Tragedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30

London Pavilion : 8.15 " This Year of Grace " *Revue*
Matinees : Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.

Lyceum : 8.15 " The Flying Squad " *Detective Drama*
Matinees : Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.

Lyric : 8.30 " Her Cardboard Lover " *Comedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Lyric, Hammersmith : 8.20 " She Stoops to Conquer " *Comedy (revival)*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

New : 8.20 " A Damsel in Distress " *Comedy*
Matinees : Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Playhouse : 8.30 " Excelsior " *Comedy*
Matinees : Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Prince of Wales : 8.30 " By Candle Light " *Comedy*
Matinees : Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

Queen's : 8.30 " The Trial of Mary Dugan " *Drama*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Royalty : 8.30 " Bird in Hand " *Comedy*
Matinees : Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

St. James's : 8.30 " The Return Journey " *Fantastic Play*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

St. Martin's : 8.40 " Knight Errant " *Comedy*
Matinees : Tues. and Fri., 2.30.

Savoy : 8.30 " Young Woodley " *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees : Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.

Shaftesbury : 8.30 " The Squeaker " *Detective Drama*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

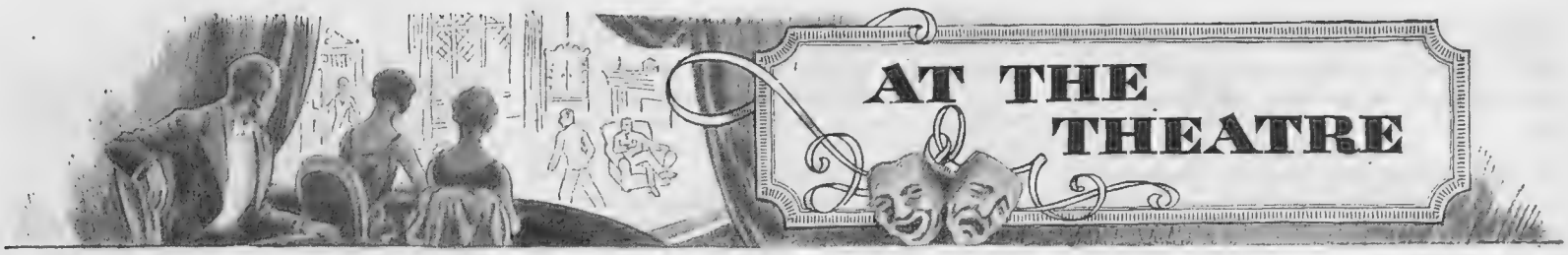
Vaudeville : 8.15 " Charlot, 1928 " *Revue*
Matinees : Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.

Winter Garden: 8.15 " So This Is Love " *Musical Comedy*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Wyndham's : 8.30 " Loyalties " *Drama*
Matinees : Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

VARIETY

Alhambra : 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45
Coliseum : 2.30 and 7.45
Holborn Empire : 6.30 and 9.
Palladium : 6.10 and 8.45
Victoria Palace : 6.15 and 8.50.



By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

A GREAT revival of variety shows having been mentioned in the House, so to speak, I recently appointed myself to a Royal Commission of One to examine and report on Conditions in the Music Hall Industry, and have since been carrying on investigations (in the intervals of "legitimate" *premiéres*) into this important question.

That it is a matter of very considerable popular importance is, I think, proved right away (apart from anything else) by the fact that, whatever may happen to the theatres, all the variety houses seem to be packed nightly. In London, at any rate; and I gather that it is much the same throughout the country—perhaps later on the Royal Commission will have the opportunity of pursuing its inquiries over a wider field.

Renaissance of Variety.

Most decidedly a great deal of "pep" has been put into this *renaissance* by the re-establishment of the Palladium, after a rather harlequin career of some years, as a right down regular music-hall—why not use the more ancient and sufficiently honourable term? I remember vividly the old Palladium as it was a few years before the war, when all the brightest stars of the moment—Mr. George Robey with his preposterous bowler, incredible frock coat and infinitely flexible cane; Mr. Billy Merson in a sweet little Greek pirate skirt with naked blade gripped between ferocious teeth, and others of the galaxy—were to be found nightly winning salvoes of applause from serried tiers of beaming after-dinner optimists.

I can remember further back still, indeed, to the days of a more distant past, when Jimmy Fawn and R. G. Knowles and other giants of their time, with thumping if sometimes grotesque personality, sang and gagged at the Empire, Alhambra, Pav. or Oxford to an audience that had its bottles and glasses before it on a tray affixed for the purpose to the back of each stall or circle chair—Authority not yet having discovered the profound iniquity of Bass if quaffed in an auditorium instead of a bar.

The Personal Touch.

Searching for the secret of the success of "variety" then and now, I find it first of all in the kaleidoscopic nature of the entertainment, which appeals so strongly to the child-like in man—uppermost in all of us on occasion, and with many thousands or millions always in the ascendant. Continuity is boring alike to infantile five and low-brow fifty. Then there is the joyous crudity of some of the knockabout turns and such-like, and, most salient of all, the personality of the performer. It is personality, for instance, that makes Miss Gracie Fields and Mr. Billy Bennett ("almost a gentleman") get across with their songs and patter.

Both these two are wonderful artists in their own way—and if it is the way of a sparrow rather than an eagle, that does not discount the value of a talent so richly panoplied for its own purpose. Miss Fields's "Why does the hyena lau-au-au-au-augh?" is as complete a masterpiece in its own *genre* as the passionate declamations of a Duse or a Bernhardt. And when Mr. Bennett is informing us that "Sailors don't care and soldiers are not too particular," or describing how "The clock in the steeple strikes None," or, dressed as Napoleon, recording how he "fought for the Waterloo Cup," he achieves a comic success to be measured equally in terms of the superlative.

An Elderly Schoolboy.

Mr. Will Hay is another plus-four at the royal and ancient game of mirth, and his dry yet simple humour gives a wonderful flavour

Miss Gracie Fields.
By Kapp.

to a school scene I saw him in last week—a school with only two pupils, one of them a be-whiskered ancient dressed in Etons, who yearns for education, apparently, on the better-late-than-never principle. Mr. H. Gordon Saunders does some fine robustious clowning as this worthy, who has spent 57 years of his life tapping carriage wheels on the railway, but admits when questioned that he doesn't know why carriage wheels are tapped.

All these hearties I found at the Palladium, to which I can give no higher praise than to say that its present shows are as good as, and even better than, in the palmy old pre-war days. I encountered there, in addition, some really admirable singing by Mr. Tom Burke, the opera tenor; splendidly drilled dancing by Alfred Jackson's Sixteen Girls, who are every bit as good as the Tiller Troupe (which is saying some); marvellous plate juggling and other feats by a picturesquely attired Chinese company of tiny experts, and several other turns of a high quality. The scenery and *decor* of the whole affair are also an enormous advance on anything I have ever seen before at a music hall, past or present, and the serving of free ice-water to the audience in their seats is an example other houses might do well to imitate—all of us appreciate a little attention like this, whether we hail from north or south of the Tweed.

Harry, Fanny and Gladdy.

Two other houses visited by the Commission were the Coliseum and the Alhambra, and if I did not find the programme at either so inspiring or consistently entertaining as the Palladium's, let me add that this is plainly only a matter of personal taste, for both were filled to "capacity" with audiences obviously well pleased with their *menu*. Mr. Harry Tate, Miss Fanny Ward and Miss Gladdy Sewell were the "personalities" here; as the programmes change and interchange weekly it is not necessary to specify which appeared where.

Mr. Tate I saw in his well-known sketch "Fishing"—it is an old favourite, but age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite ridiculosity. In the nice conduct of a wobbling moustache, in the stentorian utterance of sentences of a calculated stupidity and magnificent insolence, he continues to have no rival, and he can be backed to make even the *intelligentsia* laugh in spite of their higher selves. Miss Gladdy Sewell, a recent "discovery" in the Cockney humour department, seems to me rather to spoil her effects by a restless overcrowding of mannerisms, but she has the comic stuff in her all right. Miss Fanny Ward, aged sixty-one and looking—most of her—not much more than half that age, is a complete and, to her contemporaries, comforting wonder of juvenility. Her songs and dances are quite fairly amusing, and she, too, is undoubtedly a personage in her way.

Those Intervals.

One of the jolliest turns at these halls, by the way, because one of the most straightforwardly alive, was the so-called Aerial Polo played on the enormous stage of the Coliseum. It is, of course, a travesty of the real thing, done with a huge soft ball and something like small lacrosse weapons in place of polo sticks, but both men and ponies enter so thoroughly into the spirit of the thing that the sporting instincts of our games-loving race are vividly, if laughingly, aroused.

One more point about "the halls." It is a small one, but not insignificant. The performance is practically continuous. True, there is one brief "intermission," but the band does its best to blow the roof off while it is in progress, and if you don't happen to want to leave your seat you can spend quite an interesting eight

minutes or so wondering whether this exciting catastrophe will happen. Compare this with the dreary two, or possibly three, intervals provided for us in the ordinary "straight" play, when for ten, fifteen or even twenty minutes on end you are faced with the alternatives of (1) polite conversation to your companion of the evening; (2) the absorption of mild post-war whiskies at about two shillings a time, or (3) perusal of the nightmare collection of fatuities printed on your theatre programme.

Our Best Woman Comedian.

Touching this matter of personality and the Comic Genius, by the way, I am not sure that the performance of Miss Cicely Courtneidge in "Clowns in Clover"—which has lately reached a second edition at the Adelphi—does not in some respects top the bill. She has at least two great qualities of a comedian; she is extraordinarily versatile, and she is without fail good-humouredly genial. So many women comedians are inclined to be waspish, especially in those imitations of other actresses which tend to be not only malicious but extremely boring. After all, why should it give us pleasure to watch a mime miming another mime? I am convinced that the public is much less interested in these exhibitions than it is expected to be. Miss Courtneidge's comicalities, on the other hand, are entirely her own and of a surprising range.

Watch her first, for instance, as the typical Folies Bergère actress in an efflorescent red wig, and then as the little boy from the audience who queers all the conjuror's best tricks. Hear her in a skit on the "talkies," uttering suitable sentences without a roof to her mouth; ordering, in a tongue-twisting scene, "two dozen double dimask dammer nipkins"; or gaily impersonating one of "forty-seven ginger-headed sailors"; or, with hair dressed high in a bygone Clapham fashion, bullying her bootmaker husband at high tea. I should say she is quite comfortably the best comedian of her sex to-day.

Mr. John van Druten, author of "Young Woodley" and "Diversion."

The Inconstant Nymph.

It is generally a mistake to revisit a place or a play you have met and been thrilled by under near-perfect conditions; first fine raptures cannot be re-captured, and are too often a little bruised in the attempt. It was so with me at the revival of "The Constant Nymph" at the Garrick. Three at least of the most vital characters have been changed, and with their going the glory seems to have sadly faded. Above all, the fact that Miss Edna Best is no more the Tessa takes the heart out of the play for one who saw her perfect and deeply moving performance. I have a high opinion of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as a more than promising young actress, but she is utterly unsuited to this difficult part with its very special requirements.

In appearance, to start with, she does not fit it; she has not Miss Best's fresh-young-girl beauty, but a melancholy and—in these child.sh frocks—rather leggy and ungainly handsomeness. Gravity, too, appears to suit her best, and the natural lightsomeness under which Tessa hid her feelings takes on with her an appearance of unnatural effort. Nor is Mr. Raymond Massey, acting with a presumably deliberate uncouthness, accentuated by his own strong Canadian accent, the kind of Lewis Dodd one can believe in; Lewis was, after all, as Mr. Noel Coward presented him, an English gentleman who had acclimatised himself to the friendly and disorderly Bohemianism of the Sanger menage. Finally, Miss Frances Doble is so sweet and lovely and gracious that the tension between the two is not sufficiently manifest, while one's sympathies no longer run in the channels the author of the book intended.

Fortunately, Miss Mary Clare remains as the adorably vulgar Linda, Mr. Keneth Kent as the admirable Jacob, and Mr. Tony de Lungo as the inimitable Roberto. But inspiration has departed from a play that so signally needed just the right treatment to lend it the true breath of life.

Tragedy of a Young Man.

The serious character-study of the very young man has not hitherto engaged the enthusiasm of many modern dramatists. Their heroes—possibly with an eye to the better known available acting talent—have been tending towards the forty-ish. Mr. van Druten seems to be making a corner in young men; and simultaneously summarising with some magic wand from Nothingness the actors who shall play them to what is as near perfection as no matter. "Young Woodley," (still running at the Savoy) produced Mr. Frank Lawton, and in the more tragic, more theatrical but still intensely interesting "Diversion" just staged at the Little, there comes right to the forefront from nowhere in particular — Mr. Maurice Evans.

I should not call "Diversion" a great play; almost in its plot, or at any rate its climax, there is a touch of magnified Grand Guignol. The subject practically precludes any fine nobility in the agonising soul conflict which is the young man's tragedy. Charming, twenty-four, the son of a famous Harley Street surgeon and himself an embryo lawyer, he meets in the Italian lakes a famous but also justly notorious actress. They are alone; there is a moon: and she gives him herself with the same easy hospitality with which she would have given him a cigarette. It is the fact that he takes it seriously, with the misplaced but generous earnestness of early manhood, that leads to the final crash. The woman is worthless, not only promiscuous but with the mean little empty heart of a typical trull. Half or three-quarters realising it, he still persists in his infatuation, his pursuit, even his grovelling abasement.

Everything is here for tears—perhaps that is why the play just fails to touch the inmost heart. Yet the picture in itself is extraordinarily well painted, in vivid colours, and Mr. van Druten and Mr. Evans between them have made of the hapless, fevered, ill-balanced boy a personality most passionately alive. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt plays the courtesan-actress with a singularly successful suggestion of the extremely repulsive type she represents one feels indeed that the man who strangled her would be at least as well entitled to £20,000 or so as the mere winner of a football competition.

Miss Winnie Melville.

I Recommend—

Musical :—

"Clowns in Clover." Adelphi. Second edition sparkles like the first.

"Blue Eyes." Daly's. Evelyn Laye, Killing in Kilts.

Serious-ish :—

"Such Men Are Dangerous." Duke of York's. Matheson Lang in a big show.

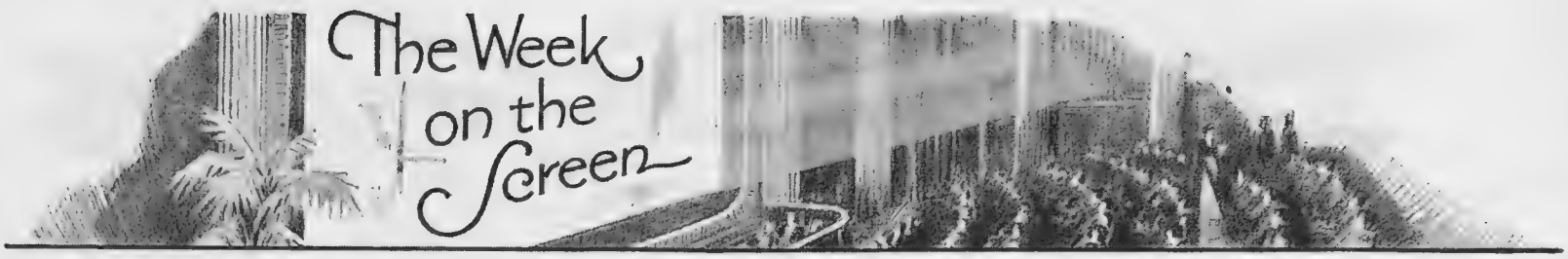
"Diversion." Little. van Druten does it again.

Lighter :—

"By Candle Light." Prince of Wales. Brilliant fooling by a fine cast.

"Knight Errant." St. Martin's. Hugh Wakefield foils the crooks.

Mr. Raymond Massey as Lewis Dodd and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as Tessa in the revival of "The Constant Nymph" at the Garrick.



BY MAITLAND DAVIDSON

NOW at last we have had the opportunity of seeing and hearing in London a specimen of the much-boomed new "talkies," over which America is apparently going mad. And the verdict? Well, as shown at the Piccadilly, in "The Jazz Singer," they struck me in the first instance as a remarkable curio. And after getting over the first original shock of novelty, they ended by leaving a general impression of something just rather blatant and rather boring.

In this programme we are given a sort of variety show to start with. The orchestra plays, a couple of banjoists contribute ditties and tunes, three women sing—the performers in each case being shown on the film, from which the noises belonging to each apparently issue. Then there comes the picture called "The Jazz Singer," in the course of which there are only occasional words spoken and sung.

A Startling Experience.

Undoubtedly the synchronisation achieved in these pictures by means of the Vitaphone is very successful. That illusion at least is perfect. Undoubtedly also these are the very best thing in the way of "talking pictures" that have yet been shown in this country. It is an experience startling and positively uncanny to find the figures on the screen endowed with this new attribute or dimension. They do definitely appear to be talking, singing, scraping the fiddle-bow, and what not. That much we can unhesitatingly concede to the new invention.

But as our bombarded faculties gradually rally, and critical thought reasserts its sway, one stirs to a realisation of flaws and limitations. That there is still a slight tinge of the gramophone in the "effects," and that the letter "s" seems to be slurred by all the screen-speakers, is a minor though irritating defect, and will possibly be removed in the further development of the device.

Though its technicalities have been fully explained to me, I fear I have not the mechanical mind, and must ask you merely to take my word for it that they are both elaborate and most ingenious. No, the real objections lie deeper.

No Nuances.

First, a more or less negative one, to which there may conceivably be a reply. It is the deliberation with which the actors appear to have to speak, facing directly out of the screen. This disallows the *nuances* of speech and tone which are so important in the speaking drama—and indeed I found a general quality of tonelessness in this as in other talking-picture efforts. On this point, however, I would prefer to suspend final judgment until I have seen a real talking-picture-play, if there is such a thing, in which the dialogue is entirely vocal. In the case of "The Jazz Singer" there is no attempt at this. Most of it is presented as an ordinary silent film, with only occasional interpolations of sound. "The Jazz Singer," by the way, was an unfortunate choice for the introduction of the new medium. It has had a great success in America, it is said, but it has little appeal to an English audience. It is a devastatingly sentimental and *langweilig* play of Jewish family life, somewhat reminiscent of "Abie's Irish Rose," which ran like wildfire through America for a couple of years and in London lasted about six weeks.

A scene from "Sorrell and Son." Mr. B. Warner as Captain Sorrell. Mickie McBan as the son.

Bastardising a New Art.

But apart from other points this production underlines and emphasises a much more important point of principle. The question it inevitably and insistently thrusts on us is whether the element of sound (apart from sporadic and inarticulate noises necessary to add realism to, say, a war film) improves or not the drama, hitherto known as silent, of the screen.

In my opinion, in which I am not alone, it ruins the whole thing by bastardising a legitimate art.

It is an impudent intrusion, a vulgar invasion of third-rate theatre into the entirely alien and different dignity of the art of the cinema. That is not to say for a moment that two arts cannot work in harmony. The art of music, it has been proved, is a friendly and rhythmic comrade to that of the screen. But it assists, not jangles it. The very essence of screen art is silence and spaciousness, a flexibility and a freedom which would be shackled and belittled by the halting sounds and syllables of the human voice. Things can be put on the screen, not only deeds but imaginations, which can hardly be indicated in the theatre.

Towards Imagination.

This tender young film art is indeed moving more and more towards the imaginative; even the sub-title, once thought so essential, is being reduced to elimination point. And now there bursts in this unimaginatively mechanical, pedestrian and utterly unromantic Vandalphone from attractively youthful but youthfully crude America, which would make of our Ivor Novellos, our Brian Ahernes, our Jameson Thomases, aye and our Garbos and Fairbankses and Barrymores to boot, just mere loudspeaking Robots.

I don't think our own public—after the first natural reaction of stunned wonderment at a new thing—will ever really stand for it.

An English Novel.

Passing to more pleasant things, I am glad to be able to say that "Sorrell and Son," the new film which is to be shown at the New Gallery this coming week, is a fine piece of work, and in spite of certain faults a drama of English life such as I visualise in battalions for the future development of British film art.

Unfortunately, from one point of view, it is not an all-British film, although it is a screen dramatisation of a novel by one of the most truly representative of British best-sellers, Mr. Warwick Deeping.

I am, mark you, no Chauvinist in such matters, and it causes me no pang to know that the photographer of this most perfectly photographed picture, though entitled "Mr. James," is in reality a Chinaman and cousin to that brilliant and charming Chinese actress, Anna May Wong.

This is on the whole a worthy rendering of one of the very best of modern English novels, which has as its central idea the straight love of father and son instead of the crooked and silly "sex appeal" business so common in so many of the half-wit pictures built for America's back-blocks that find their way over here.

PICTURES TO SEE.

ASTORIA.—"*Fear.*" *Elga Brink. British picture.*

CAPITOL.—"*The Last Moment.*"

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.—"*The Spy.*" (*Last week*).

NEW GALLERY.—"*Sorrell and Son.*" (*See this page.*)

PICCADILLY.—"*The Jazz Singer.*" (*See this page*).

By E. M. ROSSITER

Our exclusive contributor, Mr. Rossiter, has studied Aviation in all its branches since 1913. From 1918 until joining the staff of BRITANNIA, he was engaged at the Air Ministry

CONVINCING new evidence of the need for a more energetic development of British civil aviation is the news of the Dutch flights from Amsterdam to India in six days and to Java in 12 days, followed by the announcement that a British firm has bought from the Dutch makers, the Fokker Company, the constructional rights for the aeroplane employed. This is the exact reverse of what would be happening if we had an air-minded Government. It should be the British role to initiate air mail services to India and the East and to sell aircraft designs to foreigners.

Flying or Fossilising.

To put it tersely, the Government has to decide between flying and fossilising. Unless it very soon comes forward with a broad, constructive policy that will ensure the development of a British merchant service of the air and an aircraft building industry equal to our needs and status, a serious risk will be run that British civil aviation will be forced into a position of permanent inferiority. Quite apart from the pressing demand for faster Imperial communications, the essence of the present situation is that the Government is failing to create industrial air power.

It is absolutely certain, in the light of the experience of the past few years, that within the lifetime of the present generation aircraft operating on a paying basis on the main routes of commerce will have caused a speeding up of the movement of mails and passengers who can pay for speed by fully three times and will have opened up new lands for settlement that would otherwise have remained inaccessible.

How many of the aircraft employed will be British depends on the vision and determination of the Government to-day.

There is a chance to capture this great future industry of air transport for Great Britain, and by the same line of advance to strengthen the Empire at its weakest point—communications. But this will never be accomplished at our present rate of progress. The greatest effort that the strength and wealth of the nation can afford must be thrown into the effort if we are to accomplish the same success in the air as we have on the sea.

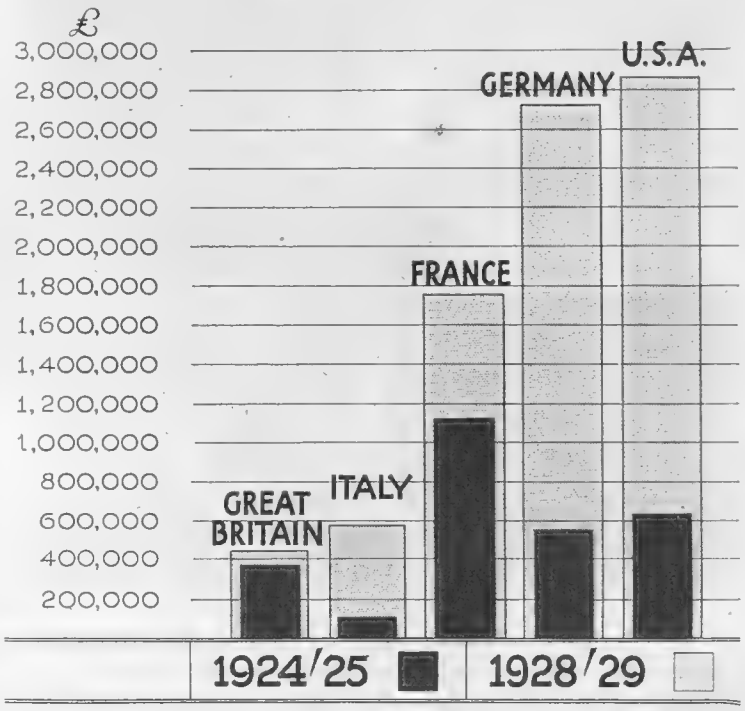
As Necessary as Railways.

Fog undoubtedly hampers air transport, but it is nothing to the financial and political fog that has delayed every step in the development of civil aviation in this country.

While successive British Governments have been concentrating their brains on schemes to limit the payment of subsidy without destroying civil aviation altogether, foreign Governments have pursued an ambitious policy of development and expansion based on the sound conviction that air transport will be a public utility as necessary as railways and telephones, that the control of the world's air lines will be an advantage of incalculable value and that a strong air industry is indispensable as a backing to national defence. The following brief details will be sufficient to show the scope and energy of foreign enterprise :—

German air lines are supreme in Europe; a German-Russian route runs from London to Persia and is advancing through Afghanistan to the gates of India. Huge flying boats have been built to operate a line to South America and a survey has been made of a line across Soviet Russia to Nanking.

America has spread a net of successful air mail services over her own great territory and is overflowing into Canada, the West Indies and Central America.



MAKING AVIATION GROW.

This diagram illustrates the difference in the sums voted for civil aviation by Great Britain and foreign countries. A return on the expenditure is already being earned by the United States.

France Forging Ahead.

France is running the world's longest air line—from Toulouse to Buenos Aires in 10 days—and with this foundation is organising feeder lines in Argentina, Chile and other republics. A French line runs across Europe to Turkey, another is being established across the Mediterranean to Syria, and one of these lines will be extended eventually to Cochin China. France leads in catapulting tests on liners.

A Franco-Belgian line is being organised from Brussels to the heart of Africa, threatening the success of a British African service.

Holland is reaching out to her East Indian Colonies, having proved that by using the air a reply to letters is received before the ship completes the outward trip.

What has Great Britain to show? In air lines actually operating the sum total of our achievement is the two short routes from London to Zurich and Cologne and the Middle East service from Cairo to Basra. A line to India incorporating the London-Switzerland and Cairo-Basra services is due to be opened next April—ten years after it was recommended by the Civil Aviation Advisory Committee!

Lack of money, not lack of opportunity, is the reason for the slow British progress. Although there is little scope for regular air lines in England we have on the Empire routes better opportunities and a stronger incentive to develop air transport than any other nation.

£1,000,000 a Year Wanted.

The situation of British civil aviation calls for a vigorous programme of development based on the expenditure of at least £1,000,000 a year for a period of years as a direct subsidy from the Government towards the cost of inaugurating Empire air lines to Australia and the Cape, and an additional £100,000 a year for the technical development of civil aircraft.

A monopoly of Empire air lines is, however, unthinkable. Excellent service has been rendered by the monopoly principle in the capable hands of Imperial Airways, Limited, but it has served its turn. In future, one set of brains cannot be so effective as two or three.

The Secretary of State for Air, when tackled on this question of air transport development, assumes an air of supercharged self-satisfaction and proceeds to describe the wonderful progress that is being made in the light aeroplane movement and the construction of the new experimental airships. But he knows perfectly well, as does everyone else who is in close touch with the extraordinarily rapid progress of aeroplane transport abroad, the serious difficulties that will result from allowing foreign air transport to take a commanding lead.

The Speed Record.

The event on which the air world is waiting is the attack on the world's speed record by Flight Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig at Calshot. All going well the Supermarine-Napier S.5 seaplane should attain about 330 miles per hour and beat the Italian record of 318½ m.p.h. by a handsome margin. If the weather forecast tells of a light North West wind, with good visibility, the chances will be favourable for an attempt.

[Correspondence on subjects discussed on this page is welcomed. Address letters to Mr. Rossiter, c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

A Plain Man *at the* Conservative Conference

By D'Egville

I AM a Plain Man (see Diagram 1), and what I want is a few plain answers to a few plain questions about the Conservative policy, and it was in the hope that I might get them at the Conservative Conference that I hied me even unto Yarmouth and sat in an unventilated Aquarium among a lot of plain women, to learn The Truth about It.

In front of me as I sat was a large table draped with a Union Jack, surmounted by a microphone, some tumblers and a carafe of H_2O, and three sand glasses such as are used in boiling eggs. And behind the table sat the Three Hard Boiled Eggs.

After the usual preliminary waste of time and paper rattlings, the standing orders were adopted (tempestuous applause). Then a new president was elected for the ensuing year (cyclonic approbations). And then, to put everybody in a good mood, the chairman announced in a crematorial voice that the next conference would be held in London.

Why in an Aquarium?

As a Plain Man, of course, I wanted to know why the devil it should ever have been held at Yarmouth anyway, especially in an Aquarium, in which I am certain I detected a lingering aroma of bloat—that is, I mean, of fish, which, after all is only natural if it really was an Aquarium.

Now while one of the Hard Boiled Eggs, to wit, Mr. Davidson, the organiser, exhibited a sense of humour, a clear brain and a tactful manner, Colonel Gretton, the chairman, appeared to be devoid of all three. A more depressing man I have never seen in any chair at any time. Generally he forgot that there was a microphone, and would suddenly remember it, so that most of his sentence was a murmur and the rest a tornado. He seemed to have an extraordinary conception of the functions of a chairman, apparently being under the impression that he should behave like a secondary schoolmaster rather than a tactful disciplinarian, for he had the fatal way of giving you to understand that he regarded it as almost a personal affront if anyone with a politically unknown name evinced a desire to use the privileges which the rules of procedure admit.

But in spite of this, many of his rulings were reversed by the meeting, which did not improve his humour.

A Chairman tied up.

Indeed, the Conference was not fortunate in its chairmen, for much as we like Lord Queenborough (who presided over Mr. Baldwin's meeting at the Hippodrome, where so many other great comedians have appeared from time to time), as a chairman he gave the best imitation of a musical comedy company promoter that I have ever heard. When he did not correct himself, he just left himself uncorrected and blundered on.

When he quoted figures he got inextricably tied up, and when he tried a quotation in French it sounded like Pushtu. But when he

wound up by telling the meeting that their best battle cry was a cry of two words, and those two words "Stanley Baldwin"—well!!!

As far as I could hear only two women spoke at the Conference. The first was like an anxious robin, who hopped about in front of the microphone and shrieked a string of disjointed phrases at us, apparently urging the party to unite.

The second was a large woman, who put her head half-way down the microphone, and seemed to be having a yodelling contest with herself. There was, as a matter of fact, another lady. I understood her to say, "Mumble wumble mumble and jumble wumble crumble." I do not know whether this resolution was passed or not.

Now as the Plain Man I really must ask what on earth all these busy seconders think they are doing? For instance, we have Sir Frank Meyer, who, in a very good speech, expresses his admiration for the Government's derating scheme and calls for its unanimous support. So far so good. But his resolution must be seconded, and so far not so bad, but there are two kinds of seconder.

One is a man who just seconds and shuts up. The other is the man who settles down for the evening, thrusts his thumbs in his waistcoat, divides his feet and proceeds to emit a gaseous series of platitudinal pomposities which occupy as much time as the original proposer. Such a man was Mr. Harrison, who occupied the full allowance of five minutes to tell us that he agreed with every word Sir Frank had said. Of course, he does, otherwise why the devil does he second him?!!!

The Man with something to say.

Even this, however, we might excuse, for it is the Little Man's chance to get into the evening papers, but will you believe me when I tell you that there were thirders and fourthers, and, on one occasion, a fifther? That a young man of utterly ridiculous personality and a piping and uncertain voice actually held up the proceedings to come from the back of the hall to fourth someone in urging the Government to do what they already have every intention of doing?

Fully half the Conference was taken up with congratulatory resolutions and back-pattings, and Cabinet Ministers themselves were not above assuring us that their pet measure would inevitably lead posterity to call the "party" great.

But posterity is slower in according the title "great" to a dead politician than is the politician in allotting it to himself.

And, speaking of Cabinet Ministers, it struck me that Mr. Neville Chamberlain was the only man at the whole meeting who (*a*) had something to say; (*b*) could say it clearly and quickly and fluently; (*c*) was able

A Plain Man at the Conservative Conference—*cont.*

to deal at once, patiently and tactfully, with those who shouted questions at him.

Indeed, I have always noticed that those in the highest positions are more patient and polite than the pettifoggers, and though one might not agree with his reasoning even when one has heard and understood it, it was obviously the speech of the day, and a lesson to those who will not take the trouble to cultivate a clear and rapid style.

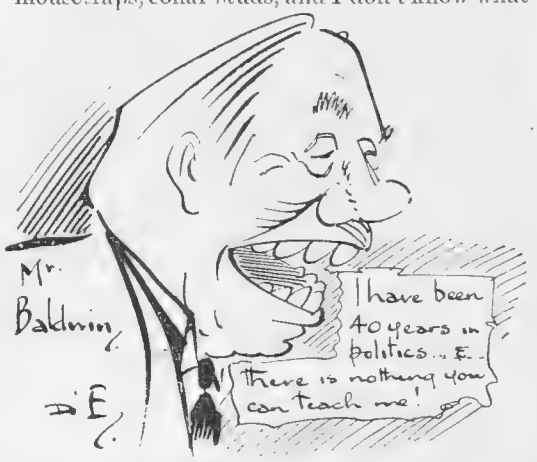
How different was the pompous and aggravating person of no importance who leapt upon the platform and told the meeting that it should really pull itself together and trust its leaders and not try to dictate to them!

What is it, Anyway?

But, being a Plain Man I naturally ask, why have the Conference at all? Is it just to be a back-patting party, or isn't it, after all, a party thermometer? Is it just a safety valve to keep the party quiet, or is it a temper gauge? Generals, he announced, would not get very far if their actions were interfered with every five minutes by their staff or the "rank and file" (Polite, this!) from which it would appear that this gentleman does not know the functions of the staff.

But even then, the analogy is imperfect. For a general, to retain his command, has to win battles, and as a Plain Man I want to know what battles General Baldwin has won. During a battle, that is a different thing. Let him alone. Then, orders are orders. But before the battle, that also is a different thing.

On the question of safeguarding, Sir H. Page Croft was bluff and honest in his appeal for more of it, and he was well supported, but his fourther was a born comedian in appearance and speech. He described himself as a wholehogger, and from the extent to which he had cultivated his moustache, I was led to believe that he was speaking the truth. He wanted safeguarding for everything, for boot-laces, railway-buns, rabbit-hutches, lobster salads, mousetraps, collar-studs, and I don't know what



else. At the end of it all I felt that what he wanted was a good safe guard for himself.

Enter Mr. Baldwin.

And then the speech of the Prime Minister! Though his voice was stern and earnest, though you longed for him to say something, alas, he said completely and absolutely nothing. His speech combined an attack upon his enemies, with a dismal recital of the achievements of his Cabinet. He said that when he came to look at what they had accomplished he was amazed.

And when I listened to it, I, too, was amazed. Apart from their dealings with the coal strike, the general strike and the Shanghai trouble, it was clear that nothing noteworthy had been done. Unemployment was there. Trade depression was there. We had been committed to heaven knows what by his Foreign Secretary.

So here I am, just where I started, still the same Plain Man (see Diagram 1 again). I do not know, and I don't believe anybody knows, what Mr. Baldwin is going to do, least of all Mr. Baldwin. I have come away with the feeling that the Conference is a farce and a leg-pull, since the leader of the party pays not the slightest attention to the resolutions so arduously passed.

But I liked Yarmouth. It was nice to smell the fish and ships.

And, as I looked out upon those famous Roads, and saw those hardy men setting out to sea in their trawlers, as their fathers did—and as their sons shall do, and heard the ceaseless wash of the waves upon the foreshore and felt the sea-wind beat against my face, I could not help thanking God that Britain is what she is as much in spite of her politicians as because of her statesmen.

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THE CRUELTIES of DIVORCE

By the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, P.C.

In this concluding portion of his authoritative contribution the Earl of Birkenhead cites further cases of the intolerable cruelties of the Divorce laws.

THERE are men and women who, by reason of their irregular lives before or after marriage, have infected their spouses. Ought a woman to be forced to continue to be the wife of a man when, in justice to herself and to posterity, she must refuse him all marital rights? Ought a man to be bound to give the status and title of wife to a woman who cannot with any safety be admitted to matrimonial intimacy? The law recognises that this ought not to be where the disease has been contracted during marriage as a result of adultery. In all other cases the wronged party is solemnly sentenced to celibacy by reason of the fault of the other. When the penalty falls on the wrong party by reason of the provisions of the law, then the law is unjust.

There is a type of man who is not averse to profit gained at the expense of his wife's virtue. In the lower walks of life such a husband often forces his wife into prostitution. Ought a woman to be forced by law to remain the wife of such a man? She may or may not be a victim. If she is as depraved as her husband she is beyond help, but if she is a victim then the law which denies her redress is cruel and unmeaning. If he misconducts himself then she can obtain relief, but if he forces her to commit acts which are wholly inconsistent with her status as a wife that fundamental breach of the relationship entitles her to sympathy and no more. It is cruel to say that she can leave him. She has elected to be a wife. She desires the security of married life. She has been foully wronged and injured in that relation, and the law mocks her by saying that she can cease to be a wife in all that matters but she must remain a wife tied to a filthy beast to whom marriage has no meaning. Rules of divorce, which compel decent folk to live celibate, against their will, or to contract unions unsanctioned by the law and branding their offspring as bastards, are cruel and unjust.

The Tragedy of a Drunken Wife.

In a similar condition are those who are the victims of habitual drunkards. There was a man once married to such a woman. Their home was filthy. Their furniture was sold for drink. Time after time he reformed the house. As often as he did so as often did she sell it. Some of her children were born in prison. Several died whose lives might have been saved. His life was one unceasing misery but he could obtain no redress. She did not commit adultery. One night he came home to find again, as on many preceding occasions, that there was nothing to eat and no money to buy food. On this occasion he for once lost his temper. An unlucky blow brought him into the dock charged with murder. He went to prison for manslaughter and his children went to the workhouse. For all of them it was a change for the better. Why say that he could have left her? So he could, but he could not maintain himself and his children without setting up a new home with a woman in charge, and in his station of life he could not hire a housekeeper. He might have maintained a wife. Who was the guilty party—the husband or the law which forced him to continue such a union?

HIS case is typical of many, though they do not often find their way into the criminal courts as he did. The wife of a habitual drunkard is in equal misery. Inevitably she has to face nights of terror, shut up alone with a man who has deprived himself of restraint, and subject to any torture that his drunken humour may suggest to him. It is not enough to say that she can separate. Permanent separation is a cessation of matrimony. A separation order recognises that it is not unreasonable to force a man or woman to continue married life in such circumstances. It may be that the injured party does not desire divorce. In such cases the remedy in fact is at hand. It is not necessary to go to law to obtain a separation. A party who withdraws from such a life cannot be forced back to it, and if he or she thinks that departure for a time will effect a radical improvement, so be it. The cases for which divorce is demanded are not these. If the injured party in such cases wishes to be free—wholly free from a union which is an absolute failure—redress can only be given if the offender commits adultery. But adultery is not the only cause which is a fundamental breach of marriage. A man does not marry a woman nor a woman a man merely on terms that neither shall have sexual intercourse with anyone else. Intercourse is not the be all and end all of matrimony, and to treat the breach of that obligation, important as it is, simply concentrates the legal importance of marriage in the commerce of male and female, and thus puts human relations on the same plane as that of the beasts that perish.

It rests with Parliament to end a state of things which in a civilised community and in the name of morality, imposes such an intolerable hardship upon innocent men and women.

A Life Sentence for Both.

There is another class of victims whose fate is hard. A man or a woman may commit murder and be sentenced to death. The law has claimed a forfeit, and if it is paid, the culprit's wife or husband is free. The union is dissolved by death at the hand of the law. But sentence of death is not the last word. There is a prerogative of mercy which may even at the last moment stay the execution The reprieved felon then passes into prison on a life sentence, rarely, if ever, commuted in less than twenty years. But the mercy which is extended to the offender has a further effect. He ceases to be dead in law and his marriage continues. But for that executive act, the other spouse, the innocent party, would have been able, if she so desired, to forget the past in another marriage to which not even the most rigid opponent of divorce would withhold his sanction. Now she is held bound. The act that lengthens her husband's life sterilises hers, and she has no hope, no chance even of a supervening cause of divorce, when the man is secluded from all opportunity of sexual misconduct. Her fate is not considered by the Home Secretary. It would not even be right for him to do so, but she at least ought to be able, if she desires, to obtain by decree that freedom to remarry that the rope would have given her. But the law says No.

THERE are many men and women who are alone in the world for another reason. They are tied to spouses who are incurably insane. The law recognises that insanity is a bar to marriage, but only in a limited degree. It does not recognise that insanity in a form that would wholly prevent the patient from contracting marriage at all is a cause for terminating a contracted marriage where the disease is made manifest after the relationship has been established. It has been proposed that incurable insanity shall be a ground for divorce. The patient is not and cannot be harmed by such a decree. The sane party is

Celibacy or Sin?
The Shadow of the Jail.

tied for life. Many insane people live to a ripe age. The other, out in the world, anxious and willing to play a proper part in the life of the nation, is forbidden to do so because of a union which exists only in law and can never be resumed. Many medical men take a strong line as to insanity where criminal responsibility is concerned. It may well be that the case of a person married to one who is intermittently insane demands the same remedy. It is at least worthy of consideration whether any insane person should have the liberty to propagate his species. But there can be no doubt that marriage with an incurably insane person is no marriage at all, and to maintain it as a bar to the marriage of the sane and healthy party is of no advantage to anyone and a detriment to the state. The compulsory legal loneliness brought about in such cases by the law of divorce is a needless cruelty.

It may be said; but what about the patient? Is he or she to be left without means and without care? The answer is: not at all. The law has always recognised that the physical welfare of an insane person must be provided for, even at the expense of creditors. If the insane person's fortune is insufficient for his maintenance and the other party can contribute to that maintenance, there is and should be no reason why the obligation should pass with the marriage. What is intolerable is that the living dead should exist as husband or wife only to confront the other with the dilemma: Celibacy or Sin?

Bound for Life to a Lunatic.

I may perhaps cite the words that I used in Rutherford *v.* Richardson (1923), A.C.1. It will be remembered that the effect of the decision was to leave Mrs. Rutherford bound in matrimony. The law left no option, and in reluctantly giving effect to the principles which govern her case I said:

> "It is an unfortunate circumstance that she should thus be tied for life to a dangerous, violent and homicidal lunatic, after having for many years suffered, both in body and in spirit, from his unfaithfulness and his cruelty. He is forty-one years of age and she is forty. We need take little account of his feelings. As regards her, we are bound to note that during many more years, unless death remove him or release her, she must look forward to a loneliness from which she can escape only by a violation of the moral law. To some this may appear a harsh, and even an inhuman, result, but such is the law of England. Your Lordship cannot, because of the sympathy you must all feel for this unhappy victim of our marriage laws, impeach the chastity of a woman, equally innocent, who also is entitled to the sympathy and shelter of the law. The true remedy lies outside any Court of Law; it lies beyond the scope of your Lordship's faculties, sitting as the supreme appellate tribunal. It rests with Parliament (if and when it thinks proper) to end a state of things which, in a civilised community and in the name of morality, imposes such an intolerable hardship upon innocent men and women."

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH

By E. T. BROWN

ARABLE land in Scotland is 27,000 acres less than it was a year ago, and to-day's total stands at 3,141,000 acres. This is the smallest amount of plough land that has been recorded since 1866, when returns were first made. Grass land, however, has increased by 19,000 acres, so that the decrease in the area under crops and grass is 8,000 acres. Less wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and sugar beet are now being grown than last year.

Wheat has decreased by 6,000 acres, barley by 3,300 acres, and is now the smallest ever recorded; and oats by 15,000 acres, which also makes this crop the smallest on record.

The most remarkable falling off is in the cultivation of sugar beet. Only 3,500 acres were planted this year, as compared with 10,300 acres twelve months ago. This crop has receded to the 1926 acreage, which, coupled with the decline in England, does not promise very well for the home-grown sugar industry.

The head of stock in Scotland is also diminishing. Horses, cattle, sheep and pigs have all decreased in number. The total number of horses is 167,200, a decrease of 4,900 compared with last year. Cattle total 1,209,300, a decrease of 1,100; sheep 7,504,900, a decrease of 30,600; and pigs 194,400, a decrease of 2,200.

The Friesian's Popularity.

The popularity of the Friesian is as great as ever. Extraordinarily good prices were realised at a recent sale when the well-known Hache herd was dispersed. Eighty-six head were disposed of for £11,472 6s., an average of £133 8s. each. The highest price was paid for Hache Durinze—480 guineas—while 400 guineas were paid for Hache Erinze, and a similar price for Moordale Pioneer.

Dutch cattle have been well-known in this country for many years past, but it is only within comparatively recent years that they have received special attention.

The original drawbacks to the Friesian no longer hold good. Before they were properly taken in hand by our breeders the quantity of milk yielded was large, but the quality was poor; the constitution of the animals was not sufficient to stand the strain of several heavy lactation periods; and, when the milking life was over, the beasts would not lay on sufficient flesh to make them suitable for killing.

These disadvantages have been successfully overcome, and to-day the Friesian is a first-class dairy animal. The prices at the recent sale prove this.

A Substitute for Roots.

Some useful experiments have recently been carried out at the Norfolk Agricultural Station to show that beet-pulp, besides being a cheap substitute for swedes and mangolds, has given equally good fattening results, and that the carcases of beasts fed on it have been equal, both in quality and weight, to those animals fed on roots.

The experiments consisted of feeding three equal lots of bullocks in open yards with the same ration of hay supplemented with the same amounts of pulp or roots, or a half and half measure of the two, the first two yards serving as a comparison between the pulp and the roots, and the last yard providing a check on the first two.

The result of the test, extending over 130 days, was that the animals showed a daily gain as follows:—Pulp fed, 2·1 lb.; root fed, 2·4 lb.; half root and half pulp fed, 2·2 lb.

Although there was at first a certain amount of difficulty in inducing the animals to eat the pulp alone, a little chaffed hay and maize mixed with it brought about the desired effect, and after twenty-four hours they were eating the pulp by itself, while the beasts fed on pulp and roots consumed them readily after a slight admixture of meal with the moistened pulp.

Apart from the cheapness of pulp as compared with roots, it has the advantage of avoiding chances of frozen roots, and less labour is involved in the handling. Further, this feeding can be continuous, thus obviating any necessity for changing from swedes to mangolds. But it must be remembered that drinking water is essential with the dried pulp, whereas with fresh roots it is not necessary.

On the way to the Fair. A common sight now in all parts of Great Britain.

Bracken as Litter.

Farmers, market gardeners, and even amateur gardeners and allotment holders, would be well advised to make more use of bracken.

It is an admirable substitute for straw. For litter for stock it is hard to beat, being an effective absorbent and well-suited to the land in the form of manure.

Spread over tender crops in winter it will bring them safely through quite a severe frost, and it is ideal, too, for covering over garden frames and for placing among the branches of fruit trees to protect the blossoms in early spring. If burnt, it becomes a particularly valuable fertiliser, the ashes being rich in potash.

Farming To-day and To-morrow.

Among our most pressing economic problems there is none about which opinions differ more widely than the future of agriculture. From the great political parties, each with its own land policy, down to the humblest farmers, there is no sense of agreement as to the best method of rehabilitating one of our basic industries.

Within the lifetime of most of us farms were prosperous, corn was grown in abundance, and production was cheap. With the coming of the War, the land was stripped of its workers, costs of production mounted, it became cheaper to allow the corn producing lands to lapse into grass, until to-day, ten years after the War, the farmer can barely pay his way.

The decline of agriculture as a paying proposition during the last few years is largely due to the ever-increasing burden of rates and taxation, the steady exodus from the land to the towns, and the inability of producers and distributors to combine.

It is fairly obvious that at this crisis in farming in England, as in every other crisis, the question of pulling the industry together and restoring it to its old-time prosperity will depend more than anything else on the rising generation.

Of all classes in this country the old-time farmer was, and to a more limited extent his present-day successor is still, ultraconservative in ideas and slow to adopt what he was pleased to call "new-fangled" methods. It is, however, becoming generally realised that no matter how well grounded in the practical side of farming, the farmer of to-morrow must be equally skilful in applying to that knowledge the benefits which have accrued from scientific invention during the past decade.

A State Loan for Agriculture.

At the root of agricultural depression are high taxation and ever-increasing rates. In every class of business, when overhead charges are high, only those who are able to adopt mass production methods are successful. The small man inevitably goes to the wall.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

At The Sign of The Plough—*continued.*

High taxation brings everything into a vicious circle. And nowhere is this more marked than in the production of the necessaries of life. The farmer's implements cost him more, freightage is higher, the cost of living increases and, as a consequence, so does his wage bill.

That this has been realised is shown by the proposed rating relief for certain classes of producers and distributors.

What is proposed may be the first step in the right direction. But it does not go far enough. That a large and comprehensive scheme of agricultural credits is necessary, even to the raising of a long-dated State Loan, is becoming increasingly evident. We cannot afford to let the small man go out of business.

The Vital Need for Education.

There have, of course, been several measures passed by successive Governments within the last few years, which have been in the nature of palliatives. The Corn Production Acts, passed to aid farmers during the War, were followed by Government grants from the Exchequer for agricultural education and research.

Altogether in the past nine years about 4½ millions from the State and a sum amounting to rather more than £100,000 from local rates have been spent on education. Considering that the total output from the land in England and Wales is estimated at £225,000,000 per annum, the sum spent on education and research (about £700,000 for 1924–26) is only one-third per cent. Surely this is not an extravagant amount.

If some form of State loan were contrived, a considerably greater sum could be afforded yearly (quite apart from credits to existing farmers) not only to further finance research, but also to provide scholarships and maintenance at agricultural colleges for the sons and daughters of farm workers.

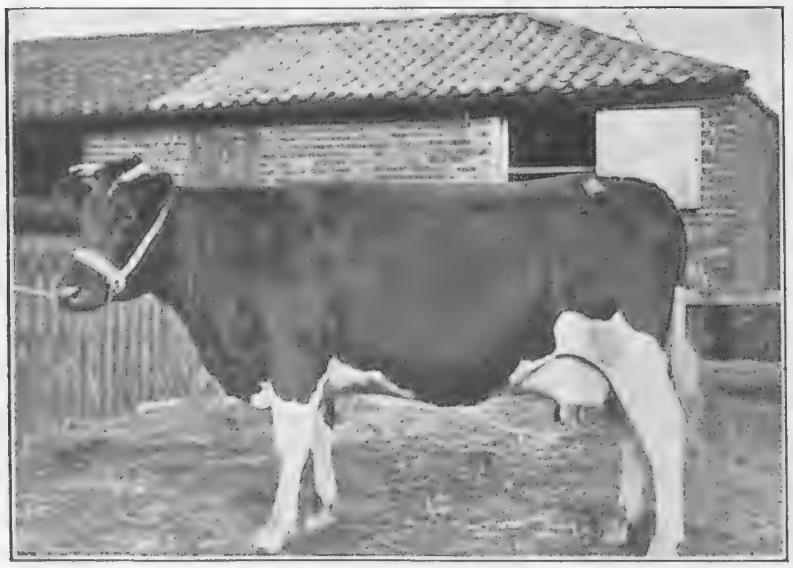
By this means both the farmer and his workers would obtain at the earliest stages of their lives an insight into the scientific methods of the industry, would be taught the most up-to-date systems of production and marketing, and would, above all, learn the benefits of co-operation and good management.

It is interesting to note that in our youngest dependency, the Irish Free State, the Government has hand-in-hand with a State-aided scientific research scheme, bought up a large proportion of the creameries in that country, which otherwise would have gone out of business. It has closed those which were redundant and sold the others to farmers, handing over the entire control of manufacture and marketing. Although the cost was £350,000 to the State, the ultimate burden on the taxpayer, when all is cleared up, is not expected to exceed £60,000. These figures are a mere "flea bite" to any possible expenditure in this country, but they point a very valuable moral.

Value of the Silo.

It is amazing that British dairy farmers are so slow to appreciate the manifold advantages of the silo. In American farming country the whole landscape is dotted with silos as far as the eye can see. Over here the silo is an exception.

The advantages of the silo are so many and so great that its extended use would be very beneficial. It furnishes an economical, succulent and thoroughly satisfactory ration at all seasons and at very little expense. Less nutrients are wasted by fermentation than by curing hay crops. It is more palatable than hay, so there is no waste in feeding. It can be stored in less space than forage. It can be handled very economically. Add to these manifest advantages the fact that almost any kind of food can be converted into ensilage, being gathered just when it is most plentiful, and one realises what our dairymen are missing by ignoring the claims of the silo.



As a dairy animal the Friesian is difficult to beat. This cow yielded as a heifer nearly 2,000 gallons of milk in 279 days.

THE TALE *of Your* DOG

By Michael Chance

1.—THE BULL-TERRIER.

Mrs. Robbs's Bull-Terrier Ch. Cylva General

IT has long been my opinion that any article on dogs should be prefaced by an appeal to prospective dog-owners to concentrate on the thoroughbred rather than on the mongrel. I can almost hear the shouts of indignation that will greet these words! I shall be told that Marco, whose Alsatian mother contracted a *mésalliance* with a Chow, is cleverer, more faithful, and more courageous than any pure-bred; that Nobby, whose American Boston-terrier father lost his heart to an English sheep-dog, is the cutest thing that ever was.

There is a widely held opinion amongst mongrel owners that the mongrel is a better man than his brother aristocrat. But this is a pure fallacy. There are, of course, many mongrels who are highly intelligent as well as faithful and brave, but in the main the thoroughbred is, and in the very nature of things must be, more consistent in his qualities.

Moreover, the interest of comparing notes with your neighbour on your respective Sealyhams' noses, or the joy of sneering at him because his Airedale's eyes are too light in colour, or the pride of demonstrating that your own Cocker spaniel's coat is incomparable in texture, offers no small satisfaction in these competitive days.

And where puppies are concerned, except for the debatable interest of uncertainty, the mongrel hasn't a look in. Just imagine the fascination of watching puppies slowly growing into the likeness of their parents, of seeing them become the very type of animal that you yourself had intended them to be.

And remember this: the better the breeding, the finer the instincts.

Brave Enough For Lions.

The bull-terrier is an essentially British dog, and anyone who has been fortunate enough to own one will testify that as a guard and a companion he is hard to beat. It has been said that if the ancient Greeks should be so ill-advised as to pay this breathless world of ours another visit, they would single out the bull-terrier as their ideal dog.

He has the courage of a lion; in fact, there are concrete cases on record where bull-terriers (about the middle of last century) were employed to tackle lions. He has the strength and jaw-lock of the bull-dog combined with the activity of the terrier; he is the soul of faithfulness and there is no other breed of dog that will suffer gladly so much mauling from children as will this white cavalier. He is, indeed, the gentleman gladiator (should I not say the Tunney?) of the dog world.

Has Your Dog a Roman Nose?

The bull-terrier's origin is easily visualised. The bull-dog and the terrier undoubtedly played the chief parts in his evolution, while it is contended by some authorities (although not by all) that the Dalmatian cannot be absolved from all responsibility.

Be that as it may, the original bull-terrier was a brindle, and was largely to be found in the Cannock Chase country (the brindle is still alternatively known as the Staffordshire bull-terrier). Then came Mr. James Hinks of Birmingham, who conceived the idea of an all-white dog and who, by dint of patience and the application of scientific reasoning, evolved the forerunner of the bull-terrier of to-day.

But how the bull-terrier of these days would scorn his dish-faced, short-nosed ancestors! For nowadays a "down-face"—in other words a Roman nose—and a long head are two of the hall marks of aristocracy. His ears that were once short and cropped are now longer and naturally pricked; his eyes must be as small and black as possible; his skin must fit him like a glove, his tail must not be carried above the level of his back—a "gay" tail is an abomination.

If your dog meets these requirements you are probably the proud possessor of a good bull-terrier, and if you have a good bull-terrier you are a lucky person, for then you have a dog that is a pal and a white "man" in both senses of the word.

By L. C. R. Cameron

STILL, to the joy of the average citizen, and to the exasperation of the hunting man, the rain keeps off, and the ground becomes daily harder. In and around many coverts, where, owing to the wet season of last year, the ground was badly pouched, and is now baked as hard as steel, the irregularity of ridge and furrow is quite dangerous, not only to horse and hound, but also to followers on foot.

The Pytchley had to announce a complete suspension of cub-hunting for this reason, and with many packs operations were confined to attempting to hold up foxes inside the lesser coverts, and allowing hounds to bring them to hand practically unaided; letting those that could and would break go away unpursued.

Shanks' Ponies.

To accomplish this effectively it is necessary to have a useful and numerous field out, and here, for once, people on foot can be of more service to the huntsman than riders who must keep their mounts on the move, with the result that the fox often breaks "reet under hoss's tail," as James Pigg once said, and escapes across the adjacent pasture before he can be turned.

A ring of watchful pedestrian sportsmen, industriously tapping the trunks of trees or the timber of the boundary fences, when the pack drives a cub in their direction, can keep the quarry from breaking covert, and so assist in that desirable blooding of the young entry which will do so much to make the ensuing season a really good one.

Apart from this tiresome lack of rain, cub-hunting has shown sufficient signs that throughout the country the coming season may well prove one of the old-fashioned sort. Litters nearly everywhere are strong and well-grown, and, thanks to the morning mists of late September, a serving scent has favoured hounds in many countries and enabled them to return to kennels well in-blood.

Advancement of Beagling.

Brigadier-General Hoare Nairne, Master of the Southdown Foxhounds, set an excellent example to his brother MM.F.H. when he consented to open the new model kennels of the Brighton Foot Beagles near Henfield, in the heart of their and his country, where the opening meet of this old-established little pack takes place to-morrow (October 6th). Next to a well-foxed country, a first-class pack of hounds and an efficient hunt staff, the greatest asset to sport that a Master of Foxhounds can possess is a good pack of foot-beagles within the borders of his territory.

If they go out a couple of days before the foxhounds are due to meet in the same district, they can be of incalculable benefit to the sport of fox-hunting. They disturb all those outlying foxes in roots and hedgerows that cause confusion when hounds are running, and drive them back to the covers where they are most properly to be sought by the foxhounds when they come.

Prior to the War this undeniable fact was beginning to be recognised by most genuine sportsmen among MM.F.H. and some few actually formed, or helped to form, small packs of foot-beagles for the purpose of achieving this desirable object. The Thorpe Sachville Beagles of Captain Otho Paget in the Quorn country proved such an asset in that always well-foxed country; and, to-day, when, almost everywhere, there is a surplusage of foxes, and especially of confirmed "outliers," the greatest enemies of farmer and poultry-breeder, the establishment of beagle packs is more desirable than ever.

Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Master of the Dumfriesshire Foxhounds, is about the only M.F.H. nowadays who also keeps a pack of hounds to hunt hares on foot, old-fashioned slow harriers, mostly blue-mottled, with which he shows wonderful sport beyond the Border.

The only master of foxhounds I remember who hated beagles hunting over his country was the last Lord Fitzhardinge in the Berkeley country. He had lived too long on a dahabieh on the Nile to have any real knowledge of fox-hunting. The fox he personally viewed was always the "hunted fox"; and his silver whistle saved the lives of many a hard-run pilot.

Shooting Otters.

The sorry business of shooting otters, even on rivers regularly hunted by regular packs of hounds, still seems to persist, if one may judge from a recent photograph that appeared in an illustrated weekly showing two young "sportsmen," armed with rook-rifles, holding up in triumph a poor, murdered dog-otter of only 19 lb. weight which they described as "A Fine Kill."

I wonder if the enactment of King Edward I, who levied fines for the illegitimate destruction of otters, is still on the statute book? The River Aire, on which it was shot, has been hunted by otter-hounds ever since I can remember, first by Mr. Thomas Wilkinson of Neasham Abbey, and then by Mr. William Thompson and the Wharfedale pack and by his successors, the Kendal and District O.H.

The only point in favour of the culprits is that they used rifles. Nothing can well be more cruel than trying to kill otters with shot-guns. Their pelt is so thick and tough that an immediately fatal shot is almost impossible to achieve, except in the case of small cubs.

An East Anglian sportsman told me recently that, being out with a shooting-party during the War years in Norfolk, they came across an old dog-otter in broad daylight which had the appearance of being "mangey." It was half-starved and hardly able to crawl out of the way of the shooting-party, so one of them shot it at close quarters to put it out of its misery. On examination the "mange" was found to be caused by innumerable shot pellets that had festered, while the sight of one eye had been destroyed by gunshot.

Frost and Field-Sports.

Few folk realise what the first frosts of autumn mean to the field-sportsman. "Blister my kidneys! the dahlias are dead!" shouted old Jorrocks on a memorable October morning, as he rode round the Regent's Park, and he forthwith hied him back to Handley Cross to recommence hunting operations.

The later days of the past September saw a succession of welcome hoar frosts whose beneficial effects will be reaped in due season.

In the meantime they have brought joy to the heart of the angler and especially to the pike fisherman, for nothing brings fresh-water fishes on the feed so keenly as a few sharp frosts.

Thames anglers, now that the boating season, and especially the motor-boating season—which one day will put a permanent period to fishing in the Thames—is ended, are again cantonned along the river's banks. A visit to the semi-tidal stretch between Richmond and Teddington showed me many such, enjoying quite good sport among the roach and dace: the best fish coming from the Petersham waters. A fruitarian diet seemed to be appealing to these fish, as the most successful anglers were baiting with elderberries, the ground-bait they employed being that undeniable "dope" hempseed.

The Guildford and Shere Beagles moving off.

THE CINEMA *and the* PUBLIC

By Robert Hichens

"We debauch our minds by submitting them to poisonous rubbish. We don't read penny dreadfuls, but we go to see them on the screen, dressed up in magnificent clothes, and pretending to be wonderful where they are only contemptible, to be life when they are only vulgar invention."

"Preposterous luxury and emptiness."
"The Three Passions." Rex Ingram production.

I BELIEVE the Cinema has done harm to millions. But it has become a world mania. Once you have formed the habit of going to the cinema there is nothing to be done for you. Nothing will heal you of it, not even those dramas of the Wild West in which crowds of horsemen gallop from reel to reel till the hanging and the kiss which put a stop to the nonsense. The darkness and the drama of the cinema have entered into and poisoned your blood. And there is no remedy against that poison.

For years after the cinema became popular I avoided it. I loved, and still love, the theatre. In comparison with the theatre, the cinema seemed to me a very poor amusement. For months on end, though I was in London, I did not visit a cinema. I did not even see Mr. Chaplin in his popular comic dramas. Gloria Swanson, Pauline Frederick—these and others meant nothing to me. Then I began to live abroad, near a town where there was no theatre, but in which there were three cinema houses open all the year round, and I began to go to the cinema because there was nothing else to go to in the evenings. Nearly always I came away in a very bad temper.

"This is sheer debauchery!" I said. "We debauch our minds by submitting them to this sort of poisonous rubbish. We don't read penny dreadfuls, but we go to see them on the screen, dressed up in magnificent clothes, and pretending to be wonderful where they are only contemptible, to be life when they are only vulgar invention."

I honestly thought the cinema was detestable and was doing great harm. But I continued to go and I am going still. And I still think the cinema is doing a lot of harm and is in many ways detestable. But I have the cinema habit.

Giving the Vulgar What they Want.

The trouble with the cinema is that there must—so at least the Americans think—be in it something to please everybody. If there's something—there rarely is—to please a highly educated man with a refined nature, a woman with delicate perceptions, and really good taste, there must also be something in it to enchant the servant girl of Texas, the tough of Chicago, the vulgarian of everywhere. And as the servant girls, the toughs, the vulgarians and their like outnumber by millions the highly educated, the fastidious, the refined, those with good taste, the cinema is what it still is. What we see on the screen is amazing in its cleverness, often almost incredibly clever and ingenious, sometimes very beautiful, very wonderful, very funny, very exciting. But not often very fine, very sincere or very satisfying.

The trail of sheer sensationalism is over most of what we see on the screen. Perpetually I come away from the cinema feeling rather ashamed of myself for having been there. But still I go.

I suppose I am debauched. Yes, I am debauched; the cinema has debauched me.

There is a great deal of talk now about what England is going to do in the film industry, which has been for too long in the iron grip of America. Well, England has done very little as yet. I have seen very few British films and scarcely ever a good one. Where I live for half the year we seldom get British films, though we get American, Scandinavian, French, German, Austrian films. Only once do I remember seeing a British film in one of our cinemas. It was taken from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. We all thought it missed fire.

"Giving the vulgar what they want."
"Chicago." P.D.C. production.

Films Without Puppets.

The German films are the best we see. They are wonderful, and far more deep, sincere and human than almost any American films. German film actors and actresses are the best I have seen in serious drama. In emotion they are wonderfully true and moving. The men are strong, powerful,

"Sensuality has been carried as far as it can be carried."
"The Battle of the Sexes." D. W. Griffith.

sometimes really noble. The women are not sheer puppets, but vitally living creatures. There is no nonsense about the German films. They go to the heart of the subject dealt with. They show humanity as it is. I never miss a German film when I have a chance of seeing one. But I don't know whether they have world-wide popularity. Perhaps they are much too good for that.

THE few Scandinavian films I have seen have been touched with beauty and strangeness. French films are often clever and sometimes very charming. But they are less powerful and seizing than the German films.

I should like American films much better than I do if they were not so often spoilt by millionaires. I am very weary of millionaires who always try to ravish typists when they have a few minutes of leisure from the Stock Markets. Directly I see, in an American film, a pretty, poor girl going forth in the great city to try to earn some dollars, I know exactly what is going to happen, where the dreadful "punch" will come in. Some millionaire is going to attempt to ravish her.

American Luxury and Emptiness.

The photography in American films is magnificent. All the "effects" come off—as the Chariot Race in "Ben Hur." The acting is generally competent, and is sometimes fine, though sometimes silly. But the preposterous luxury and emptiness of much of the life shown has, I am certain, done a tremendous amount of harm amongst the crowds with small incomes and restricted lives who visit the cinema houses. They now see every week representations of the blatant, gaudy life which till the coming of the cinema they had only vaguely heard of. And they are sick with discontent because they are not living in palaces lined with Mexican onyx and marble, bathing half-naked in swimming pools set in gardens full of young men and maids "petting" and drinking cocktails, smoking cigarettes, swallowing bumpers of forbidden champagne, and being hotly pursued by millionaires who have a few moments of leisure.

Only now and then is an American film thoroughly sincere. When it is it can rise to greatness. Witness the beautiful "Scarlet Letter" with Lilian Gish and Lars Hansen.

This is perfect.

Now the English are beginning to take up the making of films seriously, we have a mighty Empire waiting to appraise our efforts. What are we going to do and what are we going to refrain from doing?

If we are wise we shall not attempt to compete with America in sensationalism. Practically all the sensations have already been done. Earthquakes, fires, floods, railway accidents, cataclysms of all kinds we have had in abundance. All possible luxury has been exploited *ad nauseam*.

Sensuality has been carried as far, I suppose, as it can be carried even in these days. I have witnessed things on the screen that were almost calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of immodesty. Nudity is a commonplace of the screen. What is there left for us English to do?

Stick to Human Nature.

Suppose we were to begin by discarding violent absurdity and by sticking closely to human nature, by not bothering about luxury and by bothering about the human heart and soul and conscience. Suppose we were to put the story first and see to it that there were no improbabilities, to say nothing of impossibilities, in that story. Suppose we were to show human beings acting according to their differing natures, instead of acting to "impress" a public conceived of as vulgar, perverse and idiotic. Suppose we were to concern ourselves more about truth than about punch. Suppose we were to show a little genuine respect for the public.

I don't believe the public is such a fool as the film magnates think it is. Vulgarians no doubt vastly outnumber the delicate natured and minded. But these very vulgarians, the uneducated, the ignorant, and the rowdy, have within them that curious guiding something which tells them when a thing is absolutely false, and which responds to what is absolutely true. Recently I was in Tunisia, and in Tunis the famous German film "Metropolis" was given. I had seen it and thought it very remarkable, but somewhat spoilt by the violent sensationalism of the conclusion. I sent my chauffeur, a young French-Swiss, to see it. When he came back I asked him what he thought of it. He told me he thought it splendid—till near the end.

"What was it you disliked near the end?" I asked him.

"Oh, Monsieur, it was overdone. You felt it was only cinema!"

He had instinctively found the weak spot.

It seems to me that the American film magnates too often "bank" on the weak spots. We English ought to avoid doing that.

I have been asked about so-called Sheik films, whether we should not be very careful what we do with "colour" in our films. Perhaps we should. But it is rather late in the day to worry about that, I think. The dark races, since the war, have, I fear, few illusions about us. And even before the war I don't believe they thought us half so wonderful and immaculate as we hoped, and perhaps even thought they did. We white races live in a house of glass now, and the dark races have often had their black and brown and café-au-lait faces pressed hard against that glass. The yellow faces, too, have been there.

What we ought to do is to attend to the story and to stick closely to human nature as it is, not as the film magnates choose to make it, and to be universal instead of being merely English.

Play Up to the Public.

I hear the words "cheery," "bright," "wholesome," "thoroughly English," and so forth being murmured, or shouted by English lips in connection with our budding film industry. We shan't get there with our films merely by being bright and thoroughly English. We must be strong and gay and human and universal and always true to life if we want to add something to what has been done on the screen. And we must get rid of that obsession that the public is a damned fool. Let us play up instead of down to the dear public, let us give the public a chance—and trust the public to take it.

"Sticking Closely to Human Nature."
A scene from "Love's Sacrifice,"—a German film.

Mark Over! Duck

By George Morland

Locating the position of the duck.

THERE is a peculiar attraction about the first day's shooting in the early autumn over an Irish bog. The usually delightful weather conditions, the lights and shades on the mountains, the observation of the variety of birds, and the working of the dogs all combine to give a thrill to one's feelings in once more indulging in a favourite sport.

Imagine a wide stretch of bogland, some two or three square miles in extent, intersected by a broad salmon river, here and there a succession of miniature lakes, with long stretches of marsh and reeds, and beyond all, as far as the eye can see, a long range of purple mountains.

Stalking Wild Duck.

We—that is, three others and myself—have with us our old trained spaniel, perhaps a pointer or two, and one of the young dogs who, before the end of the day, will have picked up some knowledge of his business from his older companions. Our cartridge bags contain No. 5 shot for the ducks, for whom heavy shot is necessary, and a proportion of No. 8 for snipe and golden plover. Not the least interesting or fascinating thing about our prospective day's shooting is its infinite variety, and we make a start by seeing if the duck are at home on any of the small lakes and ponds. Here a well-trained dog is of immense value, for absolute silence is a *sine qua non* in duck, or for that matter any shooting, and the sound of the human voice calling an errant dog to heel may well destroy a morning's work.

Leaving some of the party at points along the river, we stalk quietly to the spots we know most likely for the duck to be holding cover, and flush a mallard or two and a few teal. These, if we have approached them correctly, will turn or swing down the river high over the guns concealed along the banks, giving great opportunities for marksmanship.

Next we may visit the rushy ground for snipe. Here we shall probably find that the sudden twisting flight of the snipe going into the wind proves us sadly out of practice. However, we may come across a "Jack" or two, which will give us all we stand in need of, for unlike the full snipe, a "Jack," even when fired at and missed, will seldom go more than a hundred yards or so before he lights again.

By now we have reached some higher ground, and this being the early part of the season we shall probably see a large stand of golden plover rather widely scattered. Starting from some distance away, we all walk round these birds, gradually narrowing the circle until we are within easy range. One shot will then put up the whole stand, and a considerable bag can be secured with only half a dozen barrels, as they carry very little shot, and if this method be adopted they will be closely bunched together. This is only possible before these birds have been joined by the green plover. When this has occurred, the latter will always rise and give the alarm long before one is within range.

Training the Young Dog.

We now start homeward, where in the heathery patches we may pick up a grouse or two, and possibly collect more teal under the river bank in the late afternoon.

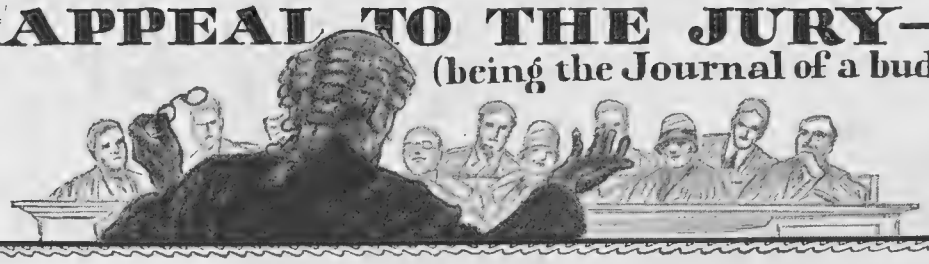
Perhaps the most interesting part of the day, however, is the work of the dogs. In this kind of shooting nothing is more essential than a good retriever or water spaniel, for to drop duck into a river or on to the far bank and not be able to recover them is most tantalizing. On the other hand, to watch a really well-trained dog after a diving or wounded duck is a very attractive sight. Nor is it less necessary that we should have a dog trained to search out marshy places on the banks of a river, which one cannot get through oneself, or islands in the middle of lakes or ponds where duck will congregate. Then, too, there is the attraction in the early training of the young dogs to enter water and pick up birds. In neither case should any coercion be used. This is fatal. In the first instance, a puppy should be tempted to go into shallow water; then in water of a depth just sufficient to lift it off its feet. This can be done by throwing tit-bits for it, until the dog begins to realise that it can maintain itself in water by using the same action as on dry ground.

But the best way to teach a young dog to retrieve water birds is to let him watch the old hands. It is seldom that he will not try and emulate the feat. Patience with the youngsters is the chief thing, and, as a general rule, with an intelligent dog, it does not take long for him to understand what is required.

Preparing for the day's sport.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding K.C.)



By "WOOLSACK"

WELL, it had to come. The air's been put in its place now—been brought down to earth, so to speak. To the very common clay of the law-courts.

No more is Flying the wondrous thing of Romance—it's just to be included among all the other tiresome factors of ordinary daily life. No more thrills and cheering over it. Nothing matters now but "Is he flying legally or not? . . . What about the 'Rights' of the matter?" Those good old "Rights" of ours!

A Wallington resident, apparently, is making a claim for damages against the Imperial Airways. He objects to the low-flying of the low fellows from the Croydon Aerodrome. They make such a racket. And others allege that the neighbourhood is "going down" because of it.

"Freedom" in the Air.

This is only the beginning. From now on all sorts of interesting little points of law are going to be raised and discussed.

Nuisance. Trespass. How does the landsman stand in these matters as against the airman? *Terra-firma* circumstances won't always be analogous. Maritime law won't help much. Are we going to have "new" law?

And then there's the "rights in the air" itself. When does a person become an "air-hog," or in other ways liable in Negligence? Who has the right to the different strata?

Land, water and air. Plenty of material in the past to help in making "laws of the land" and "laws of the sea." But the air, the new element? Nothing in the codes of the ancient Medes and Persians to guide us in questions of aerial law and equity.

Curious to think that in this twentieth century we may have a whole new virgin realm for juridical exploration.

In Monmouth, too. An airman there has been summoned for flying without a licence.

Trust your worthy matter-of-fact British policeman to strip a thing of all illusion! The poetry of flying? But a bobby's business hasn't anything to do with poetry.

"H'm! Crashed, have you! What's your number? Where's your licence?"

Police "Traps" Up Above.

Next thing they'll be doing is to "trap" them in the air. No doubt certain various councils are already rubbing their hands in gleeful anticipation of all the fines there are to come from rashly rapid Ariels.

The trouble is, how are they going to do it? Disguise policemen as angels? Hide them under a cloud? . . .

But we've had enough of policemen under a cloud. . . .

A Harsh Sentence.

Rather hard on those two shop assistants who were sent to prison for obtaining meals at restaurants by fraud.

Defrauding tea-shops is a reprehensible thing, and there's a lot of it about. But to send two young girls to prison for the first time of asking!

Because they are young—for all that Mr. Mead says. Twenty-eight and thirty-two. Compared with that learned magistrate's venerable old age they are almost children.

The Disgrace of Prison.

What was the Probationer's Act passed for? Here, then, are two "young persons," girls, too, hitherto respectable and in good employment, saddled with the stigma of gaol. Damned for ever—as one sees in the recent case of an old man who was hounded out of a good honest job by someone giving away the fact that "he'd been in prison"!

The Very Long Arm of the Law

Fear of the disgrace of prison is largely what deters many a weak character from crime. Once he (or she) has actually been in prison, that deterrent at least is gone. Hence the modern idea of giving another chance to keep that deterrent alive.

That is the spirit of this generation. But the Marlborough Street magistrate is not of this generation. . . .

Following the old popular tag in regard to the law as to dogs: every shop-girl should be allowed her one bite!

Bribery seems to be rearing its ugly head Case after case these last few weeks. A borough councillor fined for corruptly obtaining private information about another motor firm's business; a civil servant sentenced for accepting gifts in connection with tenders for Air Force bombs; a charge against a passport officer concerning bribery for irregular conduct; an official investigation into the matter of secret police action, in the shape of "raid" warrants leaking out; one or two very suspicious cases of smuggling.

It may be coincidence. Things do have a habit of happening all of a bunch. A succession of theatre fires, a crop of railway accidents — one does meet curious multiplications of occurrences where no common cause can be attributed. This seeming epidemic of corruption possibly is of that nature.

Graft is Anti-British

On the other hand, it might really be a manifestation of a new influence in the country. The lurid Yankee films with which we're swamped, the hectic Broadway crime-stuff that fills a goodly portion of our theatres, may be having an effect upon the mentality of our citizens.

"Graft," apparently, is accepted as an integral part of American civil procedure. And the U.S.A. is such a successful country, with all its inhabitants as rich as Crœsus. Why not graft, then, over here?

The answer is in the half-dozen cases in the last few weeks. Would any of those have been found in transatlantic law-courts? Very doubtful. If there is any Americanising tendency in the recent outbreak, it won't get far. Bribery will out—over here! There's a lot of our peculiar national pride wrapped up in that one-time music-hall ditty: "We may be poor, but we're clean."

Lunatics at Large

Disconcerting, the affair of the released Broadmoor inmate. One begins to question the advisability of ever releasing people from that institution.

All very well to give a man "the benefit of the doubt," in so far as to spare his life if he's thought to be insane at the time of committing a crime. Still, the general community should likewise be given the benefit of the doubt when it's claimed that the man is sane again.

He may remain sane—on the other hand he may not. (In this case it has been thought fit to return the man to Broadmoor.) Anyhow, there's a doubt. And surely the public, having shown their consideration, might have consideration shown to them. Bad enough for the laws of the land to permit of potential lunatics being indiscriminately reared around us, but that we should have proved lunatics thrust upon us seems like lunacy itself.

On the Way from the Country to the Town.

LIFE *in the* NEW BALKANS

By ROSITA FORBES

HUNGARY is not a Balkan State, in spite of the scissors so drastically wielded at Trianon, but she is the cynosure of all Balkan eyes, the cause of the Little Entente and of the inferiority complex which, in Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, if not in Yogoslavia, maintains exaggerated armies, and barricades itself behind customs, passport regulations and a nationalism as heterogeneous as it is prickly.

Yet Hungary, deprived of the compulsory military service which was the best training for her youth, and of every natural resource—since her forests, coal and minerals are now in the hands of her enemies—burdened by taxation and by the economic barriers established by the Succession States, with her commerce in the hands of Jews and her agriculture suffering from lack of capital, is not in a position to do more than put her own house in order.

It is to this Herculean task that she has devoted herself during the last six years and, to a remarkable extent, she has succeeded, but, unlike Vienna, which made a successful bid for the pity and support of Europe, Budapest is too proud to show her sores.

All Kinds of Unemployed.

She fêtes the foreigner and sends him away with memories of her palace hotels strung like jewels along the banks of the Danube, where tourists, international financiers, lovely but predatory ladies, and all the other camp followers of industrial war eat *paté de foie gras* and drink imperial Tokay. But, at convent churches in less cosmopolitan streets, Franciscans and Dominicans distribute bowls of thin vegetable soup to the unemployed, whose ranks are unnaturally swollen by refugees from the lost provinces, by ex-university students who, at the end of their intensive education, could find no suitable or unsuitable jobs, by a host of ex-civil servants whose pensions, though aburden on the struggling State, are insufficient for bare existence, by men who were once professors, lawyers, railway officials, engineers, or clerks.

IN the new buildings of workmen's flats whose erection has been subsidised by a State forced to house derelicts from at least four Alsace-Lorraines, families who once owned country estates are sharing single rooms. For every civil post in Budapest, there are several hundred fully qualified applicants, and, since a growing democracy insists on university education, trams may be run by highly-trained electrical engineers, doctors may sign on as factory hands, and chartered accountants sell yards of tape! This lack of any opportunity for educated youth is the shadow which dims the beauty of Budapest and sends one hurrying into the country, where the peasant has taken matters into his own hands and put up the price of his produce, so that two geese still represent to him, as in pre-war days, the price of a pair of boots.

Where No Women Are Allowed.

To me, the Hortobágy, a strip of the Great Plain which was the camping-ground of Attila and his Huns; of Mongols, Turks and Tartars in their raids against the old Hungary, bulwark of Western civilisation and chivalry against the East, an of the Cross against the Crescent, is full of romance.

Here the short grass is burned to desert brown, mirage shimmers on the horizon, and herds of wild horses or long-horned oxen gather round wells which would have been primitive in the days of Abraham. A long beam, with a bucket at one end and a stone at the other, is balanced on top of a pole, and worked by means of a rope which lowers and raises the bucket, generally to the sound of cowboy (*csikós*) or herdsman (*gulyás*) singing.

No women are allowed on the plain—they must live in the surrounding villages—and the guardians of its wild-stock sleep in rush shelters as easily moved as the tents of their ancestors. The shepherd, wearing a long circular cloak of sheepskin (*suba*) from throat to ankles, the leather lining embroidered with crimson, is the lowest of the nomad hierarchy. Leaning, always in the same position, on the crook of his tall stick, he is a monosyllabic fatalist, harder than nails, giving the impression that he does not care if it snows ink! The *csikós* is lord of the plains.

He rules his wild horses with the skill and daring of an American cowboy, thundering after stampeding charges with lasso and stock-whip, his voluminous coat of thick white felt, heavily embroidered, its sleeves sewed up at the end to make pockets, bellying round him like a sail.

Next in precedence comes the *gulyás* who, with his heavy-handled whip can cut out a single beast from the galloping herd: and all these people are wanderers, dependent on grass and wells, as were the first Tartars who left a heritage of flat cheek-bone and slit eye on the plain.

Riches in Goose Feathers.

It was the peasant who opposed the effective obstacle of his primeval obstinacy to Bela Kun's Red Terror. He would not sell his food for the artistic paper money of the Bolshevists, and, in those days, the town Hungarians paid for their eggs and potatoes with fine linen cloths, silk eiderdowns and pillows. Consequently, the villages are still prosperous.

The one-storeyed houses, whitewashed, thatched and surrounded by acacias, are long and narrow, with windows on one side only, so that they look curiously blind. Inside, the walls are hung with pottery and, to compete with the dust from the earthern floor, colour-washed, if the housewife be scrupulous, once a week. The stove and the mouth of the oven are in the entrance passage and, on either side, there is a low room, one for use, wherein the

A Picturesque Shepherd and His Flock.

family live by the warmth of the huge egg-shaped clay oven, hermetically sealed in winter, and one for show.

The latter is the storehouse of the family wealth expressed in painted chests and in goose feathers, for, in this chamber, every daughter has a bed, never used, but piled with the mass of pillows and down mattresses that constitute her dower.

IN a modest cottage, with tobacco leaves and corn cobs drying under the eaves, and the usual mud floor which breeds tuberculosis and bugs, I counted 16 pillows on one bed, so that the girl who owned it would be a welcome bride.

By the way, she was very surprised at my lack of petticoats. "Such a rich lady," she said, "and only one skirt. Are you not ashamed before the men?" She herself wore nine skirts, each comprising ten yards of stuff, and, on feast days, she would add two more—I believe 16 is the maximum—so that, as she walked, broad-hipped and opulent, the mass of crinkly-pleated material swung out like a bell.

For the rest, she had top boots to her knees and an embroidered shawl and, as soon as she was married, she would cover her head with a bright coloured kerchief, sometimes shaped on a cardboard frame.

The Hungarian peasant works at her elaborate trousseau during the snowbound winter evenings, when there is nothing to be done in the fields and, if her parents have not enough money to provide material for the fine embroidery which takes years to complete, she will go out as a servant to earn it.

Consequently, on Sundays, in such villages as Mezökövesd, she is resplendent in tight little bodice with puffed and frilled sleeves, rucked above the waist-line and, over her dozen skirts, marvellously fluted, she wears a black velvet apron so heavy with embroidery that surely it could stand alone.

Green Melons and Flaxen Hair.

Sunday is a busy day, for, long before society in Budapest (which can sleep at any moment except during the night—which drinks afternoon tea—with rhum—at 7 p.m., and dines reluctantly between 9 and 10 as a prelude to "partying" till the sun is high—creeps for an hour or two into bed) the Magyar peasant breakfasts on the excellent coffee which is a heritage from the Turks, rye bread and beans, and prepares for the fair which is always going strong at 6 a.m.

Here you see rows of long, rush-hooded carts, their clumsy wooden wheels apparently fastened on with four yoke-like excrescences reminiscent of early chariots, overflowing with dark green melons, or the lovely, shinily-glazed pots, home-made, like the cottage bricks, from clay. Bundles of bright material, swinging gaily, enclose shrewd-eyed peasant women, thin and dark if they are of the true Magyar stock, flaxen hair if of German origin, but all intent on their feathery bargains. Red and green paprikas are piled under the mulberry trees. The old women are discreet in such neat black silk.

There may be a Jew or two, his greased ringlets smeared across his cheeks, his gabardine like a long black dressing-gown, his wide-brimmed hat trimmed with fur, for, if before the war the commerce of Hungary was run by Germans, it is now in the hands of Israel, patient, unassertive, laborious, and subtly manipulative, and over the village emporium is written some strange Polish or Galician name ending in *braun* or *stein*.

PEASANTS are equally afraid of the Jew and of the lawyer, for they are Conservative, believing, if they be Slovaks, in sorcery, in the evil eye, and in the efficiency of the signs and portents with which they adorn their doors, their grape vines, and even their melons, against the fate the Slav blood fears.

If he be a Magyar and a Calvinist, he believes in his landlord, himself and his inalienable right to the frontiers of his ancestors; if a Catholic, in his priest and in the Sacred Crown of Hungary, so that, if you say to him: "The crops are good this year," he is likely to reply: "Of what good? We have no king."

The work of Sunday is only begun with the fair. At 9 o'clock the boys and girls in their very best, the youths' high-crowned hats adorned with eagles' feathers, relics of primeval days when the Magyar tribes wore this solitary plume in their helmets to distinguish them from the Huns (whose badge was a black cock's wing), gather in front of the village school for their *csárdás* lesson.

A Word or Two in Confidence.

The dancing master stands in the centre of the stamping, jigging circle and urges each couple to greater endeavours. Sometimes he seizes a flustered girl and swings her round with much vigorous shoulder-work, to the music of the inevitable *czigánys*.

Sunday Service Fashions.

These gypsy fiddlers lean against the trees, in decent rags, beetle-browed as their Hindoo ancestors, melancholy as the exiled East, with dark, wan faces and eyes of startling brilliance. They marry within their own tribe and, in order to foster their musical talent, a violinist must seek one equally expert with bow and fiddle for his bride.

An archduke once tried to settle the *czigánys* in special houses, and thought he would succeed, since the village was always full of these weary, but untamed, wanderers, until he discovered they used it as a hotel, bearing the restraint of roof and walls for a few days before ceding their place to others of the tribe.

The chief event of Sunday is service at the village church—for a religious Renaissance in Hungary is the result of the severities of Trianon—and thither, after market and dancing lesson, go peasant, youth and age, the old men in white fringed trousers, wide as a divided skirt, with astrakan collars to their shiny leather coats, the boys in embroidered waistcoats and long butcher-blue aprons over their breeks, their hats tilted on to their brows and held by a piece of elastic under the hair, so that they look curiously undressed behind!

In Hungary, the peasant is as aristocratic as the magnate and as devoted to tradition. To him, as to his lord, the possession of a mighty factory is nothing, the heritage of a few acres a great deal.

He clings to old customs, and so, for centuries, there has been no change in the way a boy woos his bride, with a stiff little bouquet on the end of a stick and the same poem used by his grandfather, or in the way the girls walk into church, a fresh flower stuck in their bodice, the prayer-book, chaplet and handkerchief carried in the left hand. Identically as their mothers did, they stand before the altar, while the matrons sit behind them.

It is not the women who will change Hungary (though, if they have three children, or have passed through four classes of the secondary school, they are entitled to vote), for the townswoman has inherited too much from the long Turkish dominion to be more than an admirable housewife and mother.

She hates and looks down on any labour that takes her away from her home, though she expends considerable energy on the daily bed beating, which inexplicable custom makes life noisier than the midnight cafés and the monthly or three-monthly washing—for it is a sign of poverty to have so little linen that it must go to the tub more often!

Dangers of Discontent.

The peasant is even more conservative, and the girl who returns from her school with modern ideas is apt to be received with slaps!

There is a Magyar proverb which says: "A woman is no good till she is beaten," but, if the peasant expects his daughters to be satisfied with the curing of hams and drying of bacon—the staple family food—with the brewing of a plum wine guaranteed to remove the skin from any alien throat, with the care of geese, silk-worms and sunflowers, whose seeds provide first oil and then cattle-fodder, he hankers after education for his sons to take the place of the military discipline which taught him to obey and to appreciate his superiors.

As there are still four universities in a country whose population has been reduced from twenty-two million to eight, Hungary is likely to be confronted with the dangers of an over-educated and discontented class, out of touch with the land which represents the sole source of wealth and unable to find industrial employment, since the output of Hungarian factories is limited to her narrow home markets, on account of the import duties imposed by her neighbours and one-time customers.

It is obvious, therefore, that Hungary, working always with heart rather than head, cannot regard as permanent and inevitable frontiers so unnatural, commercially as well as ethnographically, that, beside excluding three million Magyars, they deny her any hope of prosperity, for a future democracy.

The *Nem, Nem Soha* "No, no, never will we accept it," written in the chalk of the hillsides, the flowers of the public gardens, on posters in trams, cafés and railway carriages, on door-knockers, seals and children's mugs, is a sign, not of the fighting arrogance feared through 1,000 years by embarrassed and, for the moment, triumphant neighbours, but of Magyar unity and optimism.

WAR *in the* AIR

WILL THE WORLD'S NAVIES BECOME OBSOLETE?

By
Brig.-Gen. P. R. C. GROVES,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

A special photograph of the latest German Zeppelin.

HISTORY shows that Europe is the world's storm centre. On that continent, air power, a new form of force and one of immense destructive potentiality, has developed during the past nine years, and is continuing to develop intensively.

In view of this consideration and Great Britain's peculiar vulnerability, for geographical and industrial reasons, to aerial attack, I believe that the provision of adequate air defence should be given priority, since, if the present position is allowed to continue, that country will run the risk of a decisive knock-out blow from the air at the very beginning of a European war.

The First Line of Defence.

But the claim of air power to priority in the nation's defence arrangements does not rest upon these grounds alone. For, without adequate land-based air defence, all sea-borne food supplies will be liable in the event of war to destruction by aerial attack, both in home waters and in port; in other words, what has hitherto been the primary duty of the Navy cannot henceforth be carried out without the co-operation of air force.

In order to prove this contention, it is necessary to examine the potentialities of aircraft attack upon shipping, particularly upon merchant shipping. The only available data refer to warships, but this is an advantage from the point of view of our argument, since it is obvious that the effects of aircraft attack upon merchant ships would be far greater than those achieved against heavily-armoured craft.

The principal weapons with which aircraft can attack surface craft are: bombs, torpedoes, and mines. Important accessories to these weapons are smoke screens, which may be created on an immense scale, either vertically or horizontally. By means of smoke buoys, dropped by aircraft, it is possible to develop screens of low-lying mists covering large areas of sea.

From data obtained by experiments, it has been estimated that 100 aeroplanes of an existing type could, in ten minutes, create a smoke screen approximately 10 miles square and 50 to 100 feet thick.

Bombs More Effective Than Shells.

Of the above-mentioned weapons, perhaps the most effective, especially against merchant shipping in harbours, is the bomb. An aircraft bomb is far more effective than a shell of the same weight, because the latter has to be very stoutly constructed in order to withstand the shock of discharge from the gun, whereas the former is merely a container; consequently, the thickness of its envelope is only a fraction of that of a shell, and the difference is available for carrying explosive.

A Miss as Good as a Hit.

A point which it is important to note in connection with the bombing of surface craft is that a "near miss" may be even more destructive than a direct hit. Deck armour may, to a large extent, afford protection against the latter, but a "near miss," if it explodes at the right depth, has the effect of a depth charge. Because water is non-compressible, the result of an under-water explosion close to a ship is to deliver a tremendous blow against its nearest submerged portion.

If the explosive charge is sufficiently large, it produces a mine effect of such proportions as to destroy the under-water integrity of the vessel. How great this effect may be, is instanced by the fact that, during the war, a submarine 60 ft. below the surface was sunk by a bomb weighing only 300 lb., which exploded 257 ft. from the hull.

The Decisive Factor.

The results of recent American bombing experiments on battleships and cruisers have caused widespread mortification in Naval circles. And amongst disinterested Naval opinion we find practically unanimity in the view that land-based air power is, within its radius of action, a tremendous, if not a decisive, factor in naval warfare.

The late Admiral Sir Percy Scott wrote: "A bomb weighing 1,800 lb. would be sufficient to destroy the present-day battleship"; and a bomb weighing 4,000 lb., which had been manufactured in the United States, would "Blow any post-Jutland battleship out of the water." Admiral Lord Fisher's verdict on battleships was summed up in the sentence, "Scrap the lot."

These two distinguished Admirals probably did more than any other men in the world to develop the Dreadnought. Admiral Sims, who was mainly responsible for the Dreadnought type in the American Navy; Admiral Fiske, whose inventions contributed to its hitting power, those well-known American naval experts, Admirals Hall and Fullham, and many other American Naval authorities have expressed opinions which are substantially in agreement with those of Fisher and Scott.

Continental opinion in Europe has veered to the same view; France and Italy are both concentrating upon aircraft and submarines; Germany is forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles to possess these weapons, but the late Admiral Von Scheer endorsed the opinion of the above-mentioned British and American Admirals.

The Unsinkable Dreadnought.

A point which has not been sufficiently emphasised in discussions on the American experiments referred to, is that very few aircraft were employed and a very small number of bombs was necessary to sink the great ships.

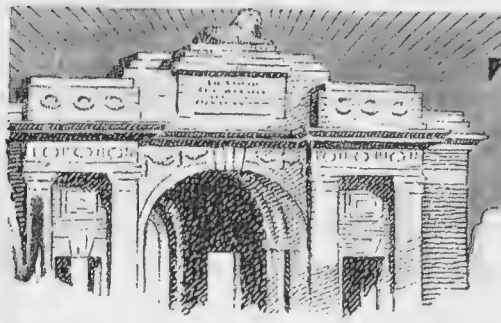
Only nine large bombs were required to sink the *Ostfriesland*, the "unsinkable dreadnought," and it seems more than probable that half that number would have sufficed if the conditions of the tests had permitted of the largest missiles being used first.

The results which a few aeroplanes have achieved with a few bombs in the American tests, the results achieved elsewhere when a modern battleship under steam was surprised in thick weather by a small number of torpedo planes, and in the course of a few minutes was hit by a number of torpedoes; the proved ability of aircraft to blind their victims, by rapidly creating smoke clouds, smoke curtains and smoke fogs on an immense scale, and then to attack from point-blank ranges; and the demonstrated inefficiency of anti-aircraft fire—all these hard, inexorable facts go to prove that surface craft are at the mercy of aircraft operating from land bases in sufficient numbers.

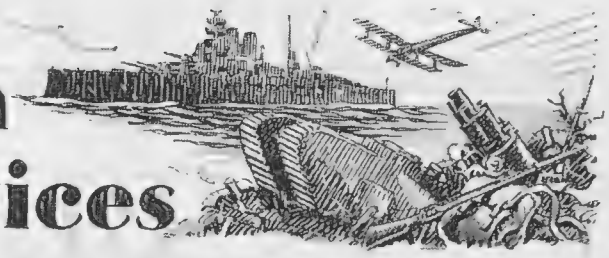
Battleships Will Be Necessary.

This does not necessarily imply that battleships are obsolete. To substantiate any such claim it would be necessary to examine the striking power of the limited numbers of aircraft which can be carried by fleets, and the protective arrangements of up-to-date battleships.

But as the principal duty of navies is to protect sea communications, obviously it is useless safely to convey merchant shipping across the oceans if it is to be sunk in home waters and in port. And this can only be prevented by the possession of adequate strength in the air. For this reason, then, in addition to those equally weighty ones mentioned, air defence is the primary essential for any nation, Great Britain in particular.



The Week in the Services



By Major Lloyd Jones

"The King's Navee."

WE have all heard the jolly song of the "King's Navee." In the introduction to his interesting new book, *Six British Soldiers*, Sir John Fortescue points out that, technically, the Army is more entitled to the term "King's." Apparently all authority over the Navy was delegated to the Admiralty by an Order in Council.

This fact is exemplified by the wording of the commission to officers of the Navy and Army respectively. The Admiralty warn Naval officers of their duty, and remind them that they disobey any Admiralty instructions "at their peril." The Army officer's commission, on the other hand, is signed by the King himself, and, instead of threatening, mildly exhorts the young aspirant to loyalty and duty.

Promotion by Merit.

It used to be said before the War that many of the most promising officers in the Army used to take their pension on attaining 15 years' service, which was, in fact, as soon as they qualified for pension at all. The reason was obvious. No matter how much one knew, how hard one worked, or how keen one might be on one's profession, promotion was by seniority, and it was almost impossible to pass over even the stupidest, idlest loafer if he happened to have been gazetted one hour before you. Naturally, ambitious officers became disheartened, left the Service and used their brains and energy elsewhere.

This state of affairs is no longer the case, and promotion is now made by selection, so that any young officer to-day knows that if he shows keenness and intelligence, there is nothing to prevent him from getting accelerated promotion. At present, promotion is somewhat retarded, owing to the number of officers with high War qualifications. Good regimental officers have been passed over by quite young majors who successfully commanded brigades in the field. Owing to the fear of further reductions, there is at present an unfortunate shortage of candidates for commissions, but it is hoped that the system of advancement by merit will increase the supply.

Staff College Favours.

There was at one time a tendency to accelerate the regimental promotion of staff-college graduates, so much so that it was often said that only officers who had passed through the staff college would command regiments or battalions. Though the staff college graduate may make an excellent staff officer, it does not follow that he will make a good regimental commander. Although candidates for the staff college have to obtain various recommendations, the ultimate factor is success at the competitive examination.

Oddly enough, many great military commanders did not pass through the recognised schools. Of Wellington it was said in his youth: "Well, let who will get on in this world, you certainly will not." Napoleon was badly reported on as a regimental officer, and would certainly have been retired but for the Revolution. Marlborough was what to-day would be called a "political" general, and owed his advancement to influence and intrigue. Oddly enough, both Lord Haig and Lord Allenby entered the Army through the University.

Singapore *versus* Sydney.

Arrangements have been made for the completion of the Naval base at Singapore, but it will be several years before the work can be concluded. Many efforts have been made to discourage the project, not only by Pacifists.

The late Col. Repington wrote a carefully considered article in which he put forward the rival claims of Sydney and Singapore. His arguments were that Singapore was naturally indefensible, and would require an enormous expenditure and a considerable garrison, while Sydney was easily defended by fortifying the hills overlooking the harbour. But his main argument seemed a sound one. Sydney is an Empire port in a white man's country. Any occupation by an enemy of Sydney could only be temporary, while it is just possible that by a *coup de main* an enterprising enemy might seize and destroy Singapore before assistance could be procured.

However, no doubt all these matters were carefully considered by the Imperial Defence Committee before the decision was taken.

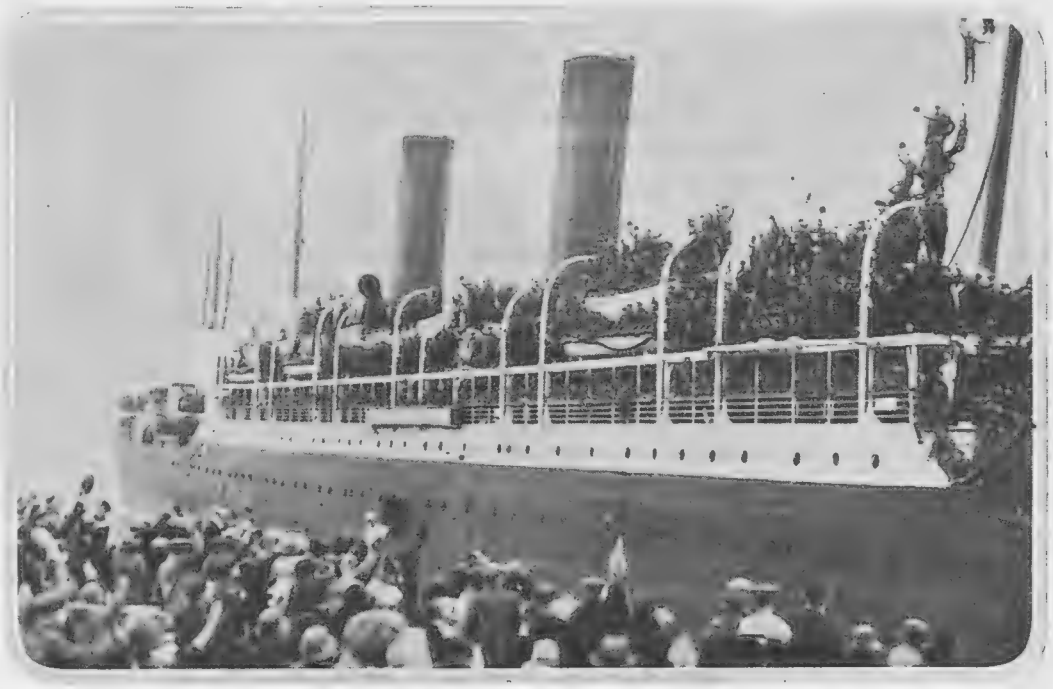
The Trooping Season.

Now is the season of reliefs. Formerly, so-called "crack" regiments were not sent abroad, but in these democratic days, with the exception of the Household Cavalry, who move majestically between Windsor and Regent's Park, every regiment, including the Foot Guards, takes its turn of garrison duty abroad. This season the 10th Hussars, in which the Duke of Gloucester is a subaltern, are moving from Hounslow to Egypt; the 15th/19th Hussars from Egypt on to India. Among other moves are:—1st South Wales Borderers from Lichfield to Egypt (for China); 2nd Royal Scots, from Egypt to Tientsin; 1st East Yorks, from Tientsin to India; 2nd Scots Guards, from China to Warley; 1st Welch Guards, from U.K. to Egypt.

Trooping used to be an uncomfortable experience, as the following account, from the diary of a sergeant of the Guards who spent six months on board men-of-war and transports in 1708, shows:—

"While we lay on board we had continual destruction in the fore-top, the pox above board, the plague between decks, hell in the forecastle and the devil at the helm. Having arrived at our desired haven, we bid adieu to the wooden world, being translated from purgatory to paradise, and from pinchgut to whole allowance, and began to look like ourselves in our old stations."

But to-day "Trooping" is not merely comfortable, it is almost luxurious.



A Loaded Troopship Leaving Portsmouth.

Service in India.

Not so very long ago, young officers who wished to economise used to transfer to a unit serving in India. There was a certain amount of sport to be had, and living was cheaper than at home. Apparently, living is no longer cheap, and sport and games are almost as expensive as at home. No wonder service in India is no longer so popular.

[Will secretaries please send announcements of forthcoming dinners and events, as far in advance as possible, addressed to Major Lloyd Jones

Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London].

PUBLIC NOTICE

re

"RYVITA CRISPBREAD"

and

"THE RYVITA CRISPBREAD HABIT"

We acknowledge with much pleasure and grateful thanks the volume of congratulations on our successful introduction of "Ryvita Crispbread" to the British Isles.

When we gave to the British public this new and invaluable food—creating throughout our country the *Ryvita Crispbread habit*—we started what has now become almost a revolution in the bread-eating habit of the nation.

"Ryvita Crispbread" is the successful outcome of generations of experience directed to making just this one thing *right.*

That it is, and does, all that we claim for it is proved by the welcome it has received from Doctors, Dentists and food experts, who not only prescribe it but have it as the daily bread in their own homes.

Because of its success, not only with the professions and the experts, but with the ordinary folk of these islands, there have arisen a number of "imitation Crispbreads." Some of these are not bad—*as imitations*—some are bad, some quite bad.

We make "Ryvita Crispbread" in Sweden because this type of bread is essentially and characteristically Swedish. The special ovens which we use are a mere item compared with the skill and long experience needed to make Ryvita *right.* It has taken generations of experience devoted exclusively to making just this type of bread to win the present perfection of "Ryvita Crispbread."

Although we make "Ryvita Crispbread" in Sweden, we who own and control the Ryvita Company are British. We buy British when it is best. But, like most other British people, we *will* have the best. When we smoke a cigar it must be—Havana made in Cuba. After dinner, when we offer our friends a glass of port—it must be port from Portugal. When we have a little party, our champagne must be genuine from France. The suggestion that you should buy imitation Crispbreads merely because they are "British made" is as ludicrous as it would be to claim pre-eminence for British Cigars—British Port—or British Champagne.

Whilst the Ryvita Company is proud of its achievement in popularising the healthful *Ryvita Crispbread habit* in this country, it entirely dissociates itself from these hastily prepared substitutes.

The genuine original "Ryvita Crispbread"—crisp, scrunchy and delicious . . . the bread of life and health—helps to make indigestion, constipation, malnutrition, and obesity unknown.

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★ FREE—*A postcard sent to-day will bring you by return a generous free sample of the genuine original "Ryvita Crispbread"*

"RYVITA CRISPBREAD MAKES YOU FIT—AND KEEPS YOU SLIM"

YOUR HEALTH

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

FROM this week the British Medical Association will be responsible for all the material appearing on the health page of BRITANNIA. It is assuming this responsibility because it believes that there is a widespread need for authoritative and simply expressed information on medical subjects; and that on the fulfilment of this need largely depends the intelligent co-operation between doctor and patient vital to the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The lay person who has grasped something of the scientific principles underlying the practice of medicine is better able to maintain himself in health and to take full advantage of medical help in sickness.

Moreover, he is a little less at the mercy of the faddist and the charlatan, a little less liable to the easy credulity that makes many otherwise intelligent people accept without question the new and wonderful cures for all diseases that are announced (and forgotten) with unvarying regularity several times each year. The B.M.A. regards the accurate, unsensational health instruction of the public as an important contribution to preventive medicine.

There are no Cure-Alls.

IT is advisable at the very outset to warn those in search of a cure-all that they will not find it on this page. There are no cure-alls, only remedies to be applied individually to each patient after everything that precise diagnostic methods can teach has been learned about him. No attempt will be made to prescribe a mode of life suitable to all persons in all circumstances; there is no such mode of life.

There will be no encouragement of the idea that the ordinary individual can diagnose his own complaints and treat them. A doctor cannot do these things for himself; when sick he has to enlist the help of a professional colleague. The dangers of self medication will be emphasized not only in general terms, but specifically in relation to this or that class of remedy whenever the occasion arises.

The writers of this page will aim at a precise presentation of the scientific principles underlying hygienic practice, in so far as these are likely to be of interest and of help to the general reader. They will try to give a clear conception of the bodily and mental mechanisms by which health is maintained, and of the factors by which it may be antagonised. They will give an account of what is scientifically established and what is mere speculation about the action of food and drink, sleep and bodily habits, alcohol and tobacco, drugs and non-medicinal remedies, in the promotion or retardation of health and sickness.

WHENEVER necessary, they will describe the processes through which medical knowledge has been acquired, and the patient and systematic work by which the gaps in this knowledge are gradually being filled. Finally, they will expose certain commonly fostered errors that pass, only too commonly, for authoritative medical information; and they will analyse critically some of the cults and fads which are receiving a great amount of publicity in the Press to-day.

Where Doctors Differ.

ONE thing must be emphasised: The British Medical Association does not impose any standard of orthodoxy on its members; within its organisation, indeed within the whole of the medical profession, there is complete freedom of thought and of practice. It is not pretended, therefore, that every doctor would accept unreservedly every view to be expressed on this page. There are matters on which practically all qualified doctors are agreed; some on which there exist most acute differences of opinion. Is the ultimate cause of cancer a germ or a ferment, or perhaps a chemical or physical agent entirely different from these? Is a certain type of stomach ulceration better treated by medicine or by operation? Has wholemeal bread any advantages over white bread? To what extent is it advisable to use vaccines in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis? Is psychoanalysis true and valuable, or false and dangerous? These are among the many problems about which there is room for legitimate differences of opinion.

IT would be easy to deal only with the established facts of medicine, with the knowledge and discoveries that have so entrenched themselves as to have become the commonplaces of medical theory and practice. The value of vaccination against smallpox and of vaccines against typhoid fever; the great reduction in diphtheria mortality following the use of anti-toxin; the advance in the treatment of syphilis determined by Ehrlich's discovery of "606"; and in the treatment of diabetes by Banting and Best's discovery of insulin. All these are established facts about which the overwhelming majority of medical and other scientific men are completely agreed. But medicine still bristles with unsolved or only partly solved problems. Observation and research, careful experimenting and brilliant deduction may answer old questions; but a hundred new ones arise in their place. This is the history of medicine as of all sciences.

And because this is so it must be stated that of all matters concerning the growing point of knowledge, matters on which inquiry is still proceeding and conclusions are still tentative, the opinions given will be those held by most qualified medical practitioners, though not necessarily by all of them.

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association.
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Facts and Fancies About Diet.

ONE of the subjects about which the amateur in medical science feels himself peculiarly fitted to give public instruction is that of diet. There is a spate of articles in the lay Press recommending brown bread (or white bread, as the case may be), large quantities of this or that vitamin or of all vitamins, foods rich in iodine and foods rich in calcium, foods leaving a large residue of roughage and foods completely assimilable, each written so fervently and contradicting the others so effectively, that the general reader must find it most depressing to realise that everything he eats is probably the worst thing for him, and that nothing else is really any better.

Fashions change in these matters, and the indispensable food item of yesterday is often almost forgotten to-day; there can be no doubt, however, that this year's easy favourites are vitamins and roughage.

Six Vitamins (at Present!)

MOST people know that vitamins are substances contained to a greater or less extent in ordinary foodstuffs, whose presence in a diet, even though in minute quantities, is indispensible if health and growth are to be maintained and disease prevented. So far, experimental work appears to have established the existence of at least six different kinds of vitamins known respectively as A, B1, B2, C, D, and E. Each of these vitamins has been shown to have a special function differentiating it from the others.

Thus, vitamin A promotes growth and helps to prevent a certain eye infection known as *xerophthalmia*. B1 is also growth promoting, but in addition, it helps to prevent the disease known as *beri-beri*, which was so prevalent in the East before the facts about this vitamin were discovered. B2 promotes growth, and is believed by some scientists to prevent a deadly disease called *pellagra*, though recent research in America has thrown some doubt on this belief.

Assimilation of Protein.

It has been shown, moreover, that the presence of B1 and B2 in a diet is needed to promote the assimilation of another important food ingredient known as protein. C is believed to prevent and cure scurvy in animals and man; D, to assist the body to use certain inorganic substances, calcium and phosphorus, and thereby to prevent and cure rickets; and E, to promote fertility, that is, experiments have shown that animals deprived of E have either no litters or smaller litters than those in whose diet E is included.

All of these vitamins are present to a greater or less extent in ordinary foodstuffs, such as milk, meat, green vegetables, animal fats, fruits, yeast and cereals.

The chief sources of D are cod liver oil, and a substance called ergosterol after it has been exposed to the radiation from a mercury vapour lamp or some other source of ultra-violet light; and the chief sources of E are green leaves, fruits, and certain vegetable fats such as cotton seed oil and maize oil.

It will be evident from this that any healthy person taking an ordinary mixed diet is practically ensured an adequate vitamin supply, though, admittedly, in sickness or in certain conditions of departure from health his doctor may find it necessary to supplement his supply in various ways.

(*Continued on page* 137)

Build-up your Health for Winter Days

WINTER is a trying time for everyone. Wind, rain, fog and snow play havoc with health unless the system is fully protected against exposure to the inclement weather.

Your sure protection against winter ailments is to build up reserves of strength and vitality. You can fortify your system to resist epidemic infections and winter ailments.

Only from nourishment can the material be obtained which will build up those reserves of strength and vitality. "Ovaltine" supplies that nourishment in a concentrated form. It contains every factor and element which is essential to health in correctly balanced proportion. It nourishes the whole system—brain, nerves and body, creating fresh stores of energy, and ensuring abundant strength and vigour. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than three eggs.

This delicious tonic food beverage should take the place of tea, coffee and other beverages at and between meals. It is prepared from Nature's foods which are richest in nutriment—ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs, and a cocoa flavouring. These natural foods contain in abundance not one vitamin only, but all the vitamins, and these are present in "Ovaltine" in scientifically correct ratio.

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'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P 447

Your Health (*contd.*)—

But the vitamin propagandists are not satisfied with this. They insist on recommending foods especially rich in the vitamin they happen to fancy (at the moment B leads the field), with the result that the individual guided by them gets a plentiful supply of the vitamin in question and often a diet that is thoroughly ill-balanced in its other constituents.

A Balanced Diet.

IT is not in this way that good dietetic habits will be fostered. A good diet must contain not only vitamins, adequate in quantity and in kind, but proteins (which act as body-building materials and accessory fuels), carbohydrates—namely, starches and sugary foods—and fats (both being fuel materials), water and mineral substances such as iodine, iron, calcium, and phosphorus, which act partly as building and repairing materials, and partly as catalysts, meaning in this connection agents whose presence is indispensable to the proper assimilation of other food substances.

And it must contain these ingredients in properly balanced proportions, and of the right kind. Proteins, for example, differ from each other in important respects. Some are rich in certain kinds of body building or repairing material, some in others.

It is necessary, therefore, to have protein foods of different kinds to ensure the inclusion of every vital ingredient in the dietary. As an example of the havoc that may be wrought by an ill-balanced dietary Colonel McCarrison cites the development of goitre following excessive consumption of butter, the goitre being due to the relative deficiency of iodine brought about by this excess.

Sir Gowland Hopkins, experimenting with animals, found that excess of vitamin A brought about disease and cessation of growth. And the work of Dr. Hartwell provides convincing proof of the dangers attending a diet containing too much protein and too little vitamin B.

There is, in short, no excuse whatever for this wild and undiscriminating advocacy of this, that, or the other kind of food substance. The ideal diet is one in which all the important food materials, whether they be proteins or fats, vitamins or mineral salts, play an important part, and any mere tinkering with such a diet, whether for the purpose of adding or withholding vitamin foods, iodine containing foods, or what not, is at the best useless, and at the worst thoroughly dangerous.

The skilled adjustment of the ingredients of a diet to meet special conditions is quite another matter. But this should be done by a doctor and not in response to the exhortations of a food faddist who usually has the same dietetic cure-all for all persons and all bodily conditions.

Vaccination: Boon or Bane?

COUNCILLOR BENNETT, whose eloquence recently helped the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians to decide that the children in their care were not to be vaccinated, described vaccination as a "filthy barbarism practised by Witch Doctors."

One does not expect Councillor Bennett to be correct on matters of fact—why should one?—or to confine his public utterances to matters on which he is well informed. This would perhaps impose too severe an ordeal on him. But as there may be people so curiously constituted as to accept statements as true because Councillor Bennett has made them, it seems on this occasion worth while to raise Councillor Bennett out of his obscurity by correcting the three major errors of which he is guilty in one short sentence.

The Councillor's Error.

IN the first place, vaccination is not filthy, but a perfectly sterile operation performed millions of times a year in every civilised country in the world, by means of lymph, the manufacture of which is carefully controlled by leading scientific workers. The animals from which such lymph is prepared are not only subjected to rigorous veterinary examination before being used for this purpose, but are examined after slaughter and submitted to post-mortem examination to guarantee that they were free from the slightest trace of disease.

Secondly, it is not a barbarism, being completely unknown to savages and to barbarians, but a practice derived from a brilliant scientific investigation which proved conclusively that persons who had had a certain mild ailment known as vaccinia acquired thereby a high grade of immunity from a major disease, frequently fatal, still more frequently horribly disfiguring, known as small-pox.

And, finally, it is not and never has been practised by witch doctors; but by most enlightened, highly-trained medical men all over the world, and represents one of the most tremendous advances in the prevention of epidemic disease ever discovered by science.

Figures Worth Pondering.

THERE is a cemetery at Gloucester which Councillor Bennett, when Bethnal Green can spare him for a moment, would do well to visit. He will see there the graves of 279 children under ten who died of small-pox during the great epidemic of 1895. Only one of these children was vaccinated—the only one that died out of 8,000 children who had been vaccinated before or during the epidemic. All the rest were unvaccinated. The vaccination of young children has saved innumerable lives, perhaps even that of Councillor Bennett. It is a solemn thought.

While he is walking thoughtfully through the cemetery, Councillor Bennett might cast his mind back to the Great London epidemic of 1901-2, when 442 unvaccinated children died of small-pox, and only two vaccinated; or to the Glasgow epidemic of 1920 when 36 unvaccinated children died, and not a single one who had been vaccinated. Perhaps then he will return a sadder and, dare one hope, a wiser man to the children of Bethnal Green who, thanks to our laws on public health, are still living.

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The Sleepy Sickness Scare.

MUCH publicity has been given lately to the occurrence of a kind of "sleepy sickness" among recently vaccinated persons. It is well to point out that such cases have been exceedingly rare, 139 in four years in Holland, and 87 in nearly three years in England; that, considering the millions of successful vaccinations made each year this involves a negligible percentage; and that, even so, children who are vaccinated in the first two years of life appear to be practically immune from this complication and to remain immune even if re-vaccinated as adults.

A special commission of the League of Nations, consisting of some of the first scientists in the world, investigated this matter and came unanimously to the conclusion that there is nothing in the complication in question to justify our discontinuing the use of vaccination, which remains the most powerful weapon against small-pox.

One may go further and point out that the facts more than justify the claim of the medical profession that primary vaccination should, whenever possible, be carried out in infancy. We must not be subjected to the terrible risk of small-pox epidemics because a few councillors and others are intolerant of the advances medicine has made since the witch doctor.

Brown and White Bread.

THE brown and white bread battle still rages, but, fortunately, it is a battle without serious casualties. It does not seem to matter very much which side wins, because, as Professor Mottram has pointed out, by themselves brown and white bread are almost equally bad, and in an ordinary well mixed diet they appear to be equally good. Many doctors hold, however, that people who cannot afford a sufficiently varied dietary should eat wholemeal brown bread in preference to white. The matter could be settled once and for all by experiments on the same lines as those which established the value of extra milk in the diet of boys of school age.

It should be possible to take two groups of boys and, for a period of two or more years, arrange to give one group only brown bread as part of its otherwise ordinary mixed diet, and the other group only white. Unless such experiments show appreciable differences in favour of the brown bread group most people will agree with Professor Mottram that there is no excuse for upsetting the dietetic habits of the nation.

No Panacea for Constipation.

ROUGHAGE is the other food constituent now enjoying special favour. It is well described by its name, for it is the food constituent which, being indigestible, acts on the bowel as an irritant, stimulating it to empty itself of its contents. A diet complete in all the other constituents—proteins, fats, vitamins, etc.—may, on account of deficiency in roughage, still be inadequate to maintain health. The regular emptying of the bowel is indispensable to good health, and the presence in the dietary of a certain amount of roughage is undoubtedly one of the factors by which this regular emptying is achieved. But one of the marks of the faddist is that he appears incapable of realising that you can have too much of a good thing.

Roughage, he argues, is important for the prevention of constipation; therefore, the more roughage the less constipation. This is simple and appears logical; but it is incorrect. It is incorrect because constipation has other causes than roughage deficiency, and some cases of constipation are actually made worse by roughage excess. The kind of constipation associated with excessive irritability of the bowel, irritability that compels it to contract spasmodically when unduly stimulated, is actually treated by diminishing the amount of roughage in the dietary. Moreover, constipation is frequently accompanied by gastric conditions which, for their treatment, demand an unirritating non-residue-forming diet. In such cases roughage is liable to do serious harm.

And, finally, there is a type of constipation in which bowel activity in general is quite normal, but the rectum has lost the power adequately to evacuate its contents. Clearly, in such cases, treatment must be directed not to stimulating the bowel by more roughage, but to discovering the cause of the delay in the rectum and proceeding to correct this.

Cosmopolitan London

Some Impressions by Kapp

A Woman of Mystery.

From Scandinavia.

Shoreditch comes West.

"Type Sport" from Dieppe.

LEND ME YOUR EARS

By A. Kalisch

IT has been an open secret for some time among his friends that Sir Edward Elgar has, since his removal to his new house near Stratford-on-Avon, been busy with a considerable work, but no one, so far as I know, has been able to extract from him what it precisely is.

I remember that a good many years ago, just before the war, he once said to a party of friends when I was present that he was very anxious to write something on the subject of Pantagruel, and intended to get on more familiar terms with the spirit of Rabelais. One may be permitted to wonder whether this is the work which we may expect. He has not, I need hardly remind musicians, given us anything except arrangements since he wrote his Violoncello Concerto nearly ten years ago.

A Charity Concert.

One of the most interesting concerts in the immediate future will be that in aid of the Czechoslovakian charities, at which Emmy Destinn—or Destinnova—one of the greatest dramatic sopranos of the age, will make her reappearance. Memories, especially those of opera-goers, are apt to be short, and perhaps there are not so many people in London as there ought to be who remember that she was the original Madama Butterfly here, and that she has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the part. It has perhaps been forgotten, too, that when Destinn, Caruso, Scotti (or Sammarco), Plançon and Journet sang in *Aïda*, Covent Garden really was Covent Garden at its brightest and best.

Madame Destinnova's Return.

I heard recently from friends on the continent that Mme. Destinnova was contemplating a return to opera. It is a fascinating problem whether she could still do so with success. It must be admitted that when she was here last, about eight years ago, it was obvious that time had not failed to take toll of her voice, but many great singers have a kind of St. Martin's summer, such as for instance our own Melba enjoyed. During the last pre-war season of opera, when she was in the heyday of her powers, it was Destinn's great ambition to appear in London as Norma, and it was generally known at the time when she appeared after the war that she was still anxious to do so. I cannot help wondering whether there will be any chance of our hearing her next year in that or any other part. In discussing the wisdom or unwisdom of reviving such a work as *Norma*, it should not be forgotten that no less a person than Wagner was a wholehearted admirer of that now forgotten opera.

There have been one or two notable performances at the promenade concerts in the last stages of the season. One which somewhat unexpectedly proved the most popular was Strauss's Burlesque for Piano and Orchestra, which was played with excellent spirit and a keen sense of humour by James Ching, who, in spite of his name, is a native of the north of England. The Burlesque was written at a time when Strauss had not yet found himself as a great innovator in music, but it is anything but old-fashioned, and its high spirits are very remarkable. It recalls to me a little incident, which I think is not generally known, that throws some light on his personality. After the concert at which it was first performed in London during one of Strauss's visits here, it was being discussed by a group of music lovers, among whom were several thorough-paced Brahmsians, or "Brahmins" as they used to be called. Strauss was heard to say, "Oh, it is not a bad little work, but the orchestration is so beastly (scheusslich) that it might have been by Brahms."

Playing Schubert: By Kapp.

A Sense of Humour.

As a sense of humour is a thing in which your thorough Brahmins are thoroughly lacking, their fury knew no bounds. At any rate, the work shows that Strauss could—if he liked—orchestrate with remarkable neatness and skill in what we should call an "old-fashioned" style. There are good reasons for believing that Strauss, whose views are now considerably mellowed by old age (he is sixty-four), would not to-day speak so disrespectfully of Brahm's scoring, but ginger was hot in the mouth then, and he had no objection to a little scrap with a musician who did not agree with him.

The soloist on the occasion of the first performance of the Burlesque was Wilhelm Backhaus, who then had only just won his spurs. He is giving a Recital at the Queen's Hall tomorrow, at which an interesting number in his programme will be a Set of Variations by Tchaikovsky, which, curiously enough, have not, as far as I can discover, been heard in England before. Rather an interesting story attaches to them, which shows what strange people great musicians can be, when they try.

The Story of the Pieces.

When Tchaikovsky composed the pieces he sent them to Rubinstein, who never even acknowledged them, and apparently everybody forgot all about their existence till Rubinstein himself played them some twelve years later. It is a strange thing that a work, and apparently a very good work, by a composer so familiar and popular as Tchaikovsky should thus be laid on the shelf for so many years, for it is thirty-five years since Tchaikovsky died. Mr. Backhaus tells me that his attention was only drawn to them in consequence of a chance conversation during a recent visit to Russia, where also the pieces are not known. One cannot help wondering whether the world has many similar exhumations in store for it.

The world missed a splendid opportunity of rescuing unknown music last year when the Centenary of Beethoven was being celebrated. While performances of his familiar works were like the sands of the sea, revivals of the less known things he wrote might almost have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Now we are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the death of Schubert, and exactly the same thing seems likely to be happening. In the case of Schubert there is really less excuse, because the volume of his unfamiliar, half-forgotten music is immense, and it cannot all be worthless. As far as I know at present there will be only one hearing of one of his seven or eight unfamiliar symphonies, and I do not suppose that in the months during which the riot of Schubert performances will continue more than about fifty of his six hundred odd songs will ever be performed.

Centenary Celebrations.

I know that although many contain much beautiful music they are not particularly well suited for the concert room, but somebody might surely have taken the opportunity of condensing some of them a little, which need not have been disrespectful and would have made all the difference

It may be all very well on the Continent, but in England these Centenary celebrations have many serious disadvantages To put it rudely, they lead to a tremendous lot of

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Lend Me Your Ears—contd.

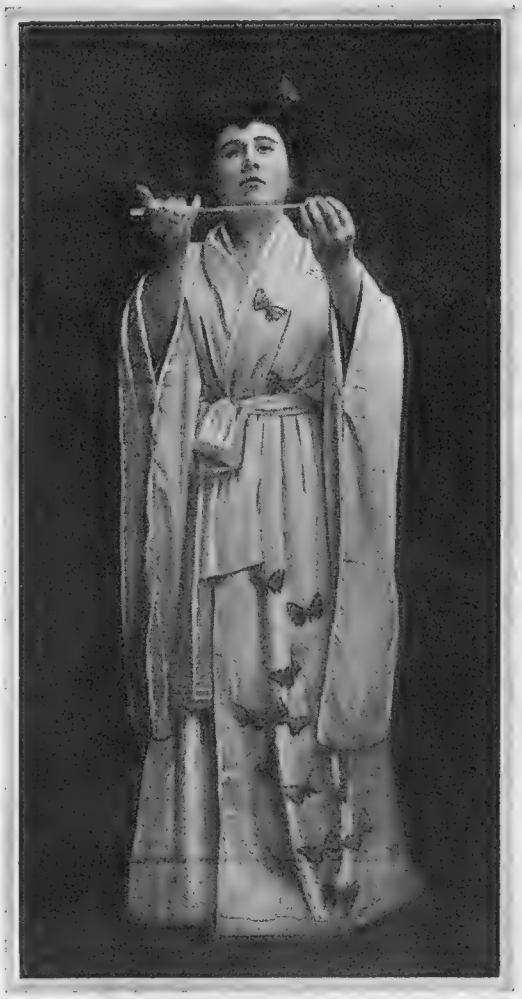
humbug. The number of rhapsodies about Beethoven which were produced last year, sometimes from people whose admiration was at ordinary times quite lukewarm, was almost unbelievable, and the same bids fair to be the case with regard to Schubert. There are many superior people who pretend to deplore our neglect of such occasions. I believe there are even some who would invite us to follow the example of Austria and strike some Schubert coins; but I hope nobody will produce even Schubert medals in this country, because it would not be genuine admiration for the dead composer, but merely a commercial instinct, that would induce them to do so.

A Pertinent Question.

It is within my recollection that once there was a proposal to celebrate an anniversary of some kind in this country, and at a meeting which was held with a view to discussing the project a very discourteous old gentleman pricked the whole bubble by tactlessly inquiring, "May I ask whether the concert in question is meant to do honour to the dead man's memory or to obtain a little extra limelight for Mr. Blank (Mr. Blank being the chief organiser).

Twenty Strauss Productions.

The mouths of our native opera composers—and, indeed, of the opera composers of any other country—will water when they are told that no fewer than nineteen German opera houses have already declared their intention to produce Strauss's latest opera, "The Egyptian Helen," to say nothing of the production in New York, which is already fixed for the first half of November. Shall we hear it in London in 1929?



Madame Destinn.

Kreisler Rejected.

His Master's Voice has been fortunate in securing the Zurich Philharmonic orchestra to record for them. The strings of the Philharmonic orchestra have for a long time been, and still are, the pride of all musical Vienna.

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The Week Artistic

By R. H. WILENSKI.

I HOPE that the National Conference on the Preservation of England's Rural Beauties which meets on Friday, October 12th, in Leicester, will keep its eyes fixed on the future and not merely abuse the present and lament the past.

We live in the twentieth century, in the motor age, and on the threshold of the age of oil and electricity. We have to face that position and so plan our buildings and our avenues of transport that they will be adequate for their purposes in fifty years' time and also look handsome, dignified and friendly.

Waste and Muddle.

At the moment we are in a period of transition in respect both of building and transport. There is no central direction of activities in either field. Complaints of the ugliness of the new roads and of the houses and bungalows built since the war are made on every hand.

But the complaints are justified (*a*) because the houses, being merely jerry-built imitations of obsolete types of dwellings, will never weather into dignified old age, and even if they make old bones at all, which is unlikely, there will be no one who will condescend to live in anything so unpractical in fifty years' time; and (*b*) because the roads are not permanent highways planted with oaks, chestnuts and walnuts that will mature into noble avenues, but temporary enlargements of old winding roads that were designed for horse transport, or temporary new roads from which such trees as are planted will have to be uprooted by widening operations long before they can attain to middle age.

The new roads and houses of to-day are justly called ugly because they are stamped, not with the inevitable and therefore tolerable ugliness of a period of transition, but with the unnecessary and therefore intolerable ugliness of a period of muddle and of waste.

Three Resolutions.

The first Resolution of the Conference should therefore demand that all this silly out-of-date unplanned and unco-ordinated building and road-making should cease at once.

The second Resolution should demand that plans be immediately elaborated for new main roads between every important town in the country; that the roads be three times as wide as the average new by-pass, and cut straight as a ruler; and that no pipes or cables be laid beneath them.

The third Resolution should demand that new villages be constructed on these roads; that the houses therein be ten or twelve stories high, terraced, and grouped round existing trees, not straggling in senseless uneconomic ribbons along the roads; that all the houses be central heated and lit by electricity; that the sides facing the sun consist entirely of windows; that the terraces be planted with gardens, not tennis courts (which must be restricted to the ground); and that the materials and proportions be determined for the several types of such houses by Act of Parliament, as was done in London after the Great Fire, when the then "advanced" buildings in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, Clifford's Inn, King's Bench Walk, Berkeley Square, and Gray's Inn Square came into being.

The Old Villages.

If the problem of the main roads and buildings on them were solved in this way the unemployment problem for the next fifty years would be solved at the same time; and the problem of the Preservation of England's Rural Beauties would be solved also. For the countryside would then be left alone, just as it was left alone from the time when the railways were finished to the time when motor cars began; and no one who loves the country asks more than that road makers and builders should ignore it altogether.

The old villages, in a word, would remain old villages because only the people who like old villages would prefer their old inaccessible, unsanitary, and uncomfortable dwellings to the handy, light, sanitary, and comfortable quarters of the new villages; and the old lanes would remain old lanes because only those who would care for their beauty and were not in a hurry would leave the main roads to go near them.

Posters.

Nor need the Conference do anything about posters, for they, too, will soon disappear from the main roads because traffic will move so fast that no one will be able to distinguish one poster from another.

But the posters will, I hope, survive in the old-world villages to uphold artistic decency by their regular lettering, to the shame of the villagers who will still doubtless be unable to write the word "Teas" in straight or equal letters on their garden boards.

"Philosophy," by Giorgio de Chirico.

Giorgio de Chirico.

I referred last week to the Italian artist Giorgio de Chirico, whose exhibition opens at Arthur Tooth's Galleries on Monday week. Chirico is one of the most remarkable artists alive. His pictures do not represent scenes or objects; they symbolise ideas. It is impossible to write of them in terms of everyday journalism; they can only be discussed in terms of history, philosophy, or metaphysics.

We can ask ourselves, for example, if Chirico's strange classical figures with footballs for heads and near flat skies behind are not the nearest approach made for the last three hundred and fifty years to the Mediterranean or "Apollinian" ideal of the Greeks as opposed to the Atlantic or "Faustian" ideal of the Northern races. But such a question has no meaning or interest for the average citizen, or even for students unless they happen to have read Spengler's attempt to explain the forms of art of different times and places by the root conceptions of death, time, and space in the various civilisations.

We can ask again if "Horses Rearing"—one of the simplest and least baffling of his pictures—is not destroyed as a symbol of that same classical mind by the introduction of naturalistic lighting.

Don't Laugh or Be Silly.

The easiest thing to do about Chirico's most extraordinary pictures is to laugh at them and go away. The silliest thing to do is to say the artist must be mad or fooling. The wisest thing to do, if you can manage it, is to go and see them and stay there till you begin to realise that you are in presence of a complex un-Germanic mind that feels ill at ease with the Germanic romantic realism of nineteenth century art, but which would have felt no uneasiness in ancient Athens.

Chirico, in fact, was born in Greece, though his parents were Italian. He fought in the Italian army in the war and established himself in 1925 in Paris, where he had studied in 1911. He is now forty, and has already exerted an enormous influence on modern Italian art.

The First Britannia

By Rudolph de Cordova

WHEN Britannia first ruled the waves on the reverse of a coin of the realm—it was a halfpenny of Charles II in 1672—her prototype was Frances Stuart, "la belle Stuart," as she was called.

Born in 1648, she was the elder daughter of Walter Stuart, M.D., the third son of Lord Blantyre, a distant relation of the King. Walter took refuge in France soon after the execution of Charles I and attached himself to the household of the widowed Queen, Henrietta Maria. Frances's beauty evidently ripened quickly, for she could not have been more than fifteen when Pepys wrote of her that the "French King cast eyes upon her, and would fain have had her mother, who is one of the most cunning women in the world, to let her stay in France as an ornament of his Court."

Charles is said to have noticed her when she was sleeping in Lady Castlemaine's apartment, and so overcome was he by her beauty that in July, 1663, Pepys wrote: "The King has become besotted with Miss Stuart and will be with her half-an-hour together, kissing her."

The King's Infatuation.

In the late autumn of that year the Queen became so ill that extreme unction was administered to her. By this time Charles was so "besotted," to use Pepys's word, that the Court gossips declared that, when the Queen died, His Majesty intended to marry Frances, despite her youth. The plan, if it ever existed, was prevented by the Queen's recovery.

When John Roettier was appointed designer to the Mint, he naturally met the beautiful Frances at Court. He was anxious to do a bust in relief of her, and when he was commissioned to execute a medallion in honour of the Restoration, the King suggested, if he did not insist, that she should be the model for Britannia on the reverse of the medal.

IN this design, Britannia, who might not inappropriately be regarded artistically as the cousin German of Pallas Athene, sits on a crag receiving Minerva, who presents an olive branch, Justice with the scales and the lictor's fasces of office, and Hercules. The design did not satisfy Miss Stuart, and one day she called at the Mint and expressed her grave displeasure at the way in which her right leg had been represented.

Five years later, in 1672, Frances appeared as Britannia on the first English coin—the halfpenny of Charles II, which is almost exactly the size of a modern penny. Then, the figure faced to the left instead of, as now, to the right, and instead of the trident she was represented with her spear over the left arm and an olive branch in her right hand. A century and a quarter had to elapse before the trident was substituted for the spear, for it was not until 1797 that Neptune's emblem as Monarch of the Sea was given to Britannia, in allusion to the naval prowess which the Empire still proudly claims.

A Runaway Marriage.

When Frances was nineteen, the first wife of Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond and sixth Duke of Lennox, died. A fortnight later he proposed to her, and the King, fearing that she might accept, offered to make her a duchess, and even, as he said, "re-arrange his seraglio" if she would go to him. That even then he contemplated marrying her has been suggested by the statement of certain historians that His Majesty asked Dr. Sheldon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whether the Church would allow a divorce if both parties consented, and one was proved to be unable to have children. While His Grace was considering the problem, Frances escaped from her rooms in Whitehall and went off to Kent, where she was married to the Duke of Richmond.

It was not long, however, before Frances returned to the Court and was sworn of Catharine's bedchamber, as the Queen preferred her to any of the other Court favourites. Later the lovely woman became a victim to smallpox, and, although she was badly disfigured, Charles's assiduity was as marked as ever. When the Duke of Richmond died in 1672 his titles reverted to the King, who allowed Frances a "bounty" of £150 a year. She lived on for thirty years and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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THE NEWEST BOOKS, By Frederick Heath.

[Mr. Bohun Lynch, is, I am sorry to say, seriously ill.—Ed.]

"The Island of the Articoles." By André Maurois. (Cape 5s.)

THIS is one of the most amusing literary satires I have ever read, and Heaven knows we need them. It has in it a touch of Anatole France and of Swift. Monsieur Maurois is a Frenchman, and knows the literary life of every country so well that he can afford to be cruel with good grace.

Criticism of all satire is dangerous, but *The Island of the Articoles* is, I think, somewhere outside France. Yet it might be anywhere, for the book expresses the constant struggle of the artist to express his ideas freely in a world which firmly imposes restrictions upon them.

In a normal state of society, the artist, at least in his youth, has to struggle; he preserves his memory of things: his loves, his hates, in short his strong feelings. But as M. Maurois says, the Articoles (artists) are themselves to blame for their present plight.

The weakness of the Articoles is that they have lost contact with life.

"I have to describe in my new book," one of these (Articoles), said to the author, "a mountainous frontier region which smugglers are crossing. But how does one cross a mountain? Are there any paths on it, or roads?" What an atrocious Articole!

Monsieur Maurois plays with all authors in this book, as, indeed, they may well be played with. Being a business man before he became an artist he is a good judge of the joke he now perpetrates in *The Island of the Articoles*. That the author takes himself too seriously is the lesson M. Maurois seeks to convey if one reads his satire rightly. M. Maurois is also an artist, but he realises that many of them are too conceited to exist on any sane planet, certainly not on the one conceived by M. Maurois.

There is a double joke in this delicious book. Part of the joke is that the author has been too much lionised in England, and that he recognises the fundamental fact that artists in any art must stand alone—even though they be dwellers in the "Island of the Articoles." They do not need a crowd of silly "lion hunters" hanging on their words, nor should they be feted at meals. I like the title of the book, which places all artists (in an international sense) as dwellers on an island.

The author must have "suffered" at the Pen Club!

"Recollections of Rossetti." By Hall Caine. (Cassell. 5s.)

IN this book, the author tells, out of intimate knowledge, the life story of Rossetti, and he also gives a hint or two about his own rise to fame. This is pardonable, for Rossetti seems to have helped Sir Hall Caine, when young, far more than Sir Hall Caine has helped Rossetti now that he is dead. But the author of this book enjoyed Rossetti's close friendship and "he died in his arms."

He gives many intimate details of the poet's life. His marriage to Elizabeth Siddall, for example; her sufferings and death; and, because of the inquest on her, Rossetti's sufferings are also described in detail.

The reader will find little or nothing here about the work of a great poet; only the recollections, given in vivid style, by one who knew Rossetti very well, and is not afraid to write about him, wisely or unwisely.

For my part, I prefer a book of criticism about a great author rather than a book of Recollections written by a man as old as Sir Hall Caine, even though "Rossetti died in his arms." The whole book gives one the impression of having been written by a typewriter.

"Bonnett and Shawl." By Philip Guedalla. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

WIVES of great men all remind us how little we know about them. They are for the most part eclipsed by the fame they have helped to make. Of those whose lives are so brilliantly described in this book by the second greatest biographer of our time, Jane Welsh Carlyle is, perhaps, the best known.

Gentle reader.

One remembers her for having said (though Mr. Guedalla does not quote it) that "a little whisky made one feel all cosy inside." But of no woman might it have been so truly said that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." She married an oracle and there was nothing for her to say.

Never mind her, dear. Go on talking, was the only advice which Gladstone was given about his wife. He acted upon it.

As the author says in a flash of real insight: "When Mr. Gladstone received his bride the Victorian age was ready to begin."

But patient, and marvellously kind, Catherine "soothed the noble heart that she had won." She supported his rescue work among women. Someone once asked Gladstone: "What will Mrs. Gladstone say if you take this woman home?" He replied, "It is to Mrs. Gladstone I am taking her." Gladstone was the greatest and best of her good works.

Mary Anne Disraeli impressed Disraeli with her feminine fluency at their first meeting. She was bright but not beautiful.

She once contrasted the two of them. Disraeli; very calm, a genius, devoted to politics and ambition. Mary Anne: very effervescent, a dunce, no ambition and hates politics.

Of Emily Tennyson, it may be said, that her work was mainly Alfred, and she is summed up in her phrase, "I have tried to be a good wife."

The others, Emily Palmerston, Lady Muriel James, Sophia Swinburne, Julie de Goncourt, are all brought brilliantly to life. The best book of biography of the early autumn season.

"The Delight of Great Books." By John Erskine. (Nash & Grayson, 8s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE, who is known to English readers as the author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and other satirical novels, has written a most companionable volume about *The Delight of Great Books*.

In his preliminary essay he deplores that the classics are studied rather than enjoyed.

In this spirit our genial professor begins his task of revealing to us wherein lies the permanent and, indeed, universal interest of certain masterpieces of literature. He offers a splendidl ist: *The Canterbury Tales, Romeo and Juliet, The Tempest, Paradise Lost, the Waverley Novels, Don Juan, Moby Dick, The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, Huckleberry Finn, Candida*, and certain examples of modern Irish poetry.

"If you were to meet Mr. Wells or Mr. Mencken or Mr. Hergesheimer without knowing they were writers," declares Mr. Erskine, "you would never guess it. Least of all would you guess what kind of book they wrote, and we may be fairly sure that, outside of their books, literary genius showed as little in Shakespeare or Chaucer." It takes an American to say anything as innocent as that.

I Think You Will Enjoy:

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The Gospel of the Law. By His Honour Sir A. E. Parry. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

THE ESCAPE of OLD GREY SQUIRREL. By Alfred Noyes.

Old Grey Squirrel might have been
  Almost anything——
Might have been a soldier, sailor,
  Tinker, Tailor,
(Never a beggar-man, though, nor thief)
  Might have been, perhaps a king,
Or an Indian chief.

He remained a City clerk
  Doubled on a great high stool,
Totting up, from dawn to dark,
  Figures, figures, figures, figures,
Red ink, black ink, double rule,
Tot-tot-totting with his pen,
Up and down and round again,
  Curious old Grey Squirrel.

No-one ever really knew
  What he did at night,
In his room so near the roof,
  Up those steep and narrow stairs.
Old Grey Squirrel wasn't quite
  The same as other men.
What he said was always true;
  He was like a little child
  In a thousand things.
Something shy and delicate,
Cold and grave and undefiled,
  Seemed to keep him half aloof.
You could never call him lonely,
  Though he lived with memory there——
When he knelt beside his bed
  He had nothing much to say
But the simplest little prayer
  Learned in childhood, long ago,
And he didn't know or care
  Whether Calvinists might call it
Praying for the dead :—

Father, mother, sister, brother—
  Memories clear as evening bells ;
Yes, the very sort of thing
  All your clever little scribblers
Love to satirise and sting ;
So let's talk of something else.
  He collected stamps, you know,
Shades of all the intellectuals !
  Grass-green sounds and pale blue smells !
Commonplace old Squirrel.

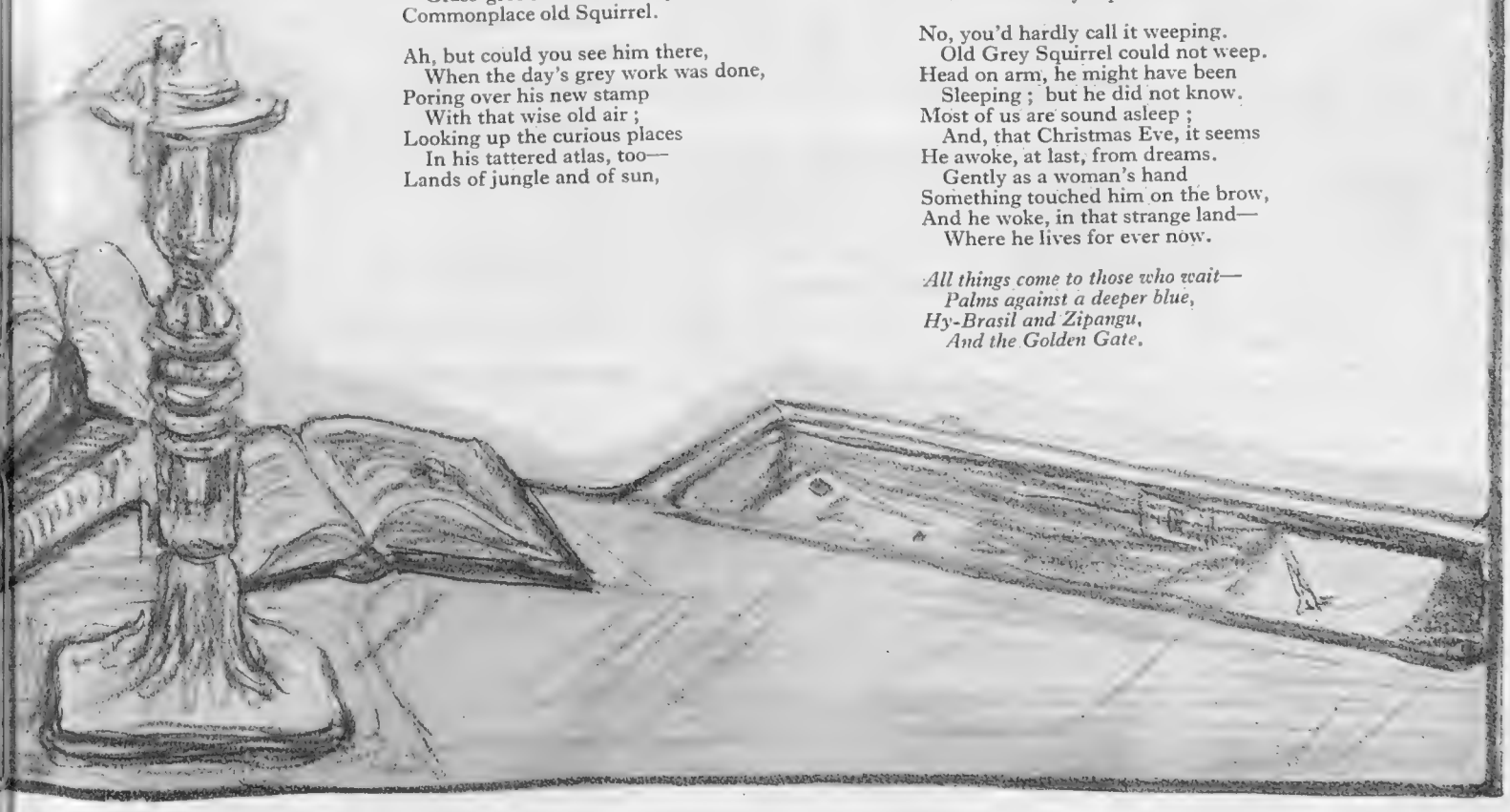
Ah, but could you see him there,
  When the day's grey work was done,
Poring over his new stamp
  With that wise old air ;
Looking up the curious places
  In his tattered atlas, too—
Lands of jungle and of sun,
Ivory tusks and dusky faces,
  Whence his latest treasure flew
Like a tropic moth, he thought,
  To flutter round his dying lamp.
  Visions are not bought and sold ;
But, when the foreign mail came in
  Bringing his employers news
Of copper, sulphide, zinc and tin,
  (And the red resultant gold)
Envelopes were thrown away,
  So, of course, one clearly sees
He could pick, and he could choose,
  Having, as he used to say,
" Very great advantages."
  Rarities could not be bought.
Bus-fares don't leave much for spending
  On a flight to Zipangu.
All the same, one never knew.
  All things come to those who wait—
Isles of palm in rose and blue,
  India, China and Peru,
And the Golden Gate.

So he'd turn his treasures over—
  Mauve and crimson, buff and cream—
Every stamp an elfin window
  Opening on a boy's lost dream.
" Curious, curious, that's Jamaica.
  That's Hong-Kong (the twopenny red)
I've no doubt they are well worth seeing,
  Well worth seeing," old Squirrel said.

" *Curious* "—curious was his word—
  Old Grey Squirrel remembered a day
Sitting alone in a whispering fir-wood
  (This was in boyhood before they caught him)
Writing a story of far Cathay,
A tale that his friends would think absurd
  But would make him famous when he was dead.
" *Curious* "—thinking of all those years,
  All those dreams that had drifted away—
Once, he had thought—but the years had taught him,
  Taught him better, and bowed his head.
" *Curious* "—memory clings and lingers—
  Clings—the smell of the fir-wood—clings
Through his wrinkled ink-stained fingers,
  " *Curious, curious,*" trickled the tears,
Curious old Grey Squirrel.

No, you'd hardly call it weeping.
  Old Grey Squirrel could not weep.
Head on arm, he might have been
  Sleeping ; but he did not know.
Most of us are sound asleep ;
  And, that Christmas Eve, it seems
He awoke, at last, from dreams.
  Gently as a woman's hand
Something touched him on the brow,
And he woke, in that strange land—
  Where he lives for ever now.

All things come to those who wait—
  Palms against a deeper blue,
Hy-Brasil and Zipangu,
  And the Golden Gate.



No Enemy Shall Pass the Khyber.

AFGHANISTAN: INDIA'S BULWARK

THE MASTER-KEY TO EMPIRE

By NAWAB SIR ZULFIGAR ALI KHAN, K.C.S.I.

IT was the Afghans who did the pioneer work to enable the Moghals to rule over a magnificent empire, and it was over the world's high road through Afghanistan that the hosts of conquerors from the North marched into India. The Persians, Greeks, Scythians, Pathans and Moghals all used this country as a stepping-stone to India, the objective of all nations aspiring to World Empire.

Afghanistan is no doubt the master-key to the conquest of India; her attitude, therefore, means either peace or war for this world's reservoir of men and money. Her people, warlike and hardy, are intensely patriotic with the fervour of undying faith.

The Afghan is trained to fatigue and privation which would kill untrained men of India's plains or Europe in a very short time. His commissariat is comprised in a ragful of grain, a handful of firewood, and the water or stream or stagnant pool, without fear of harm from its contaminated state.

A Long Peace Wanted.

The situation of Afghanistan, however, demands the greatest sacrifices from her people. In the North the manace of Russia is ever present, and in the South the suspicious and vigilant British administration in India claims their constant attention. Afghans at present are not strong enough to defend their liberty against an invasion from either direction; their supreme need, therefore, is a long peac for reorganisation and recuperation. No Moslem State, for obvious reasons, can safely rely on Russia. The economic interests of Afghans demand that they should remain at peace with India.

It cannot be forgotten that Afghanistan has the greatest scope for expansion towards the North and North East. She must reclaim her fertile province of Merr from the Russians, who, by annexing this great province, have come within dangerous proximity to her frontiers. British statesmen will be relieved of a gnawing anxiety if the Russian frontiers are pushed back beyond the Caspian Sea, and the Afghans can incorporate all this vast territory into their own State by skilful diplomacy and organised strength.

The Moslem populations under China and Central Asia can no longer remain in servitude, and the Afghans will be rendering them great service if they bring about their reunion with their Tartar brethren under the Russians. The British Government will be neglecting a supreme psychological opportunity if they fail to impress the Afghans with the sincerity of their intentions towards them. Their suspicions and fear (which definitely exist) must be immediately disarmed by an open and generous policy. It will be too late to think of conciliating the Afghans when the thunderbolts begin to fall.

Danger from Russia.

It is an open secret that extensive military preparations are proceeding in Russia, and that German military experts are actively co-operating with the Red Army leaders, who have decided to order abroad great quantities of technical equipment. Not long ago the Soviet purchased in Holland, Italy and Switzerland over 700 aeroplanes and 75 submarines, besides large quantities of rifles and machine-guns. Such preparations are ominous for the peace of India and of the Moslem States which are still unprepared to meet the gathering storm. If this warning remains unheeded, the course of history may be changed.

King Amanullah Khan is, therefore, confronted with one of those crises which, in the cycles of human change, either make or mar the fortunes of empires. In this fateful hour when the different Moslem nations are struggling for their footing and the minds of all are filled with the prophetic vision of a great future, the King, who is one of those who have rescued Islamic fortunes from general wreckage, must work with zeal and so deal with the emergency as to avert calamity.

In association with European nations during his travels the King must have learnt some of the secrets of their enduring advance, of their irresistible power and of their conquest of nature. These precious lessons he will no doubt apply to the elevation of his own people. But the work of moving the dead weight of Asiatic conservatism is prodigious, and it is the sense of danger alone which will enable him to break through the tyranny of custom and tradition.

The King's Fervour.

Immediately on his return home he threw himself heart and soul into the work of civilising his people, hitherto the slave of mediæval ideas. He knows that in the scheme of salvation there is no place for parasites, and he has, therefore, proclaimed himself the first servant of the State and has overthrown the mystical doctrine of the divine right of kings. His unsurpassed fervour has produced a mental contagion, and many of the changes of thought and feeling are mirrored in the awakened soul of the people.

Kingly wisdom lies not in imparting exotic dainties in the form of constitutions, but in mobilising the services of the ablest citizens to produce stable, progressive and efficient government. Above all, Amanullah Khan has to pay special attention to the development of industries in his country, for to make a nation great and rich, nation manufactures, internal communications and foreign trade are indispensable. It is highly gratifying to see that His Majesty is devoting himself with unmistakable fervour to this essential condition for the future greatness of his people.

What the Country Needs.

Afghanistan possesses everything that contributes to the greatness of a country. Salubrious climate, an enchanting country capable of highest development, mineral wealth of incalculable magnitude, and intelligent, valiant and handsome people who have just begun to realise their historic mission. But they need education, aiming at moral, public, personal and vocational efficiency.

King Amanullah, therefore, must not be content to bask in the radiance of his solitary energy. He must develop the capacity of his people in furtherance of a common aim.

This done, the inspiration of his own powerful personality will no doubt lead the Afghans to the heights of national glory.

The TRAVELLER

CONDUCTED BY A.H. D'EGVILLE

ALMOST every time I take up my morning paper I read a letter from somebody deploring the spread of foreign ideas, especially American ideas, through the medium of the films. It is pointed out that American methods and institutions and life, and the American point of view in general, are advertised in every cinema from Edgware Road to Shanghai, and that the average British cinema-goer knows more about the U.S. than he does about his own Empire.

Side by side with this, we have a number of futile and totally inadequate film producers, representing a miscellaneous conglomeration of poverty-stricken cinema companies working in the semi-darkness of the suburbs, who seem to spend their time wringing their hands about the lack of sun and the dearth of good stories and material for films.

The Kind of Film Wanted.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the Empire can provide

(1) travel films without equal in any country,
(2) settings for film stories of every conceivable variety,

our producers, with one or two exceptions, can find nothing better to fill the British film quota than slow-motion pictures such as "Quinney's" and "The Guns of Loos." (I ask you—guns in 1928!)

No one can find fault with the historical films such as "Ypres," "Mons," and the "Battle of the Falklands." These were educative and important, as showing the nation how the nation's forces did their job. But there it ends.

The constant appearance of the American Cowboy has almost eclipsed the existence of the same gentleman in Canada. Yet there he is, all ready to be filmed, so to speak. The romance of the North-West Mounted Police, the Indian life, the trapping, the hunting, the prospecting, these are all things which can be incorporated in film stories and would be the best way of advertising the country and fostering travel over its vast and varied area.

Australia, India, Africa, Egypt, New Zealand, Burma, Siam, Hong-Kong, Jamaica, what is the matter with these? Interest us in these places *via* the film, and we shall want to go and see them.

If we are to have films dealing with snowy wastes, well—Canada has snow, you know; it doesn't suddenly cease at the Canadian border.

Did you ever see "Palaver"? This is the kind of film we want.

IT was the story of a young British Commissioner in Nigeria, and wound up in the story were the life of the people, their habits and customs, the curious and fascinating scenery, cunningly interwoven with the work of Empire building and maintenance, and it was refreshing to see a certain well-known flag being constantly borne before the Commissioner to the exclusion of all other and less interesting and inspiring flags.

This was the real Nigeria, not a pasteboard replica erected on the outskirts of London. They were real natives, not supers at a pound a day unconvincingly dressed up as something they could never adequately represent. The cast of whites numbered about four, so that the salary list was not heavy in this direction.

The proof that this kind of thing can be done is to be found in the fact that another company is setting forth to India to make a film of "Koh-i-Noor." Lesser-minded people would have attempted to save money and stage it on Wimbledon Common or some equally unsuitable "location."

The Government, the great travel agencies, the railways and steamship lines and the Governments of the Dominions and Colonies would do well to get together, thoughtfully and financially, to foster Empire film stories, designed not only to interest by their story alone, but also to bring before the world the beauties, the industry, the life, the institutions and the point of view of the Empire, and travel is more likely to be successfully increased by means of good films than by statistical and decorative booklets compiled by imaginative pamphleteers.

The popularity of such films as "Chang," "Simba," "The Trail of '98," "Nanook of the North," the Scott and Shackleton Expeditions, and the Everest film, show that the British like the right sort of stuff when it is offered them.

A Typical Scene on the Nile.

The Threshold of the East.

I SUPPOSE it may be said that he has had the best holiday who has had the greatest change, so that a Londoner travelling, say, to Omsk, Tomsk, Minsk or Pinsk may be said to have had a very fine holiday!

But then there are two kinds of change—the gradual and the sudden—and so gradual is the change along the slow-motion route to any of the above places that by the time the traveller gets there, he has already got used to it on the way, so that the moment he arrives he feels a strong desire to turn back.

Let that same traveller leave Europe for "Alex" or Port Said. This is quite a different matter.

First of all he is going to have several lazy days on the Mediterranean, and that will do him good, for its sea is as restful as its stale and smelly shores are not. He won't want to do much. It will be too warm and comfortable, and that, too, is good for a tired man. He will pass Gibraltar, standing up like a kind of warning finger to the surrounding peoples to behave themselves, Monte Cristo and through the Straits of Messina, between Corsica and Sardinia. He may catch a glimpse of Crete and Cyprus, but only hazily and from afar. His mind is still really full of Europe.

The Unforgettable Glimpse.

And then, one morning, he looks out of his port-hole, awakened by the sudden unaccustomed quiet as the engines slacken speed, and, behold—EGYPT!

No one can ever forget that first glimpse. It is the suddenness, the complete difference. His last view of land was a busy European port, his next, the East, with the smell of the East and the brown soil that is the East, and the palm trees and the flawless blue-green sky.

A little over three hours away, by a comfortable, up-to-date and fast-moving train, Cairo, where the excited traveller can find enough to interest him for many a day to come, for without leaving the city he can see the third finest Mosque in the world — the Mosque of Mohamed Ali, called the Alabaster Mosque; the Coptic Church, built over the crypt in which it is believed the Holy Family hid during the persecutions of Herod; the Citadelle, which is the essence of all the Oriental buildings that we know from Edmund Dulac and the moralisings and demoralisings of Omar Khayyam; Rhoda Island, where it is said Pharaoh's daughter discovered Moses in the bull-rushes, and one of the most fascinating museums in the whole world, now considerably enhanced by the relics from the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen.

Night on the Nile.

And then night upon the Nile, when the stars seem almost to crowd upon you and the air is cool and still, and the waters rumble gently on under the city's lights.

Now and then the shout of a "gippy" boatman, the picturesque silhouette of a dahabieh or the rattle of a felucca landing at the wharf, or the distant sound of native music borne faithfully on the sudden breeze, and as you sit upon the terrace, Britain and the world seem far away—yet yonder in the Citadelle, a British sentry, watching the silent river throw back the light of the eastern moon, stands guard upon the ramparts while the city sleeps.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped :: addressed envelope ::

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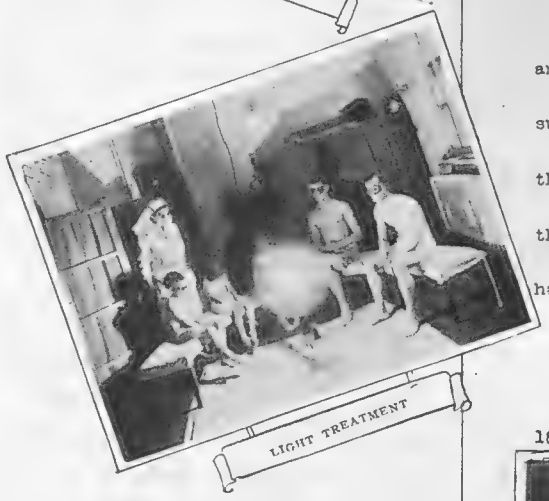
526 BEDS

AN APPEAL TO ENABLE A FAMOUS HOSPITAL TO BENEFIT TO THE FULL GREAT BRITAIN AND THE EMPIRE

ONE OF THE WARDS



LIGHT TREATMENT

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

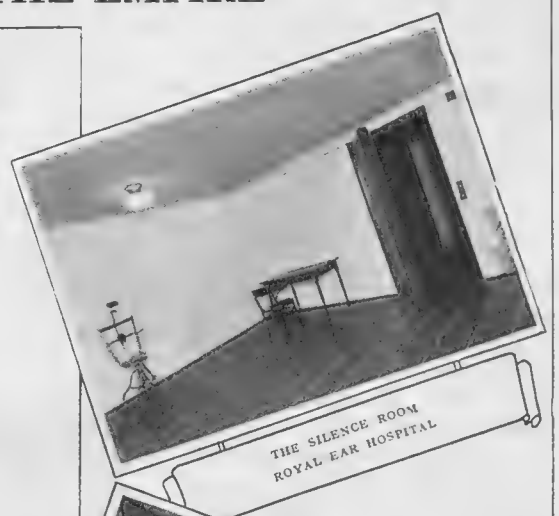
£30,000. is surely an insignificant sum compared with the wealth of the Nation, but by subscribing this sum to the University College Hospital it would become an inestimable contribution to the Nation's welfare.

I sincerely trust that I shall be able to announce in the early part of next year that sufficient funds have been received to pay off the accumulated debt of the Hospital and that the foundation of a regular and adequate revenue has been laid.

George.

18th July, 1928.

SOLARIUM
MATERNITY HOSPITAL



THE SILENCE ROOM
ROYAL EAR HOSPITAL

CHILDREN'S WARD

The Hospital has received a benefaction from the Rockefeller Trust in order that it may prosecute its work of Education and Research in the highest branches of Medical Science. Other generous Donations have enlarged its buildings and equipment; notably that of £75,000 by Lieut.-Commander Duveen for the construction of the Royal Ear Hospital.

The Hospital and Medical School which are open to Students and Nurses from all parts of the World, are in a position to fulfil the trust thus placed in them if a sufficient income be subscribed.

WILL YOU HELP?

Any Donation or Subscription will be gratefully received. Please make cheques payable to "The Chairman and Treasurer of University College Hospital."

CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—*Pope.*

(Prebendary Gough, who is on his way home from South Africa, will resume his articles next week.)

By John Bloom.

THERE is an old Chinese proverb which runs: "He who gives, smiles." That is a very neat paraphrase of our oft-quoted "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

In the East, no man, unless he be destitute, will let a day pass without giving money to the poor. The beggar's wooden bowl of China is rarely empty. You may stand outside the temples of Japan and you will see the throngs who pass in and out, giving freely of their copper cash to outstretched hands.

In India, Arabia—even the coast towns of Northern Africa—it is a religious duty to give to the beggars. Indeed, I once asked—through an interpreter—why it was that no Arab beggar ever thanked me for the odd francs which I dropped into their begging-bowls as they sat patiently in the sun outside the mosque entrances.

"They thank Allah who has sent you," my guide explained. "They know that you will gain by your gift and they take it for granted that you make your donation with that knowledge."

The Beggars of the East.

The beggar of the East is worth studying. He is in a class by himself. His begging is not only his profession, it is his habit and his nature. If he is lucky enough to be minus an eye or a limb he is envied of his fellows, for he is sure to gain even more on this earth than his givers in Paradise.

It is an education to hear the beggars of Constantinople praising God in unison for their inflictions—I have heard the pious mouthings of a blind, toothless, one-armed beggar on the Galatea bridge, which were nothing but a series of beautifully worded gratifications in that Allah had seen fit to deprive him of eyes and to guide the tram-car in his direction which ran over him and cut off his arm!

There was a time when those Eastern beggars who were sound in limb took to self-mutilation in order to compete with the truly crippled, but to-day modern methods have come to the fore, and many a one-legged beggar there is who bumps his way home and, after emptying his well-filled bowl on the carpet of his room, unravels a perfectly sound leg from the voluminous wrappers which hid it from the public gaze!

We in England have our street vagrants, too, but at least there is a pretence of work attached to all of them. Even the street pavement artist would have you believe that he has drawn a picture to earn himself a bed.

Too Many "Flag Days."

There is, however, an aspect of what I call "street charity" which is beginning to pall on many of us. I refer to those innumerable "flag days." There are three or four of these days which stand out clear in our minds, days on which we all give freely and cheerfully. "Poppy" day is one. Hospital "flag days" are another.

But there are too many minor "flag days." Hardly a week passes without the ring of collection boxes at the main entrances and exits of the tube and underground railway stations.

I, like thousands of others, used to give without fail whenever I was asked. . . . But, I am no Crœsus. My pockets are not forever full of pennies, and so, again like the greater majority of my fellow-men, I am forced to pass the collecting box with a deaf ear.

I believe there is a way out of the difficulty. A deserving charity hardly ever fails through lack of funds. I suggest, and I am sure that BRITANNIA's myriad readers will agree with me, that those same charities may very profitably cut their flag-days by three-quarters and still reap a harvest sufficient for their needs, at the same time giving the Hospitals a better chance of making more of their sadly needed funds on those days when they take the collecting box to the public "on the street."

The Services' Charities.

Soldiers' and Sailors' charities are perennials on my list. I am heartily in favour of giving all we can to those charities which represent the Services.

From Captain Ian Fraser.

The family of St. Dunstan's numbers 1,905 officers, N.C.O.'s and men blinded in the War, and 4,900 wives and children. These families are settled in their own homes in almost every part of the British Empire, in numbers more or less proportionate to the European population of the United Kingdom, Dominions and Colonies.

With few exceptions the blinded men lead happy and useful lives. Occupation promotes happiness, and most of the St. Dunstan's men are occupied. They pursue, with the aid of St. Dunstan's, professions and handicrafts, hobbies, sports and pastimes, which they have learnt, with increasing interest, thoroughness and success.

Thereby they add in some cases materially, in most cases to a useful extent, to the pension which was granted them by the State, and this, coupled with the generous assistance of St. Dunstan's, enables them to maintain a reasonable standard of life for themselves and their families.

Men have been broken and blinded in other wars and in other countries, but never before have such care and attention, so much kindness and generosity been shown to the victims of any campaign. In the whole thirteen years of St. Dunstan's history there have been but two or three exceptional recalcitrant cases of men who have offended against the honourable tradition of St. Dunstan's by asking alms in the street, and they have done this for but a few days.

2,000 Happy Homes.

"Nearly two thousand happy homes is the result of the courage and adaptability of the officers and men, and of the generosity of the British people.

"While memory lives, and where old 'soldiers' are concerned, it can scarcely die: the Council has no fear that the subscribers to St. Dunstan's will let its work be hampered by want of funds" . . . .

These are the opening paragraphs of St. Dunstan's Thirteenth Annual Report, which has just been published. This attractive booklet, telling of the great work of St. Dunstan's, and the very full accounts and balance sheets which accompany it, should be read by everyone who is interested in one of the most remarkable efforts for the rehabilitation of disabled warriors the world has ever seen.

Donations should be sent to Captain Ian Fraser, C.B.E., M.P., Headquarters of St. Dunstan's, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, England.

In the carpenter's shop, St. Dunstan's.

Prebendary Gough will welcome letters from readers of BRITANNIA on the subject of the Charities dealt with on this page.

Letters should be addressed to

Prebendary Gough,
c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

All letters must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Mussolini: A Favourite Photograph.

MY LIFE

By Benito Mussolini

How Italy came into the War on the side of the Allies is vividly described by Benito Mussolini in this instalment of the story of his life.

FRANCIS FERDINAND, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, was an enemy of Italy. I thought that he always underestimated our race. He was not able to sense the feelings of the Italians still under his flag. He could not weigh the power of race-consciousness. He was cherishing the dream of a monarchy under which three races would be joined together. Races, I know, are difficult to amalgamate. Francis Ferdinand took interest in the affairs of Italy only to seek a possible solution of the temporal power of the Pope. It was said that in the secrecy of his Court and encouraged by his religious advisers, he contemplated the creation of a Papal city in Rome with an outlet on the sea!

Though deeply a Catholic, like myself, he accepted from Christianity only the familiar autocratic ideals which were the basis of the old despotism which formed the platform of autocratic government.

In the psychological make-up of this small, snarling Archduke there was the belief that he was specially anointed by God to rule over people. He put fear in the hearts of smaller nations bordering on his country. His death caused surprise—but brought no sadness to Italy. For obvious reasons the pathetic end of the Grand Duchess created feelings of a more sympathetic nature. We Italians are responsive and sympathetic.

The telegram from the Kaiser to the bereaved children only strengthened the dramatic nature of Italian feelings. I saw that Germany intended steadfastly to stand behind Austria in whatever action that nation would take against Serbia. It was thought that Vienna would make a formal protest to Belgrade, but no one anticipated an ultimatum of such deadliness as to wound the sensibility and the honour of that nation. All these events I had to watch as the young editor of the *Avanti*.

The dictatorial form of the ultimatum, the style in which it was written, brought home to the world the shocking realisation that war was at hand. We in Italy had to ask ourselves whether internationalism was having a success or whether it was all an unreality. I wondered and reached a conclusion.

Embassies went feverishly to work; the political parties added the pressure of their weight to the diplomatic activities. The call to arms and the clamour of gathering armies put into a secondary place the theoretical protests of socialist and international forces.

All of us in Italy who faced hard facts rather than wordy theories heard the call of our country. Illusions burst like bubbles. Even the Convention of French and German Socialists and the murder of Jaurès in Paris were but episodes. I must not forget that a few months previous to the Great War, I had heard and noted a voice raised in the French Parliament, describing in pessimistic tones the inefficiency of the French army both from the point of view of military economy and of the means of defence and offence. Clemenceau, foaming at the mouth, was present at this discussion. He said afterward that never in his career as a politician since 1871 had he witnessed a more dramatic scene than this, in which the French nation was compelled to realise the weaknesses of its army in the face of a great conflict. That was a lesson and we do not forget it.

A FEW years previously Italy had renewed the Triple Alliance Treaty. It had been a marriage without respect and without trust, brought about more in order to counterbalance military power than by political necessity. There is small difference between security and military alliance.

The alliance with Austria and Germany gave, however, to Italy a certain latitude and a certain freedom of movement. The Marchese of San Giuliano, who was at the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, faced by the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and by the scheming to bring about war at all costs, had to act quietly to keep Italy neutral. As a matter of fact the Treaty called only for action if one or more of the nations of the Triple Alliance was attacked by a nation outside that Alliance. We were kept in the dark as I well knew. That was enough to break the pact—to free us from further obligations to that Alliance.

One of the first courageous actions in which Italy showed the measure of her independence and strength was a recognition of this. Meanwhile the intervention of Russia on behalf of Serbia called also France against Germany, the ally of Austria-Hungary.

I watched England; she was pondering deeply upon the step to be taken, and then, in order to keep her supremacy and also for the sake of her pride and the sake of humanity, she moved her formidable war machinery and quickened the organisation of new armies to snatch from Germany's grip the control of the old Continent.

Public opinion in Italy was deeply moved. There was the description, with horrid details, of German methods, and above all, the invasion of Belgium in spite of every sense of right and humanity. The French army was helplessly forced back. The future, not of one nation, but of many nations, hung in the balance. As an editor I was always conscious of this fact. There was also the feeling of a common culture which was compelling us to forget past and present quarrels. I could not bear the idea that my country might abandon those who were crushed under the weight of war and unwarranted misfortune.

GERMANY began to influence Italian public opinion by methods of propaganda that irritated the sensitiveness of Italians. That enraged me. To direct this propaganda a great diplomat was sent, Prince Von Bulow, who knew the Italian and Roman world intimately. His aim in Italy was to assure the country's neutrality for good and all.

But our nation was turning to war. I was helping. The Socialist Party, which at that time had a certain weight in Italian life, due more to the weakness of other political parties than to its own strength, was uncertain what attitude to take. The majority in that Party stood for an absolute neutrality; a neutrality without limit of time, pledge or dignity. Among that Party there were many who stood openly in sympathy with Germany. I did not.

A handful of intelligent and strong-willed men began to ask themselves if it was really right for Italians to lend themselves to the political

aims of the King of Prussia, and if it was good for the future of Italy and of the world. I, myself, asked that question in the newspaper *Avanti*. For obvious reasons it was read avidly by every class of citizen. The putting of that question was my most distinguished effort in journalism.

It was enough to put that question to cause a huge part of public opinion to turn to the consideration of the possibility of our standing side by side with France and England in the War! We could not forget that there were certain sentimental reasons beside practical ones urging us to review in this general conflict the old decision concerning our Eastern border which had remained open since our war with Austria in 1886.

I walked home to my family, to my home, at night with much to think about but with a hardening resolution. I saw that Internationalism was crumbling. The unit of loyalty was too large. I wrote a leading article, in which I said that, even if a Socialist State were created the old barriers of race and history still exist to provide the causes of wars. Italy's borders on the eastern side reach the Judrio, but the region of Trentino, illegally held by Austria, entered as a wedge between Lombardy and the Venetian provinces.

Our arrangements with Austria-Hungary were still to be completed. The borders prophesied by Dante were dear to every Italian heart. They were still, and always would be, along the line of the Brennero and of the Giulian and Illyriac Alps, including Fiume and Dalmatia.

"Now or never" was the war-cry of Cesare Battisti, whose noble spirit and final martyrdom by Austrian execution has made him immortal in Italian hearts. Then there was the prophetic vision of that fiery revolutionary spirit, Filippo Corridoni. With their inspiration I converted a number of Socialists to my views in favour of war. The Socialist Senedrium, seeing my attitude, took the *Avanti* out of my control. I could no longer preach through a newspaper the intervention of Italy in the war. I faced the Socialists in our Conventions. I was expelled. I held public meetings.

I CREATED the Fascisti—a group of daring youth who believed that intervention could be forced. Do not doubt that their actions shook deeply our political framework which had existed from the time of the independence of Italy up till 1914. I was their leader.

It is interesting to-day, when democracy is challenged, to recall that the liberal democratic pacifist group, headed by Giovanni Giolitti, a man of great influence in Parliament, and also a shrewd organiser of political schemes, was busy trying to find a formula which would solve the problem of fixing aright the borders of Italy, but which would save our country from the burden, the sacrifice, and the loss of life that every war imposes. Giolitti promised that even without war Italy could obtain a "great deal."

This "great deal" awakened a feeling of sarcasm in the generous hearts of Italians. By nature they are realists and the enemies of all forms of political bargaining.

Italians were looking beyond those peaceful concessions and the petty alterations of boundaries. They did not believe in the sincerity of such schemes. I considered it weak statesmanship—the statesmanship of compromise. There were many who saw in the European conflict not only national advantages, but the possibility of the supremacy of one race. In the world's history another dramatic period had come in which it might be possible for Italy, by the weight of its army, to deal on an equal footing with the leading nations of the world. That was our chance, and I wanted to seize it. It became my dominating thought.

The World War began on July 28th, 1914. Within sixty days I severed my official connection with the Socialist Party. I had already ceased to be editor of the *Avanti*. I felt fresher and free. I was better prepared to fight my battles than when I was bound by the dogmas of any political organisation. But I understood that I could not use with efficient

Gabriel D'Annunzio.

strength my convictions if I was without that one great modern weapon, capable of all possibilities, ready to arm and to help, good for offence and defence—the newspaper.

I needed a daily paper. I hungered for one. I gathered together a few of my political friends who had followed me in the last hard struggle, and we held a council of war. Where money alone is concerned I am anything but a wizard. When it is a question of means or of capital to start a project, such as a newspaper, I grasp only the abstract side, the political value, and the spiritual essence of the thing. To me, money is detestable, but what it may do is sometimes beautiful and sometimes noble.

> *The war moulded me. I wanted to be a soldier, obedient, and faithful to duty, and I succeeded.*
>
> *I underwent the hardest trials of my life in the trenches, and suffered cold, rain, mud and hunger.*

A few friends, bristling with ideas and ardent with faith, found almost immediately small rooms in the narrow street of Paolo da Cannobio, near Piazza del Duomo, in Milan. Nearby there was a printing establishment. Its owner agreed to publish our newspaper at a small cost. I was burning to tell Italy and Italians the truth about their opportunity.

We had no need for much money. We wanted a newspaper that would hold the city of Milan like a fortress with articles which would be reprinted, or quoted, by every Italian newspaper. Thus (and how dramatically!) the number of our readers would be multiplied. That was my passion. Our offices were quickly furnished with a desk and a few chairs. I can never cease to have affection for that intellectual dug-out in the journalistic trench from which I began to fight.

A contract was signed with the printers, a contract that every week was in danger of becoming invalid, because of the lack of the few thousand lire needed to pay our weekly expenses. But we were living on an idea.

ON November 15th, 1914, the first number of the *Popolo d'Italia* appeared. Even now I call this new paper my most cherished child, it was only through it, small as was its beginning, that I was able to win all the battles of my political life. I am still its director.

I could write of a thousand memories of this newspaper which was born in 1914 and remained my platform up to 1922. It was the instrument which made me. The name of the *Popolo d' Italia* will occur over and over again in my memoirs. Its story in any case may be told through my personality as a political personality, as a journalist, as a believer in the war, as a soldier, as an Italian, and as a Fascista. My first article in the *Popolo d'Italia* turned a large part of public opinion towards the intervention of Italy in the war on the side of France and England. Standing by me and helping me were the Fascisti. They were composed of revolutionary spirits who believed in intervention. They were youths—the students of the Universities, the Socialist syndicalists, destroying faith in Karl Marx by their ideals. There were professional men too and the working men who still heard the real voice of the country.

While Italy remained out of the war our first legions of volunteers were organised and went to France to fight. In the Argonne Ricciotti Garibaldi's two sons, Bruno and Costante, nephews of the great Garibaldi who conquered for United Italy North Sicily and Naples, were killed. The funeral of the two heroes took place in Rome and had solemn echoes all over Italy. Again the red shirts, once distinguished as the saviours of Italy, now testified in the land of France to the indestructibility of Latinity.

The past quarrels (not long past) of Mediterranean interest were wiped out. The hostilities of the French during the time of our war in Libya were put aside. No one remembered the episodes of the French ships *Manouba* and *Carthage*, which brought help to the Turks, who were fighting against us, in January, 1912. France was in danger! Assaulted and invaded after the tragic rape of Belgium. This I preached and set forth. France was in danger!

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO on the 5th of May made his speech at Quarto dei Mille, near Genoa. Quarto dei Mille was the starting point of Garibaldi and his thousand Northerners who went down to Sicily to deliver Southern Italy from the yoke of the Bourbons. With superb eloquence d'Annunzio exhorted Italy to enter the war.

The spirit of the country was tuned up. The opposition of Giolitti brought about a quick decision. The Crown, bound by Parlia-

Mussolini in a Front Line Trench.

mentary formulas and by the advice of its councillors, wanted to follow strictly the literal and orthodox interpretation of the Constitution, told the personal representative of the Kaiser that Italy, as an old ally, had been kept in the dark and thus betrayed.

The insurrection of Milan in favour of war, strong feelings of the same kind in Rome, Padua, Genoa and Naples decided His Majesty, Victor Emmanuel the Third, to ask Giovanni Giolitti, then Prime Minister, to resign, and then he called Salandra to organise a new Ministry. I felt that I had played a part in winning this battle. Still a young, almost untried man, I had already a good record behind me.

The new Ministry meant war. Thrown aside was the " great deal " of his Excellency Giolitti, the question now was to choose the right moment and the right way to enter the war. We were awaiting the great hour. It came on May 24th, 1915. It is impossible for me to describe my emotions at this moment of triumph.

I CANNOT hope to tell in one chapter all the events of the war on the Italian front—Impossible! The war moulded me, I was forced into it with the viewpoint of a mere soldier—I will tell of what touched me most as a soldier and indirectly as a politician.

I made up my mind to be a fine soldier from the day I wore again the glorious grey-green uniform of the Bersaglieri—the best shock troops of Italy, in which regiment I had already served my compulsory military service. I wanted to be a soldier, obedient, faithful to discipline, giving myself wholly to the fulfilment of my duty.

In this I feel that I succeeded. My political position brought me numerous offers of privileges and sheltered places. I turned them down.

I wanted to create the impression of a complete and rigid consistence with an ideal. This was no scheming on my part for personal gain, it was a deep trait in my nature of what I believed, and to which I shall adhere to, as my life's dedication—that once a man sets up to be the expounder of an ideal or of a new school of thought, he must consistently, day by day, live and fight battles for those doctrines which he teaches—at any cost until victory is won—to the end!

Time has effaced many things; the easy spirit of forgetfulness has erased so much! Victory, which came after forty-one months of hard fighting, had awakened many deep resentments.

AS soon as war was declared, I asked the authorities to accept my services as a volunteer. They answered that I could not be a volunteer. That was a tragedy. They refused, on the ground that an article of the military by-laws considered as possible volunteers only those who had been rejected for physical unfitness, or who were exonerated for other reasons from compulsory military service. I could not be accepted as a volunteer. I was to wait my turn to be called to arms. I was disconsolate—miserable and impatient.

Happily my turn came quickly. On September 1st, only three months after Italy declared war, I donned the simple uniform of a private in the Bersaglieri. I was sent to Brescia, in Lombardy, not far from the air raid district, for training.

Almost at once, to my great relief, I was ordered to the thick of the fighting on the high Alps. I underwent the hardest trials of my life in those mountain trenches. We had nothing to soften our hardships, either in the trenches or in reserve. We simply existed. Short of everything—carrying on—" muddling through." What we suffered during those first months!—cold, rain, mud, hunger! But nothing damped in the slightest degree my enthusiasm and my conviction of the necessity and the inevitableness of War.

I was called to do clerical work at Headquarters. That I refused. I amused myself instead by volunteering for the most dangerous jobs. It was my will and my wish. I gained through that. Within a few months I was promoted to corporal with a citation from my superior officer in these words: " Benito Mussolini, ever the first in operations of courage and audacity."

My political past still followed me. After that I took one week of leave, and went back to the trenches, where I remained for months. The same life, feverish, adventurous, desperate—and then typhoid fever sent me to the military hospital at Cividale. When I was convalescent I was packed off to Ferrara for a brief and stupid period of rest, until at length I again took my place in the high Alpine trenches, looking up into the dark night sky with its shimmering stars and feeling nearer to the great dome above. . . .

My battalion was ordered to an advance post on the Carso (Section 144) to take part in a big offensive. I was detailed as a bombing specialist and joined a hand grenade and bombing section. We lived only a few dozen yards from the enemy in a perpetual atmosphere of shell fire and danger.

After the first period of hardship I became perfectly accustomed to all the terrors of life in the trenches. I was almost comfortable! I read with hungry eagerness the *Popolo d' Italia*—my newspaper—I had left it in the hands of a few friends. Separated from it, as one leaves suddenly a beloved relative, I had given orders to " continue always to call for War to the end." I wrote often to my friends.

But I never allowed myself to indulge in writing all my true feelings and opinions because I was foremost of all a soldier. And a soldier's duty is to obey. I found my recreation in the trenches in studying the psychology of officers and men. Later on that practice became invaluable.

In my rough heart I held a persistent admiration for our Italian soldiers. Many ordered to the Eastern front were not aware why we had gone to war; yet they knew how to obey their commanding officers. . . . Many of the officers were university students. It was fine to see them striving to emulate the " regulars " and to prove that the old-time valour was still alive in the new Italian generation.

The fact was that War, with its heavy toll of life and materials, surprised us. It was far away from our Garibaldian conception of War. We were compelled, in break-neck haste, to modify our ideas, to change our system of fighting and our methods of offence and defence. It gladdened my heart to see the adaptability of our race. Headquarters, and

As one of the Shock Troops.

all the auxiliary military organisations, particularly the medical, worked with a precision which I never have forgotten. But often as I went over the political situation behind our armies, dark doubts were in my mind. The work and actions of the men in power, and of the political organisations centred in Rome, caused many deep fears. The political world seemed unable to free itself from its old faults.

POISONOUS currents of non-intervention and neutrality were doing their utmost to minimize the energy and elasticity of our fighting efforts. The foolish babblings and fears of the coffee-house strategists, the slackers whose presence offended the families whose sons were in the War, contributed to depress. As a plain soldier I could not understand how, for instance, Rumania could be dragged into the War with a few hundred machine guns. How could Greece, influenced by a classic dance that Isadora Duncan performed at the Pirea, be persuaded to march against the Turks?

Daily I followed the movement of our army; the battle of Isonzo in 1916; the fights on the Alps. With less interest I watched the fortunes of war in France, the unfortunate failure at the Dardanelles and the developments in the Eastern theatre. As for Italy, never for a minute did I doubt that victory would finally come to us. Though War were to last longer than the largest estimate, though our economic power was tottering under the effort and weight of conflict, nevertheless I was certain of a final victory.

The Italian army, throughout its various actions, opened its offensive with a series of successive assaults which shook the enemy. In spite of great hardships, discipline remained intact throughout our lines. The invasion attempted on the plateaux of the Alps in 1916 was soon thrown back. We soldiers of the Carso had all the appearance of seasoned veterans. We were! But in such a gigantic drama, when thousands of our brothers fell, it is absurd to speak of oneself.

The Two Elder Sons of Mussolini.

"Il Duce" with His Daughter.

HOWEVER, I was compelled from time to time to give out news to the newspapers concerning myself. This was in order to lower the suspicions of those who thought me hidden in some office distributing the mails, and entertaining in my mind doubts about the possibility of our winning the War. I was compelled to deny this slander, and to state, over and over again, what I had done and what I was doing. I was then major-corporal of Bersaglieri and had been in the front line trenches from the beginning of the war up till February 1917, always under arms, and always facing the enemy without my faith being shaken, or my conviction wavering one inch. From time to time I sent articles to the *Popolo d' Italia*, exhorting resistance to the last. I pleaded for a fixed faith in final victory. For reasons of military discipline I used a *nom de plume*.

One morning, February 22nd, 1917, during a bombardment of the enemy trenches at Sector 144—the sector under the heaviest shell fire of the hard-pressed Carso—there happened one of those incidents which are a daily occurrence in trench life. One of our own grenades burst in my trench. We were covered with dirt, smoke and torn by metal. Out of twenty, four were killed, and several were fatally wounded. I, too, was hit.

I was rushed to the hospital of Ronchi, where Doctor Piccagnoni and other surgeons took care of me with the greatest zeal. My wounds were serious. The doctors took out of my body no less than 44 pieces of the grenade! Flesh was torn, bones broken. I faced atrocious pain, my suffering was indescribable, and I underwent practically all my operations without the aid of an anæsthetic. I had 27 operations in one month; all except two were without anæsthetics!

THIS ghastly life of pain lasted until a furious bombardment blew one wing and part of the central building of my hospital to bits. All the wounded were rushed to a far-away refuge, but I was too ill to be moved. I remained for days under the intermittent fire of enemy guns along the dirty, jagged ruins of the building. I was absolutely defenceless.

Nevertheless, in spite of everything, my wounds began to heal. Better days and relief came. I received numberless telegrams of solicitations, and once His Majesty the King called. His warm sense of humanity toward all soldiers, and toward the victims of the war, will never be forgotten by me or by Italy.

After some months I found myself in a war hospital in Milan. In August I began to walk with crutches on which I swung about for many months. My limbs were too weak to support my weight.

So I took my place as a fighter in my newspaper office.

The acute situation created by the incredible and inconceivable failure on the Russian front was putting upon us new duties, and we had to face them. To all this there was added a subtle propaganda abroad throughout the land. A despicable poison which had as a slogan the vile mouthings of a socialist member of parliament, "We will desert the trenches before the winter comes."

There was need to fight to a finish these mysterious forces which were playing on the sentiments and sufferings of the people. Soldiers after a fortnight's furlough were returning to the trenches in a sullen frame of mind. Life in the cities had all the characteristics of revelry. Now was the psychological moment to make the people feel the strength of authority. It was necessary that the Government should stand on its feet and be firm.

Memorial tablet over office of "Popolo d'Italia."

I DO not wish to indulge in recriminations. The weakness of internal politics in 1917, the feeble parliamentary situation, the hateful socialistic propaganda, were certainly preparing the ground for events that could only prove ruinous. And the blow came in October, 1917. It took the name of Caporetto.

Never in my life as an Italian and as a politician have I experienced a sorrow equal to that which I suffered when they told me of the defeat of Caporetto.

This episode, compared with other defeats on the various theatres of the Great War, certainly did not have an exceptional importance, but it was a terrific blow for Italians because this sudden breaking down of our front let a wedge of the enemy army penetrate into the high valley of the Isonzo. In the first rush of the War we had gone over the borders into old Austria carrying on our warfare into enemy country. We had withstood in 1916 the attack on the Alps of Asiago. We had conquered the plateau of Bainsizza.

The position was fearful. The Third Army, surrounded on the other side of the Isonzo, must be saved. It was imperative to stand at all costs on the Piave and to resist on Mount Grappa to save the northern portion of the Venetian provinces from being cut off from the rest of Italy! Our troops stood firm!

On Mount Grappa the Army of Iron withstood. On the Piave, the enemy could not penetrate. A new strength entered into our armies. One could feel it. Once more we saw the enemy face to face, after losing Gorizia and two provinces, that of Belluno and Udine. We were deeply wounded, we lived dramatic moments which seared my heart, but we know now that Italy did not go through the tragic hours that many armies and other countries underwent. . . .

Compare with our disaster the general picture of the Great War, the loss of three provinces with the battle of the Masure Lakes, the invasion of Koenisberg, the fourteen invaded departments of France, and the flooding of Belgium!

I AM proud that during that year of desperate moments my paper gave a higher note to the political life of the country. I believe that we raised the fighting spirit of the soldiers.

Helped by the mutilated, the wounded, and the pro-War veterans, I began an active campaign of "Stand to a finish." With a fiery style I demanded on the part of the Central Government severe action against slackers, and a swift persecution of those who undermined the spirit of "War to a finish." I called for the organisation of a volunteer army. I asked for military rule in the North of Italy. I insisted on the suppression of Socialist newspapers. I asked for a more human treatment of our soldiers. I started a campaign for War-discipline—first throughout all Italy and then at the front! This campaign was developed by degrees in the newspaper, then at public meetings and at the front. It brought results far beyond my highest hopes. The Government seemed to be strengthened by our efforts toward resistance and victory.

At last there was a spirit of national solidarity—deep and alive—which had become the common property both of the soldiers and their families. We were ready in 1918 on the Piave with a great army. The "Arditi"—the first shock troops composed of volunteers—who went over the top with hand grenades and daggers, gave a unique dramatic appeal to our aggressive spirit. In everyone there was the deep desire to efface the memory of the days of Caporetto. We were to go back, back where our brothers, dead and alive, were waiting for us! The remembrance of our dead, above all, was calling to us. Surely the wish of our adversaries to cross the Piave could never materialise; it was an idle hope to be met and crushed by the offensive of our own brave troops.

OUR aeroplanes continued to give fine service, both reconnaissance and bombing. I could feel the Soul of Italy stretching towards victory June came, and with it the dawn of the enemy's attack. Our secret service knew to the very hour exactly when the enemy would start his drive. Following sound War strategy our supreme command decided to surprise him. Just a few hours before he was ready to move, an artillery bombardment which was nothing less than a deluge fell on his front and supporting lines behind. The enemy's plans were smashed. He threw bridges across the Piave. We destroyed them.

The Sul Montello, the key of that front which theenemy intended to take and use as a pincher against our army, was held by us with dogged tenacity. There were oscillations for a few miles, but the battle raged on without a stop. Our counter-attacks came back again and again and again. And after the fisrt three days the enemy knew that this time the Italians were unbreakable. . . .

Near Zenzon the enemy had succeeded in crossing the river as far as Monastie of Treviso, but a rapid counter attack of a few of our brigades threw him back on the Piave again. It was a disaster for the enemy, as the river, flooded, washed away bridges and soldiers toward the sea. On the 23rd of June, five days after the big battle had opened, our supreme command assured Italy that our resistance was bound to hold. I felt that it was a sure sign that victory was at hand, and I believe to this day that the battle of the Piave was one of the most decisive of the whole World War!

THE enemy losses were beyond reckoning. About 100,000 Hungarians were sacrificed on the Piave. That brought about deep resentment in Budapest. Among the people of the various races in the Austrian Empire discussions arose concerning the burdens which each nationality in that Empire had to bear.

News leaked out to us from Austria-Hungary. It was clear that internal difficulties there were growing every moment. The enemy's army, however, was still holding together, and under the goad of necessity was sharpening the work of oppression on our two provinces which still remained under the load of occupation and misfortune.

STRANGE tendencies in the political world of Italy were observed at this time. Evil activity was at work. It had to be exposed and suppressed. It was cloaked under humanitarianism.

It was planning to give a series of national rights to peoples who never had the consciousness and the dignity of nations.

A further instalment will appear :: :: next week :: ::

Here he planned the great march on Rome.

THE LIGHT *of the* WORLD

WHAT IS WRONG WITH RELIGION?

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE Prayer Book controversy, which has died down for the present, surprised many of us by the passion it aroused and the amount of earnest religious conviction it revealed. It puzzled foreigners. In several visits I have made to other European countries since the controversy first began, I have been asked to explain how it was that Englishmen still appeared to take religion seriously.

My invariable reply has been that the Englishman has a reverent mind and dislikes doing away with ancient institutions, but that his religious faith is not as strong and deeply rooted as that of his fathers.

A Less Religious Nation.

This, I am sure, is the truth. No doubt the first Prayer Book debate in the House of Commons showed that respect for religion counted for more in our national life than had been apparent for a long time, but we should be wrong in imagining that it proved the nation to be religious in the same sense as it was religious at the time of the Reformation, or in the days of Oliver Cromwell, George Fox, and John Bunyan. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in western Europe generally, and not least in this old island both north and south, religion was the predominant interest in men's lives.

It is not so now.

I do not refer to church-going only. Everybody knows that, Prayer Book or no Prayer Book, people do not attend church on Sundays in anything approaching the same numbers as formerly, except where gifted preachers occupy the pulpits. Dean Inge says that this may not mean so very much, that perhaps it betokens no more than a change of social habits on the part of the majority.

I disagree; I think it means a great deal more; it is symptomatic of a radical change of attitude toward the greatest things in life.

People in what are called the ages of faith were certainly no kinder or better behaved than people on the whole are now; in some ways the ordinary man was worse. We do not torture men and women nowadays or burn them alive for differing from us in religious opinion, though even as I write this sentence I recall with a shudder the equally dreadful things we did in the great war and are preparing to do in the next.

Science and Belief.

It would seem as though the causes for which we hurt and destroy each other now are material rather than spiritual, which goes to strengthen my argument that religion no longer comes first in men's minds. Religion may be bad as well as good; it has been both in the past; if religion does not make a man better, it will make him worse. My point is that the religious motive has weakened in our modern activities. It no longer operates either for good or for evil as potently as it did once. Why?

I answer that modern science has made it much harder for the ordinary man to believe in God and the immortality of the soul. We know now, as our fathers did not, that the universe is vast beyond all conception; we have learned that our place in it is a very humble one and our pedigree more humble still. Our ancestors a few million years ago were crawling worms on a steaming sea-shore; we are akin to the lowest of the brutes, and have gained our ascendancy over the rest of living creatures by our greater efficiency in the use of methods that we share with them. Science has been busy teaching us that it is mainly by our cleverness in subduing and slaying all rivals that we have reached our present eminence. The phrase "the survival of the fittest" has much to answer for.

A School for Souls.

Facts are facts, and it is a fact that science has secularised our whole outlook; it has put powers in our hands that we are not morally fit to be entrusted with; and, most of all, it has induced in the typical man of to-day a habit of mind that measures well-being in terms of material good and can hardly conceive of any other kind of good. Industrialism and science cannot be considered apart, and industrialism so far has tended more and more to fix men's thoughts on the things of this world, and withdraw them from the contemplation of the probability that this world has neither meaning nor value except as a school for souls.

Bertrand Russell tells us with gusto (because he wants to believe it) that industrial communities everywhere are becoming more and more atheistic. Dean Inge notes the same tendency, but calls it "indifference." Minds dominated by the prepossessions of our industrial civilisation, he says, are ceasing to think about God, and therefore God seems unreal to them; but anything would seem unreal if we ceased to think about it.

If we think about money and comfort and success twenty times more than we think about God, these will seem twenty times more real than God, but it does not follow that we are not mistaking the shadow for the substance.

No Voice of Hope.

That is where we stand to-day. The issue plainly defined is between the Christianity of Christ and no religion whatsoever; all would-be substitutes are spurious. The bald ugly fact of the situation is that apart from belief in Christianity there is no single voice of our time, preaching any other than a gospel of despair. This is true of all the great contemporary masters of literature with rare exceptions. It was true of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, it is true of George Bernard Shaw and all his imitators to-day. What have they to offer us? Nothing but the prospect of a brief hour of toil and struggle followed by the never-ending silence of the tomb.

It is impossible to believe that man, so wonderful in achievement, so limitless in capacity, can rest for long in a prospect so drear. Science will have to change its accent, and our outlook on life will follow direct. I predict that the tide will turn as it has turned before. The civilisation out of which ours arose had reached just such a crisis at the moment when Christianity appeared. Men had ceased to believe in religious sanctions, and together with this collapse of confidence in the presence of the mystery of life had gone dignity of character and simplicity of manners.

Are we not in similar danger to-day? In our preoccupation with the business of improving the outside of life we are forgetting that it has an inside; in the rush and pressure of our days we are ceasing to ask whether life may have a higher purpose and significance than can be explained in terms of earthly existence alone.

Towards Faith.

May it not be that the coming age will witness a resistless reaction towards faith in the values that are imperishable because eternal? And may it not be that this will mean a whole-hearted acceptance of the leadership of Him who is to all ages the light of the world?

In the words of Auguste Sabatier, who ended his work on the philosophy of religion a generation ago: "If wearied by the world of pleasure or of toil I long to find my soul again and live a deeper life, I can accept no other guide and master than Jesus Christ: because in Him alone optimism is without frivolity and seriousness without despair."

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

Will be occupied, week by week, by the leading Divines of all denominations

THE EMPIRE'S CALL TO WOMEN

By FLORENCE B. LOW

Unless British girls become the wives of British settlers in the Dominions, their population will be inspired by foreign ideals and a large part of the British Empire overseas will no longer be dominated by British character and British principles.

A Home you might have in Canada.

IF our great Empire is to remain British it is the women who will have to see to it. Not that I hold any brief for women as superior to men, but I am convinced that this Overseas settlement question is mainly a woman's question. It is the women in a very large number of cases who, as wives and mothers and sweethearts, are to-day holding back the men folk.

Ever since the war the decrease in the number of British settlers in the Dominions has been marked, and to take one Dominion, Canada, during the last five years, more European nationals have entered that splendid fertile land than Britishers—this in spite of the fact that the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 has greatly facilitated the migration of our countrymen.

Ignorance of Canada.

Why are women against migration? I believe that in the majority of cases this is due to absolute ignorance of conditions in different parts of the Empire, and this ignorance breeds fear, one of the strongest motives in human beings.

Here I speak with authority so far as one Dominion is concerned, for during the last few years I have lectured all over the country on Canada, and I am truly amazed at the depths of ignorance I see displayed—and not only among elderly village folk who left school at fourteen years of age!

But when I tell them of my own experiences on a Western Canada farm and in a "teacherage" in Manitoba; of my visits to hospitals and schools on the Prairies; of the excellent educational system throughout the Dominion, and of the great departmental stores in the cities which send out goods to the remotest farms; of the electrically-run homes, the telephones on the farms and the farmers' motor cars; of the social pleasures and the many outdoor activities that men and women alike indulge in—they begin to realise something of what, at any rate, one great Dominion is like.

What Life Has To Offer.

Immediate widespread propaganda is needed to show women of all classes what life has to offer in the Dominions, where good land is waiting for a population, which it must have—and if not British, then non-British.

Tell the secondary schoolgirl, as her brother is being told, about life and work overseas. With a surplus of something like 2,000,000 women it is absurd to be sending out these splendid Public and Secondary School boys and these strong, hardworking young men anxious to leave an overcrowded England where competition is so fierce to found a home and family overseas; to leave their sisters behind, making still greater the disparity between the sexes in this country.

The boys will have to rough it for a while as farm workers before they will be able to have a farm of their own or take up some enterprise and be in a position to marry; and it will do the girls no harm also to experience something of a less sophisticated life than they have here. I would have training centres set up in the British Isles for the girls, where they would learn to do everything that a farmer's wife has to do in this country, and an Overseas woman well acquainted with actual conditions should give practical teaching.

There is an Australian Training Centre already established in England, and now we want such for girls going to Canada. Let the Secondary Schools give scholarships to suitable girls who, on the completion of the training, will be drafted out to Canada in small groups and placed as domestic workers on the land or in towns under the supervision of responsible Canadian women. We want a "Big Sister" movement for Canada, so that every mother may feel that her girl has a friend in that country to whom she may turn in time of difficulty.

Very Little Drudgery.

But will our better educated girls want to be domestic workers in the Dominions? I am constantly asked the question, and my answer is that the status of such workers is very different in a land where nearly everybody has at some time or other performed all household duties, from that in an old country where, until recently, the better educated families have kept several maids. It may truthfully be asserted that in Canada—and I believe it is just the same in the other Dominions—no one looks down on those who do any kind of manual work, and many quite well-off mothers of families are obliged, *faute de mieux*, to do their own domestic work.

There is very little drudgery in a Canadian home either in town or country, though this is not to say there is not hard work.

Good Money and Prospects.

I can imagine, however, that many English girls will not want to remain domestic workers for long, and if they have any grit they need not. A year or less spent in a town home or on a farm will teach them a very great deal about Canadian ways and conditions and mentality.

They will be earning good money, have good food, and may be assured of good conditions as to hours, outings, etc., and they will lose nothing in social status. During that probationary period a girl will have found out whether she wants to settle permanently in the Dominion, whether she is content with her life as it is, or whether she would like to train as a hospital nurse, teacher, or stenographer (the cost of training is very moderate); take up a position as saleslady (leading later to very highly paid work) in one of the big departmental stores, such as Eaton or the Hudson Bay Company, or, when she has saved a little money, embark on some business for herself.

A new country with new settlements being established offers so many opportunities of this kind to a capable, go-ahead young woman.

At present there is not much work on the land for a woman, though there is a certain limited scope for those who have both experience and capital in poultry-farming, soft fruit cultivation and flower and vegetable growing in some parts of the Dominion.

Chances of Marriage.

But, after all, the vast majority of normal girls do not want to remain wage-earners, and much more attractive than these excellent prospects is the fact that in our Dominions there is a surplus of men. Consequently a girl's chance of marriage is far greater overseas than in this country. For the Province of Saskatchewan the last census gave 73,134 more males than females, and the relative proportion of the sexes is much the same for Canada as a whole—and it must not be imagined for a moment that this surplus of men consists of cowboys and farm labourers.

Ever since the war there has been a steady stream of young, unmarried ex-service men belonging to the educated middle class and of Secondary School boys, to both Australia and Canada.

If British girls do not become the wives of British settlers in the Dominions and the mothers of the future citizens, then there is no alternative to non-British women—the settlers from Europe—occupying this position to an increasing extent. Excellent as the foreign settlers often are, we must face the fact that now, as ever, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

Our Greater-British population will, in that case, be inspired by foreign ideals, and consequently a large part of the British Empire overseas will no longer be dominated by British character and British principles of government. Is this desirable?

The Woman's Section

Edited by **JULIA CAIRNS**

Home · Cooking · Children · Garden · Beauty · Fashion

and **COMPLETE SERVICE**

BRITANNIA's Complete Sports Section will be found on pages 185 to 192

" . . . our very small flat was crowded "

A day in the life of my wife.

By Oscar M. Sheridan.

MY wife is an amazing woman; she says amazing things and does amazing things, and, of course, she married me. Which, I think you will agree, is the most amazing thing of all. There is no doubt that Vanity is a beautiful woman, and if I were only blessed with that marvellous sense she has of choosing and wearing her clothes well, we would, I feel, be a handsome pair.

We celebrated, Vanity and I, the tenth week of our marriage yesterday. Our very small flat in Shepherd's Market was crowded. We had a wonderful time. We played the gramophone (by the way, there's a marvellous new record of Paul Whiteman's called *La Golondrina*, which is Mexican for The Swallow), and Guy and Gerald and Fay had quite an exciting game of dominos in the bathroom. The *clou* of the evening, however, was when Vanity recited a poem about sparrows and things. I am so glad I married a clever woman.

Then Lydia Stockholm (the wife of the stockbroker) told Vanity that she thought her husband (meaning Vanity's, thereby meaning me) had a wonderful taste in books, and that the chintzes (I think that is the way one spells it) did match the bindings, which was refreshingly bizarre.

" I am sure," Lydia said to Vanity, " that he has a perfectly gorgeous brain. He must be very brilliant to be able to read such works as *Peoples of All Nations*, *Wireless for the Amateur*, and *Five Were Foolish*!"

Of course, when Vanity told Lydia that the books were dummies, and were rather more useful for carrying sandwiches, it rather spoilt things. Although Vanity was educated at Girton, she is rather lacking in the finer things of life (excerpt from one novel and three super films). The finishing education that I will give her, however, will undoubtedly rid her of her present abnormality of making stupid *faux pas*!

Talking of *faux pas* reminds me of the dinner at Margaux's in Paris. It was Cynthia who asked Vanity if she liked Omar Khayyam. Everybody laughed, of course, when Vanity replied that it only gave her indigestion, and that she much preferred Cointreau. I am afraid that Vanity has rather an undeserved reputation as a humorist!

I think it must be my wonderful sense of organisation which is responsible for our happily married life. I have insisted that Vanity should have her meals at regular hours; so punctually at midday she has her breakfast with me. It is really my lunch, for I now go to the office at eight in the morning and leave in time to get back to the flat and join Vanity in dissecting grape fruit, grape nuts and real grapes.

" It's this alphabetical continuity about the things I do which fits in so well with our domestic life," said Vanity, one morning, nibbling a piece of Toast, sipping some Tea, and reading the *Telegraph*.

At that moment the Telephone rang.

" Hello," said Vanity. " Hello . . . Herbert! . . . Heavens . . . How much? Chez Henri . . . Half-past . . . I'll be waiting in the Hall, and bring the closed Hispano!"

" Dinner with Diana," said Vanity, turning to me. " He said it's going to be a Devilish Do, with Drink and Dope——"

" Take care," I said, " no trouble, no toughs and no Taxis."

" Leave it to Vanity," said the wife.

Well, it was the first time I ever let Vanity go out alone. I am afraid I am one of those old-fashioned husbands who is slightly suspicious of anything that happens while he is not present.

Only the other day Vanity said to me:

" Do you believe me or what you saw?"

Of course, I know she's young, and as yet has not settled down to the responsibilities of married life. She will do so eventually, of course. Only the other day at Harridge's a pram brought tears to her eyes. She was standing outside and a fool of a nurse ran over her pet toe, which in a size three shoe and a hundred hose was a calamity for both of us.

" . . . Hello! Herbert . . . "

WE are going to the Riviera in December, Vanity and I. We have already booked our seats on the Train Bleu, and she is having all her luggage dyed the same colour, which she believes will look terribly chic. What the La Baule Golf Club will say when I arrive with niblick and mashie painted a bright sky colour, I cannot imagine.

Anyway, I love Vanity, she is so terribly sincere. We had a little argument about her dress allowance; I said I could not possibly afford more than a thousand a year.

" That's all right, my dear; I only want twenty pounds a week. Any beautiful woman can dress well on that."

At the end of the fourth week Vanity had spent four hundred pounds, but, as she explained to me, the first batch of stuff is always the most costly, and the six hundred pounds would be more than adequate for the other eleven months."

" I'd rather die than accept a penny more for my dress allowance," said Vanity, with a tender smile—at the Borzoi sprawling on the purple carpet in her boudoir. " You are more than generous, and if I did want some extra money for dresses you have the alternative of cutting out Deauville next year, Le Touquet for Easter, and the Riviera this winter. For, really, if we did go to all these places, as you seem to want to, it would cost a terrible lot in clothes. I just could not possibly go in the rags I've got now, could I, darling!"

So you see the kind of wife I've been lucky enough to marry. So loving, so sincere, so truthful, and, as I can see so clearly, *so very different from all women*!

COLOUR SCHEMES FROM

By
JULIA CAIRNS

IT happened like this. . . . An autumn evening. The purpling mists of night hung over a Sussex garden. My week-end drew to a close, and as I dreamed among the paling blossoms—the last to turn, phantom-like, in the rising harvest moon—it dawned on me, why should they not inspire the colour scheme of many a room which so much needed more colour inspiration?

Whimsical Japanese lanterns (some call them Cape gooseberries), which swayed, vividly orange, among sombre leaves of green. . . . Marigolds, almost wanton in their fierce and fiery madness—gold, deep gold, every gold, with never a hint at anything softer, save their cool, mist-shrouded foliage. . . . Chrysanthemums, some large, some small, all lavishly colourful, slashed with golden-yellow, like the sun-down sky. . . .

AND, would you believe it? I have found them. . . . Cretonnes which seem to tell the self-same colour stories. Cretonnes which you can utilise with almost any scheme.

A morning room, maybe. You want it bright and sunny. What happier then than walls and ceiling washed in palest green, the haircord carpet quite plain, but some several shades deeper than the walls, curtains of plain, fadeless linen, again matching the carpet—these finished with an appliqued border cut from the Cape gooseberry cretonne; loose covers of Cape gooseberry cretonne, relieved by cushions of fadeless casement cloth or linen, which re-echo the colour of the curtain fabric, finished in the varying shades which appear in the cretonne.

And why should not the dining-room be gay and golden like the marigolds? It might have a plain brown carpet suggestive of the earth, its walls of cream, tinged with a faint suggestion of orange, its curtains of marigold cretonne with screening ones of filet net in a vivid sunny yellow. Then if you favour small dinner mats, these too in marigold linen (or, if you prefer, leaf-green) will happily re-echo the colour thought of the picturesque tapering candles—two orange and two green—on your oak table. And, couched amid them, a honey-pot of marigolds!

A BEDROOM. Maybe you want something that will brighten the simple black painted furniture which has ceased to amuse you? Why not fit the floor with a black art felt, relieving it with two or three oval rugs cut from a rather shrill green felt. Then paint, paper or distemper your walls with the warm yellow of chrysanthemums, and utilise the chrysanthemum cretonne for the curtains. Let the bedspread of plain linen repeat the colour of the chrysanthemums, and a motif cut from the cretonne curtains might be appliqued towards the top half of the bedspread.

JAPANESE Lanterns (or Cape Gooseberries if you will) will do so much towards brightening any room—a North room, in particular. Even a simple pitcher of them will lend quite a happy high-spot of colour. But go further and make friends with this all-over patterned cretonne in natural colourings, and your room will smile with make-believe sunshine. Width 31 inches. 1/4½ per yard.

Send your queries, together with a stamped addressed envelope marked "Home" to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

An Early Autumn Garden

The Julia Cairns Service Department

EVERY regular reader of BRITANNIA is invited to make full use of the Special Service Department which I am personally directing.

My object in organising this Department is to let each reader feel that she may write in and obtain from me and my staff of experts, free of charge, sane and helpful advice and suggestions on any matter concerning Home, Beauty, and Dress. In particular, I want each woman reader to make a special point of writing to me personally on any question of Home Decorating. There are so many delightful mediums to-day, by means of which, the simplest home can be made into a most lovable one—and by spending quite a modest sum. No doubt, the modern housewife is essentially practically minded, but she also has a great appreciation for simple home charm. She wants her home to express her own personality. She wants its *timbre* to ring true. She prefers her sitting-room, her bedroom to whisper of things familiar and unsophisticated rather than to strive after effects which are bizarre, ultra-modern, and entirely foreign to her nature.

Which to my mind has undoubtedly been proved by the kindly enthusiasm accorded to my articles and lectures on my Flower Rooms—that is to say, rooms whose colour schemes have been inspired by, and built up on the natural colourings of familiar flowers.

The schemes outlined on this page are but three, but from time to time I shall continue to give other original suggestions of colour schemes many of which will continue to be inspired by Nature.

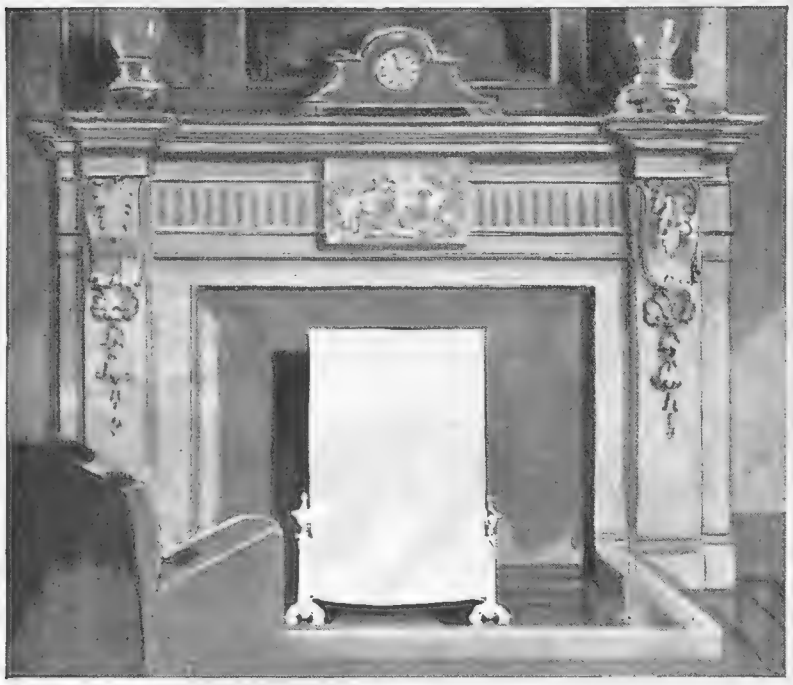
Remember, too, I am in contant touch with all that is new in the matter of home decoration generally, and if you personally want my advice so that your home may enjoy just that little difference that means so much—well, you have but to write to me.

The fullest information about all articles described or illustrated in the Woman's Section is available to all readers on application to the JULIA CAIRNS SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

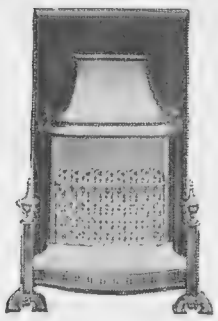
Julia Cairns

CHRYSANTHEMUMS with beacon-bright petals, their mass of riotous colour—seem to embody the very spirit of Autumn. Blossoms of a dying year, maybe, but why not let them bring new life into your home? They will, when reproduced in cretonne, for your loose covers or your curtains. Width 31 ins. 7/3 per yard.

MARIGOLDS for a happy mood! Like pools of sunlight they gladden the gloomiest day. Group the real blossoms in an earthenware honey-pot or see them smiling cretonne-wise in joyous profusion all over the leaf-green background and they will make almost any room a pool of sunshine itself. Width 31 ins. 2/3 per yd.



What Gas Grate are you choosing?



Wright's "Inigo" Gas Grate—wrought metal finish.

CHOOSE your gas grate by its canopy. Look inside and see "howit breathes." Because your complete satisfaction depends, first and last, on its ventilation properties. For the perfect system of ventilation be sure to choose the Radiation Gas Grate. The patent "Injector-Ventilator" ensures health. It changes the air of the room completely a number of times in the hour, and without any draughts. Visit your Gas Showrooms to-day and choose a Radiation Gas Grate with this wonderful "Injector-Ventilator" in the canopy.

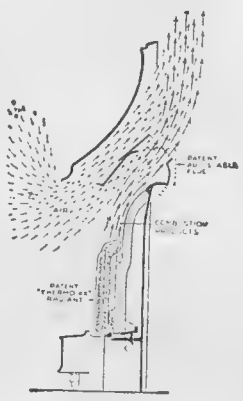


Diagram showing action of patent "Injector-Ventilator."

Radiation
GAS GRATES

THE OLD WOMAN REFLECTS!

By AUNT ELIZA

IN my earlier years Mrs. Lynn-Lynton took up the task of censoring the manners and the morals of the youngsters, and her "Girl of the Period" weekly attacks in *The Saturday Review* made good reading, although they effected no reform, and whilst exciting much comment for and against, left no one a penny the worse or the better. She demanded the decorous deportment, exacting that the rules of conduct towards men should include, "Don't speak until you have been introduced, don't write until you have been written to." The telephone was an undreamt of temptation. Mrs. Lynn-Lynton was most stern in her ideas of due daughterly deference, but although a very sympathetic woman, who had known much sorrow, and shown considerable kindness to the strugglers in her profession, she was not easily approached, and it is possible that she achieved no real intimacy with any very young person.

To appreciate your next generation at any date, you must live with it, and in Mrs. Lynn-Lynton's time the aged and the juvenile were divided in all things more exciting than bedmaking, needlework, cooking and praying.

I CONFESS to a wholehearted admiration for the present day girls. I approve their fearless independence, their audacity in pretending to know what they only imagine, their practical ability, their sport and their personal daintiness. I learn their language and recognise when the prevailing adjective changes from "awful" to "terrible" and ecstasies into "*mar*vellous." In the thick of a working, artistic world, I am never so pleasantly flattered as when I am asked to answer after prolonged introductory notes, "Do you think He really loves me?"

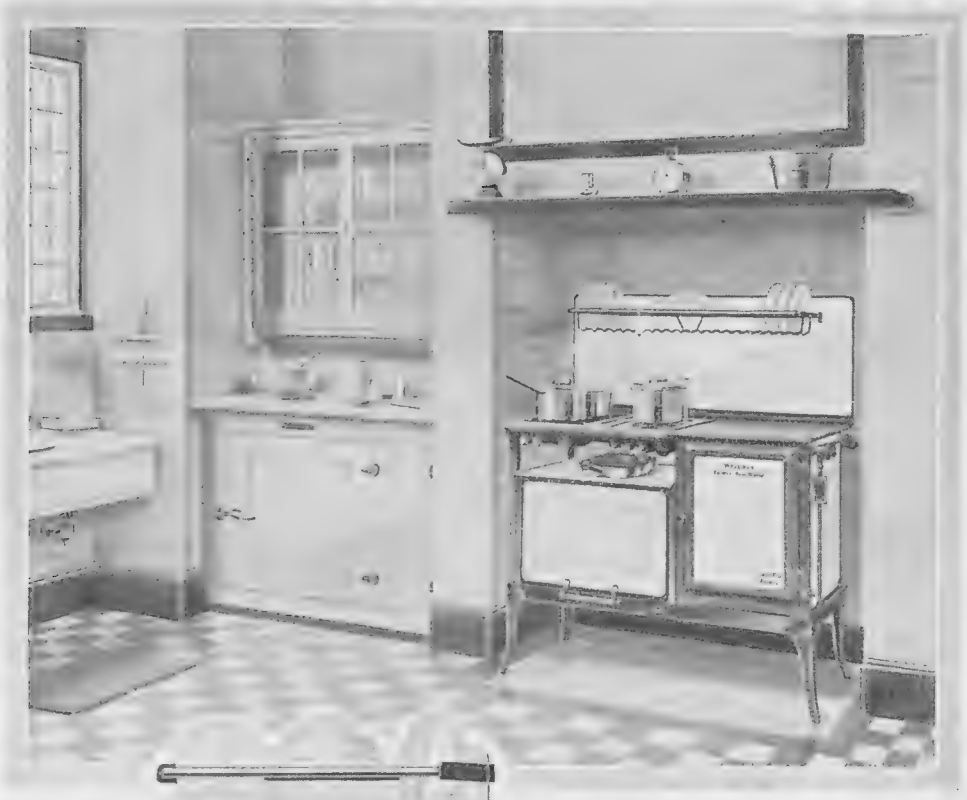
MRS. PANTON, a home expert in the late days of Queen Victoria, used to advise that old age be welcomed, because it is so restful. Away with its restfulness, I want mine alert, and active in mind and heart at least. I want to be able to quote perennially in social and fashion land alike, "whatever is, is right."

In the dear old days, which were, of course, just as tiresome as these, and insisted equally upon the means to live, I relinquished many of my early industries as a free lance contributor, and started a journal of my own, *The World of Dress*, which was financed with a generous indifference by the late Sir Arthur Pearson.

This was at the time when *The Queen* was still retaining the premier position amongst illustrated fashion papers, while the best *olla podrida* letter in feminine interests was written in *Truth* by Madge (Mrs. Humphreys), and Mrs. Beeton had bewitched the basements with her books on cookery. The firm of Beeton, by the way, published many papers, and in their old office in Fetter Lane, I was privileged to work side by side with Arnold Bennett, who was editing a little periodical called *Woman*. He was not then the trim and genial "Arnold" that he is now, but rather on the silent and gruff side; indeed, he was very gruff, when I asked a large increase upon the sum he offered me for a column on dress, then my special subject, to which I always revert gladly enough.

ALAS! that the old lady is left to get on with her clothes as best she can, whilst remembering that lace, velvet, and fur are her best friends—if she can secure them.

Few personalities could cope becomingly with the stern severities of long petticoats and small bonnets so triumphantly adopted by Dame Madge Kendal. During her late years the sweet face of Ellen Terry was ever delicately surrounded by lace, and she might have been seen constantly in a cap, while her coats would hang straightly from her shoulders, and there was an impression of amplitude about her petticoats.



IN the tiled recess of this modern kitchen is one of the latest all-enamel gas cookers. The hot-plate and the top of the gas oven are on the same level, thus giving additional working space; below is a warming chamber.

GAS? . . . .

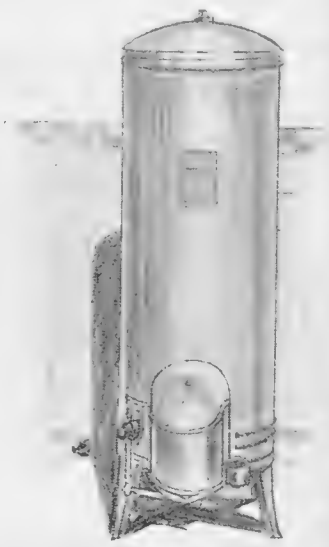
OF COURSE!

BY DIANA DEANE

GAS?
ELECTRICITY?
OIL?
Which shall it be?

Each, I feel, pleads its own cause equally well, and the deciding factors will usually be — circumstances — and one's purse. To-day, let us consider the case of gas, because it is probably the most widely used of the three at the present time, but in future articles I hope to talk about the other two as well. Every woman knows (and mere man, too, for that matter!) that one of the first essentials in the home is an up-to-date cooker. Some of the latest models are fitted with a flue-outlet at the bottom and with one burner only, which is at the back, thus constituting an enormous saving of gas and ensuring an even temperature throughout the oven, as the heat will rise to the top and then come down again to the flue. Many have thermostatic temperature control, and by this simple method of heat regulation failure is practically impossible. The oven temperature is automatically controlled and it will not get too hot, even if the gas pressure happens to vary. Once upon a time, cleaning the gas stove was rather an unpleasant affair, but now all the bars in up-to-date models lift out and can be washed; whilst the advantages of the new porcelain enamel finish speaks for itself.

THE hot water question is most important, and here on this page you will see that I have suggested one way of solving it. There is no excuse for any home to-day to be without an adequate supply of hot water. The gas or coke circulating boiler, or the combined gas water-heater and hot-water storage tank which supply all taps will probably meet the requirements of those who have hot water taps in existence already, and the claims of the geyser, which can be connected to the cold water supply, are obvious. If you find the choice difficult—why not consult the expert of your local gas undertaking, who will study your requirements and help you to find the most economical means of providing yourself with adequate appliances, thus ensuring efficient and up-to-date knowledge on all matters pertaining to gas.



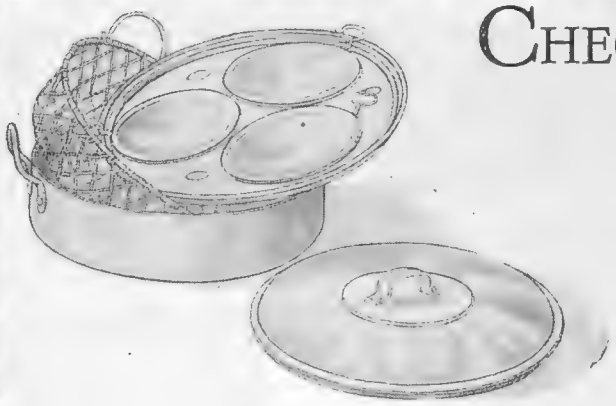
CONSUMING very little gas, this boiler can be relied upon to supply constant hot water to all hot taps, by means of a small jet which is kept alight continuously. It is made in two types to suit both hard and soft water.

THE oven of this gas cooker, like the range above, is heated by a single burner and has its one flue-outlet at the bottom. On the side is the "Regulo" dial, a device which enables the heat to be maintained automatically at a given temperature.

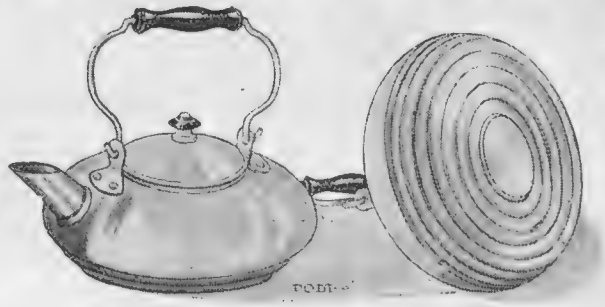
FITTED with a highly concentrated flame, thus ensuring economy in gas consumption, this enterprising wash-boiler is rapidly growing in popularity. Its exterior is of porcelain enamelling, thereby adding considerably to its general appearance. It also has a wooden lid which inverted can be used as a table. (*Radiation Ltd.*)

Send your queries, together with a stamped addressed envelope, marked "Home," to the Julia Cairns Service Department, Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

The housewife will welcome the new kitchen gadgets illustrated on page 162
We will tell you where to buy them.

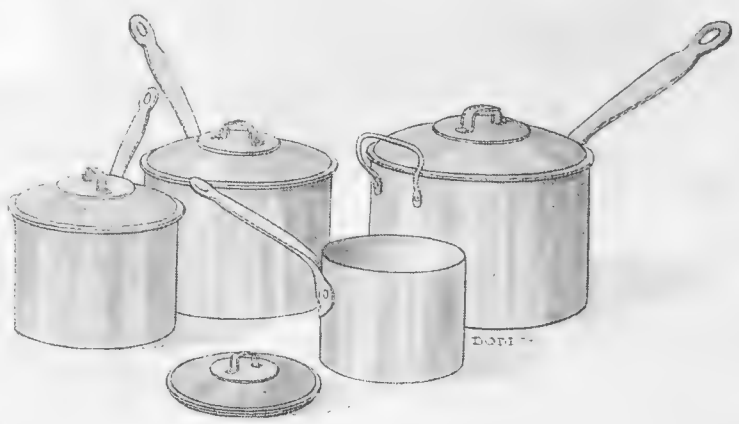


CHECKING up the HOME GADGETS



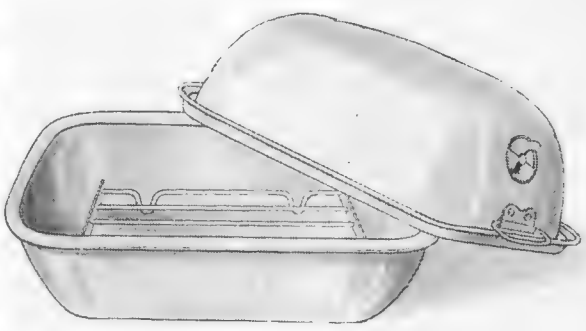
The cooker that serves the three purposes of fish fryer, draining basket and egg steamer is worthy of a place in the well-run kitchen. It is 8½ inches in diameter, and has the appearance of a shallow casserole. Price 3s. 9d.

A new patent roaster of pure aluminium for baking bread and cakes, for roasting meats, fish, poultry, is self-basting, and fitted with a ventilator. In two sizes, 12 by 9, at 5s. 11½d., and 13 by 10, at 6s. 9d.



This kettle, with a 3½ pint capacity, is of special construction. Its wide corrugated base takes a much greater area of flame, so that it is a rapid boiler. Of heavy gauge pure aluminium, its price is 3s. 9d.

Here is an entirely new porringer or milk boiler, made in finest aluminium. It has an hygienic white earthenware lining, and is made in three sizes, to hold approximately 2 pints at 6s. 11d., three pints, 7s. 11d., and four 9s. 11d.



A set of four stewpans in pure aluminium, costing 7s. 6d., and of particularly good value. They are from five to eight inches in diameter.

Perfect cooking results if you use one of the vacuum cookers below. All the best of the food is retained and its full flavour brought out; it saves endless time. Price from 42s. 6d. to 70s..

Cleaning Aluminium.

NEVER use soda and soap for cleaning aluminium, as it will blacken the metal. An article made of this ware should be treated as follows: after use fill the pan with scalding water and leave in for a moment. Then fill up the pan with cold water, and a very little rubbing will suffice to clean the aluminium. The metal shrinks suddenly when the cold water is poured in, and any tiny particles are loosened.

Removing Stains.

NEGLECTED stains on aluminium should be rubbed with a cloth which has been dipped in damp salt. The outside, which has been marked by heat, can be cleaned with whitening and washed.

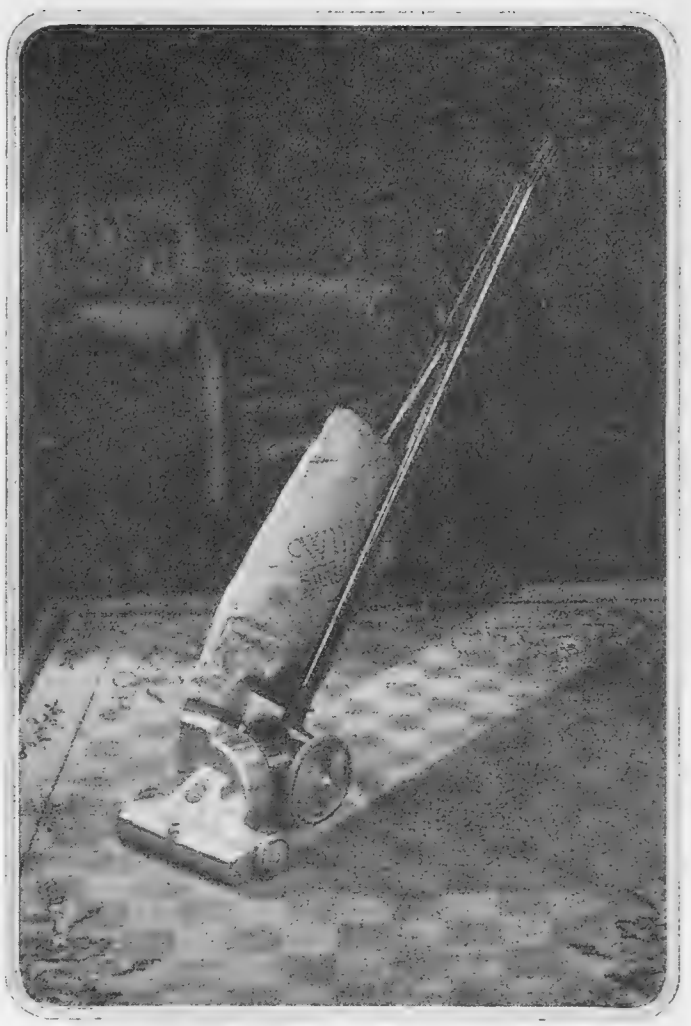
If the vessel is burnt fill it with salt and water, allow it to stand for a day, then bring the water slowly to the boil. Tarnish can be removed by means of a weak solution of vinegar which should be allowed to boil.

Send your queries, marked "Home," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

AN electric vacuum cleaner with a magical dirt-removing power! Price from £13 : 13 : 0

COMMON SENSE Cleaning

By Jane Maxwell



THIS reliable hand sweeper proves itself very efficient. Price £4 : 19 : 6

EVERY thinking woman knows that nowadays a vacuum cleaner is quite an indispensable part of the up-to-date household equipment, if the task of keeping her home spotlessly clean is to be an easy one. Yet there are still a few who seem to "hang back," as it were, persistently murmuring something about "Cannot afford!"... that "Hands, knees and a good old-fashioned brush will mean a long life for the carpet"! . . .

To my mind, the majority of thinking women are right. Those who "hang back" are wrong. However, let us consider the case of the latter: is it really true that they "cannot afford" a reliable vacuum cleaner? What I feel *is* true is that they have entirely forgotten to balance up the cost of an efficient suction powered cleaner on the one hand, and compared it with the money that would be saved by its use on the other.

AN efficient vacuum cleaner will thoroughly clean your rugs and carpets at home. It has been proved over and over again by noted scientists that a reliable make of vacuum cleaner will not tear the pile of a carpet—rather the harm is more likely to be caused by the sharp bristles of a broom, which tear the soft pile and push much of the dirt down into the carpet.

Then think, too, how much you can reduce your cleaning costs as far as curtains, loose covers, cushions and the like are concerned. For by suction power you prevent the air from becoming dust-laden, with the result that everything keeps clean much longer. Surely anything that upholds the principles of modern hygiene cannot be overlooked by any sane home-maker of to-day.

For the benefit of my readers I must quote this instance:—

IT quite amazed me the other day when I came across a housewife who suggested that a vacuum cleaner was a luxury. It seemed incredible that she should never have heard that many models are obtainable with accessories for use on surfaces other than carpets. Yet she had not. And this is the gist of what I told her:—

"Your mattresses, your upholstery, your furniture can all be cleaned vacuum-wise. You can get behind radiators, which hitherto have been so difficult; you can get into the smallest nooks and crannies; you can even clean your ceiling and your picture-rail, your windows and your mirrors." She is now realising its full value!

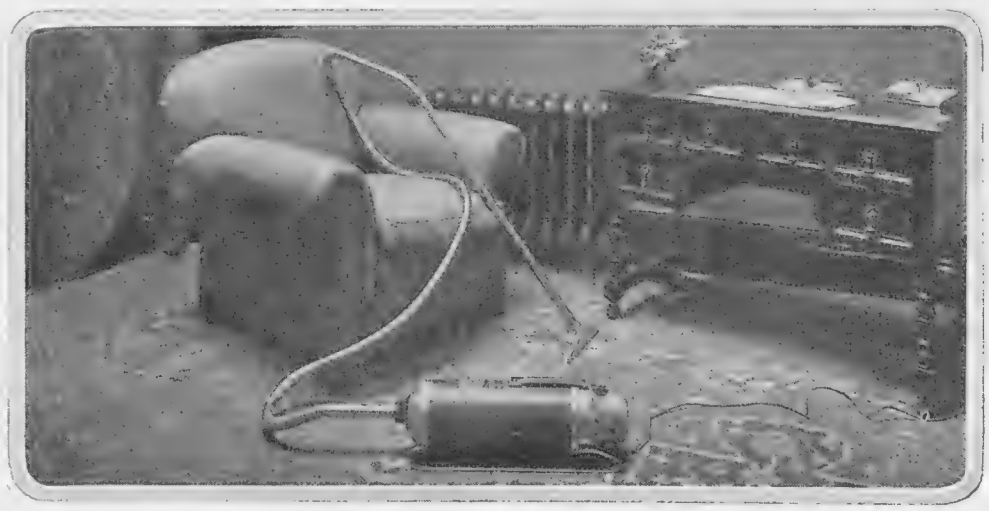
Moreover, there are certain types, the suction power of which by simple adjustment can be converted into blowing power—particularly useful, you will admit, in the case of fragile ornaments, which can be held firmly in one hand and freed of all dust secreted in the innermost corners.

THERE are so many types of cleaners on the market that the choice of the right kind becomes almost difficult. Some depend upon a greater suction power, while others depend on suction plus beating—but beating that is *not* unkind! These latter having brushes or steel beaters in or near the nozzle.

Then it would not be fair of me if I omitted to put in a really good word for the excellent hand cleaner on the market now. It is really ideal; and is recognised to be absolutely efficient. By means of a revolving fan inside, there is sufficient suction power created to do the work of an efficient electrical cleaner.

You would be wise, before making a definite choice, to learn exactly how they differ and why. It is quite easy to arrange for a free demonstration of most of the well-known makes in your own home, thus you can determine which type best suits your own particular needs. They repeatedly save their own cost.

SO simple to operate, even a child can use it! Therefore this electric model, too, should be carefully considered. Price from £15 : 17 : 6

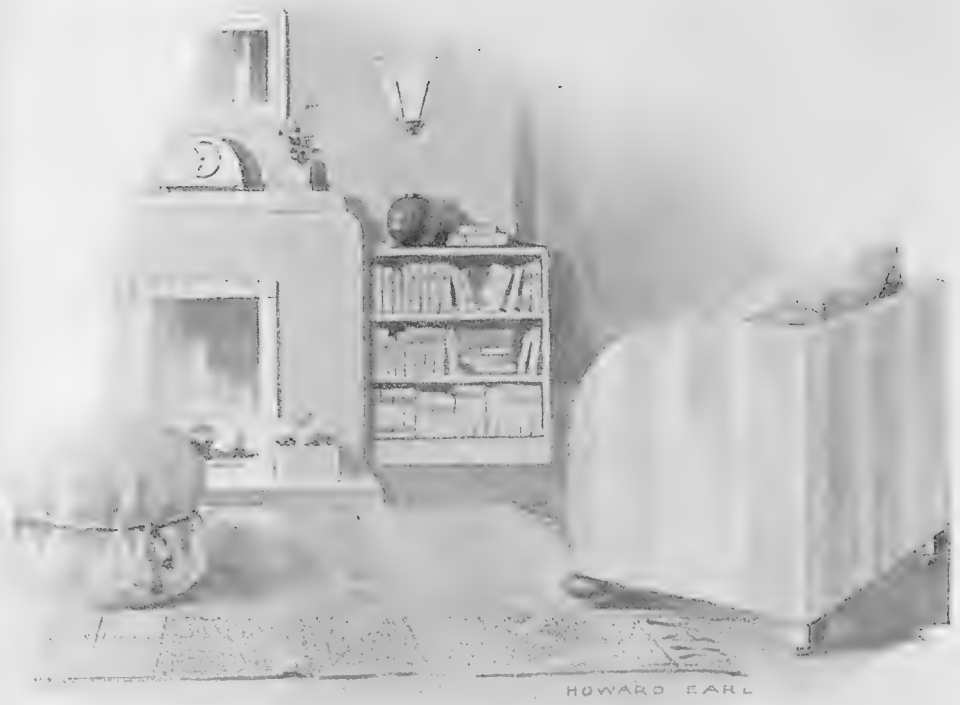


Send your queries, marked Home c/o the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand London, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

HOUSING YOUR BOOKS.

By Ruth Jardine

"The Love of Learning,
The Sequestered Nooks
and all the Sweet
Serenity of
Books."



THAT niche beside the fireplace! What happier way of furnishing it than with a small bookcase, leaving the top free to lay things down. So handy to the sofa too!

A WALNUT piece in the Queen Anne manner will house delightfully those volumes with valuable bindings, that need to be preserved from dust, for in such happy surroundings they will not feel themselves prisoners behind bars! £21/10/0

YOUR books have their Housing Problem, too! Quite a serious one if you happen to be one of those people, who (honestly or dishonestly!) acquire them almost as quickly as you breathe, but it's a soul-less, unfriendly room that lacks them. Take no heed of those "perfect house-wives" (perfect in their own estimation only, and a dreadful tribe!) who complain that books collect dust, or, sniffing no romance in the faint elusive perfume, always to be associated with old volumes, complain that they smell stuffy, or that they take up too much space in the small house or flat. Dust they may collect. Stuffy some may be (the contents, I mean!) but much space they need not occupy if used as "furniture" in the best sense of the word.

Please don't segregate your books in just one room in the house. Let them smile a welcome in the hall—inspire you to epigrams in the dining-room—soothe your spirit when you are called upon to entertain unwelcome guests in the drawing-room.

APART from all other qualities, books as backgrounds have a real decorative value. One has only to glance round an old library, book-lined from floor to ceiling, to realise how the soft tones of time-mellowed bindings enhance furniture and china, and provide an extraordinarily restful atmosphere. Few of us have sufficient books to line a room after the manner of our Forbears, and even if we had, with pictures, etc., in view, might grudge the wall space. Nor do "books only" light up a room after the fashion of a wall distempered sun colour, in cities, where light and sun must be courted. So a way for housing books that has found favour in the modern living-room is to let them form a background right round the room, some 4 ft. from the floor, which allows of plenty of space for pictures, using the top shelf for a display of china, etc. And this same idea can, of course, be carried out in various niches.

ANOTHER attractive method of book housing, that takes up really no space, is by means of a recess, that is flush with the wall. The shelves of this should rest on pegs, so that they can easily be taken out for cleaning purposes, and should be painted the same colour as the woodwork. And, talking of shelves, don't have these fixed if you can possibly help it. Books are much more decorative if they are carefully graded, giants and dwarfs should never come to rest together! And on these same lines, some discretion should be used in arrangement from the point of view of colour, etc.; all the leather bindings together, for instance; colours that swear judiciously separated; paper bindings in a jolly company together somewhere, where their grander companions will not cast up their social insignificance at them! If your highbrow friends say to you, "why bother about the outsides, its only the insides that matter"—don't trouble to answer them. Silent contempt will suffice!

Send your queries, together with a stamped addressed envelope, marked "Home," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

THE ideal book-case! An oval recess, flush with the wall, the shelves painted the same colour as the rest of the woodwork. It occupies no space at all and is at the same time delightfully decorative.

THEY HAVE THEIR HOUSING PROBLEM TOO—SOME WAYS OF SOLVING IT.

FOR the Book Housing problem is always with us. Comfortably housed to-day, by to-morrow, or next week, or next month, or next year, the family will have increased again! Some people swear by the expanding book-cases that grow with the library. Starting with a case of modest proportions of a standardised shape, they add shelf upon shelf to its height and length, as their collection justifies it. But I prefer, after the manner of a lover, to get ready the home that is to enshrine the object of my devotion. In other words, I like to get my book-case first! I know, full well, that whatever the state of my finances, there will soon be books to fill it! Never let your bindings get shabby; repairing them yourself isn't difficult if you take a few lessons in bookbinding; then, too, you can bind your paper copies, with contents that are worth while, for all too soon these get grimy and dog-eared. And given worthily housed books, what is more saddening than the gaps in the shelves, occasioned by those who borrow and never, never return! So always put your name in your books—or, better still, paste your own book-plate in—it need not be expensive, if you choose a simple one. Some people have consciences!

It was in words something like the following—I may not quote quite correctly, that the friend with whom the famous Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library, had been staying wrote in kindly warning to a mutual acquaintance:

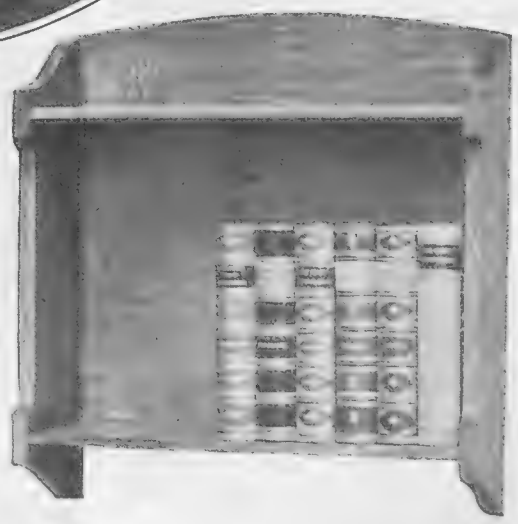
"If ye possess any booke ye treasure, I counselle ye to hyde it awaye until Sir Thomas Bodley shall have departed." Sir Thomas evidently helped his friends to solve this Book-Housing Problem! Perhaps the "Monstrous Regiment of Book Thieves" will help you! You doubtless number acquaintances in the ranks!

STACKED books have an unpleasant little habit of crashing and upsetting the flowers, unless they are held in check by book-ends. And the modern variety not only serve a useful purpose, but are pleasing in themselves. Aren't these particular ones fascinating, they are carried out in bronze and alabaster?

I PERSONALLY, don't like to see books behind glass. I always liken them to prisoners, eating out their hearts behind the bars, but all the same, where "dust corrupts," and it certainly does in London, glass undoubtedly ensures that they will be clean to handle, and preserves valuable bindings. If you must keep books this way, let them dwell in such pleasant surroundings, that captivity cannot pall—in a glass case that is fitted on the top of a bureau, after the Chippendale manner, for instance. Some lovely Queen Anne pieces, too, are designed on these lines.

THE portable bookcase is a useful affair to have by the side of your sofa or bed, so that you can reach out a lazy hand for a favourite, or in some niche that wants furnishing. And don't forget that book-ends are a perfect joy when volumes begin to overflow (about Christmas time, perhaps) all the tables in the house. They are perfectly fascinating to-day, made in wood, leather, plaster of paris, alabaster, etc.

One of the many virtues of Book-ends is that they do not cry "enough" in the uncompromising manner of the book-case, but continue to lend their kindly support until the last volume "breaks the camel's back," or, in other words, pushes them over the edge of the table!



A USEFUL little affair in oak that, standing or hanging by the side of your bed, can be filled with your special favourites. There's no need for your bedroom (or the spare bedroom!) to be book-less—even if space is limited! Price 20/-

Mothers of Tomorrow

By

Margaret Thomas

Mothers, in the same way as professional men and women, must become proficient in their vocation — Mayfair has to be taught as well as Whitechapel.

SHALL we take a peep at the young Mother of Nineteen-Fifty? Lithe and lovely from a wise ancestry, she is making herself the beautiful mother of beautiful children along the lines of physical heritage, by exercise in the open air, by regular hours of rest in airy rooms, by a simple routine of life, by nutritious food, by loose attire, by adequate sleep. Laughter gives a delightful little curl upwards to her lips at that idea of her great-grandmother's "eating for two." Such delicious absurdity, when it is principally more liquid which is required, and that—water. None the less she knows that if her diet does not give her growing child the necessary elements for body building, contained especially in whole-grain cereals, green and other vegetables, and various fruits, her own body will be robbed to supply the lack. It is not only her hair, teeth, nails and bones that will be affected; the child will be weakened too; so both will suffer.

SUNSHINE, air and space and sleep are essential to perfect Motherhood—All Nature's Gifts! So are the cereals, fruits, vegetables and clear water that form the ideal diet during the pre-natal months. Motherhood becomes a happy state, meaning health for Mother and Child if Nature is allowed to help.

These are facts of which Modern Mothers are becoming aware, largely owing to the educative work carried on in the last twelve or fifteen years by governmental agencies and by doctors and nurses of vision who have formed societies to make such ideals better known in the British Isles, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, and Canada. Mothers of To-morrow will *know* what many Mothers of To-day are only beginning to realise; that leading a simple and natural life beforehand makes child-bearing an easier and more normal function; that confinement in crowded and close rooms, highly flavoured and rich foods, late nights, resulting in an insufficiency of sleep, may entail pain and ill-health; that if all Nature's rules are disregarded, the outcome may be fatal.

MOTHERS of To-morrow will take other facts, too, as a matter of course, the result of the work of health centres and clinics in Great Britain and every one of the Dominions. Well-being at birth means that there have been long months of preparation beforehand. The old bugbear of secretiveness has vanished. Those extraordinary ideas of a few decades ago, which prevented assistance being sought until the critical moment, together with inexpert help, have been, to a great extent, responsible for the high maternal mortality rates of the past. Early examination, and expert advice from competent physicians in professional practice or in clinics, safeguard mothers against possible trouble at the critical time.

THAT is one side. The other is the banishment, by government measures, of the inefficient midwife, who was a menace to every one of her patients. England has her health visitors — Canada her public health nurses—New Zealand the Plunket nurse —Australia the Bush Nursing Association nurse—all these being enabled to carry on their good work by means of subsidies from official and private sources. Mothers go to centres and nurses go to homes; thus is banished an ignorance which in the past caused such needless suffering and misery.

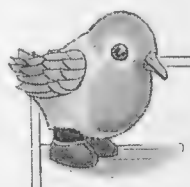
SIR TRUBY KING showed the manner of it by his work in New Zealand. That offshoot of his labours, Cromwell House, Highgate, must give joy to any expectant mother's heart. Incidentally, the sphere of its influence radiates far beyond the actual town of those who visit it in person. Last year, for instance, 11,281 letters were answered, coming from most of the countries of Europe; all parts of India; every section of Africa — East, West, South and North, including Egypt, Canada, China, Persia, the Straits Settlements, the East and West Indies, various countries of South America, and the United States — about fifty lands in all.

MOTHERS of to-morrow will be able to differentiate between what is transitory and trivial and what is vital in the developing impulses and instincts of their children. They will realise the value of health, not only of the body but of the mind; so fear with all its dreadful implications will have no place in the life of the future generation. The dark will hold no terror; shyness, self-consciousness, in its most painful form, will be a thing of the past. They will realise that play is the child's work, and using the play instinct to educate them will make sure that their games do not leave them only where they started, but some steps further on the Road of Progress. They will encourage the love of collecting and ownership, inherent in every child and in encouraging them to experiment and endeavouring to enlarge their personalities, will seek development always, never the servility or dependence that tends to warp character.

THEY will take for granted other phases of developing life, little suspected by many mothers of to-day. Along the lines of physical well-being much has been learned in the last decade and a half. But only here and there in present practice does a hint foreshadow the possible importance of psychological factors, such as colours in environment, harmony in surroundings, the influence on the feelings and mind of what is seen and heard and read. The Platonic ideas are beginning to emerge once more. Beauty around us affects every one of us—how much more women in the state when they are most impressionable?

MOTHERCRAFT centres will be used more and more by future mothers. The Victorian idea that a mother would instinctively know what to do the very moment her first-born arrived is regarded as whimsical even to-day. To-morrow it will be absolutely archaic. To do anything well a person has to learn how. Mothers, just as any professional man or woman, have to fit themselves for their most important vocation if they would make it successful. It is not something which the wealthy and well-educated woman knows and her poor and humble sister does not. Mayfair has to be taught as well as Whitechapel. They learn side by side sometimes, for certain Mothercraft centres know no distinction of class in this service of theirs for children, yet unborn. Mothercraft, luckily for the future generation, *can* be learned, and it is a lesson well worth while.

SO not a single factor, whether physical or psychological, will be over-looked by the Mothers of To-morrow. Theirs will be the heritage of knowledge now being slowly and carefully acquired in experiment and actual practice. Nature and all her aids will be used as a matter of course to fulfil her great purpose —the Race To Be, of which some dream.



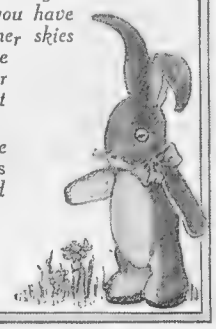
NEWS FROM TOY TOWN.

SUCH fun, such excitement there has been these last few days, the Toy People are beginning to gather together again, getting ready to come to us when the days are cold and drear, when we can no longer play in the garden.

I must tell you about the Cock-a-hooly birds. You see one of them in the corner. Perched in his corner there, he thinks he has been naughty, having heard that naughty little boys and girls also find themselves in a corner sometimes. He is white, with lovely green head, yellow beak, and his little wings and stubby wee tail are shaded blue and green. He has a bright pink breast and a most amusing pair of little green and pink felt shoes which come off! He has a bright eye, too, this Cock-a-hooly bird, and when you have saved up 3s. 6d. you will be able to buy one. His big brother costs 4s. 6d.

Then there is Clarence, the rabbit, with long ears, a tiny, wee white bob tail, and fur the colour of the sky in summer. Clarence doesn't want you to forget the summer. He says after you have played with him a little while the summer skies will come again and you will be able to take him away with you on your next summer holiday. He costs 4s. 3d., and his biggest brother costs 10s. 6d.

Mother won't mind your loving these little Toy People, because if your baby sister does try to eat them they are perfectly clean and the dyes are pure.



FOR DIVAN OR BED . . . .

COMFORT

By MARJORIE DAY

Divan by day and bed by night, but always comfort if you choose a reliable spring mattress, for there will be no hardness and lumps and no more dreaded "hollows" in the middle.

THERE are some houses—you and I both know them—where comfort and peace seem to meet us on the very threshold. Where on cold, grey, winter days there are always fires to cheer us with their winter glow, and the very chairs invite us to sink into their comfortable depths.

The bedrooms, too, are filled with the same sense of homeliness, and so, when bedtime comes, and we leave the cheerful fire, there is no cold, uninviting room to go to, but a cosy one instead. The bed calls us at once, and even feeling tired is rather fun when you know that snowy white sheets and downy pillows are waiting for you.

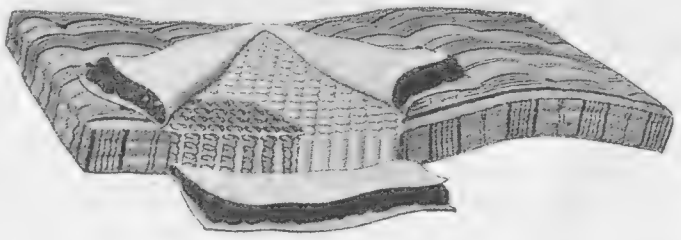
But this is not everything, by any means. Snowy sheets and downy pillows alone do not mean sound sleep and happy dreams. So, to the woman who knows—the practical-minded woman—the mattress counts for much. It should be soft and resilient, yielding to the slightest movement of the body, without getting hard and lumpy, and the modern spring mattresses, with their even distribution of innumerable small springs, meet all these requirements, and, at the same time, ensure perfect ventilation.

Even the Princess in the fairy-tale, who could feel a pea through seven mattresses, might have managed just "forty winks" under these conditions, don't you think?

Hygiene, too, plays an important part because, owing to their scientific construction, there is complete ventilation inside, and collection of dirt is impossible.

The "woman who knows" will pay attention to the manner of support which is used for her mattress, especially if she wants (as, of course, she does) to eliminate the uncomfortable hollow, which so often appears after a time.

To obtain the maximum amount of comfort, the mattress should be used on a close, flexible surface, such as a box-spring, woven wire, or chain.



One of the modern spring mattresses opened to show the construction. The innumerable small springs, which are each encased in a specially woven calico pocket, are the secret of its great resiliency and comfort. Small round ventilators, so important to health, are placed at either end.

The bachelor girl, too, with her one room, may be just as comfortable as her wealthier sister. However much used her divan is during the day, it will never be hard and lumpy at night, if she chooses her mattress carefully.

In the bed-sitting-room, too, which is always so much in use, a hygienic covering for the mattress is of the utmost importance. It can, of course, be upholstered with various materials, according to the quality which is required; but the special model which I have illustrated on this page has each spring encased in a specially woven calico pocket, and the material between the outer and inner cases consists of curled hair.

These same springs can be used for chairs and cushioned seatings, and are specially adapted for cosy corners in the smoke or billiard room. Even separate cushions for the car are available, which will greatly add to the pleasure of motoring.

But this is all rather beside the point. My idea was to remind you, if you would be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," bed comfort should be your first consideration.

But even a specially sprung mattress cannot alone ensure comfort. It must be used on a good, even surface—preferably a close, flexible one, which will not sag.

FLOWERS OF THE DUSK

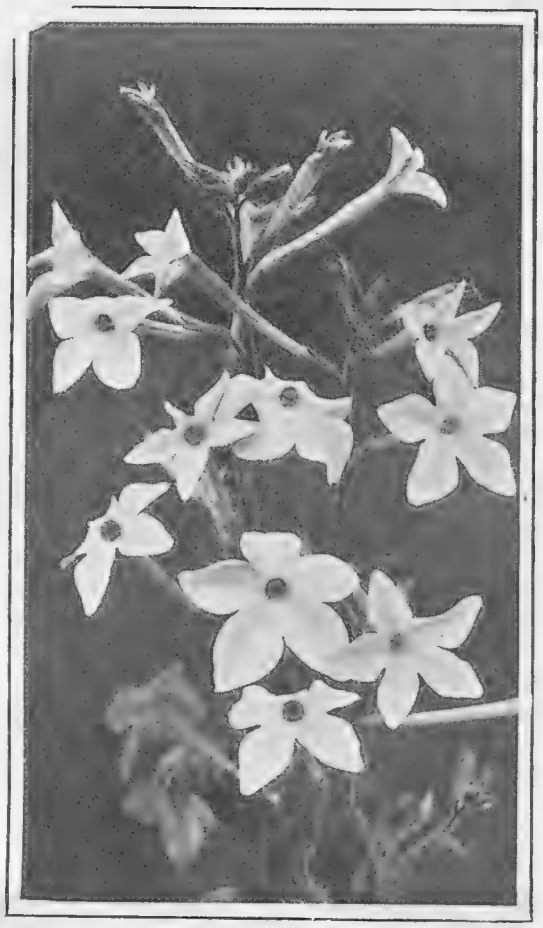
By MARION CRAN

(Marion Cran's Gardening Articles appear exclusively in BRITIANNIA.)

The ivory chalice of the Moonflower.

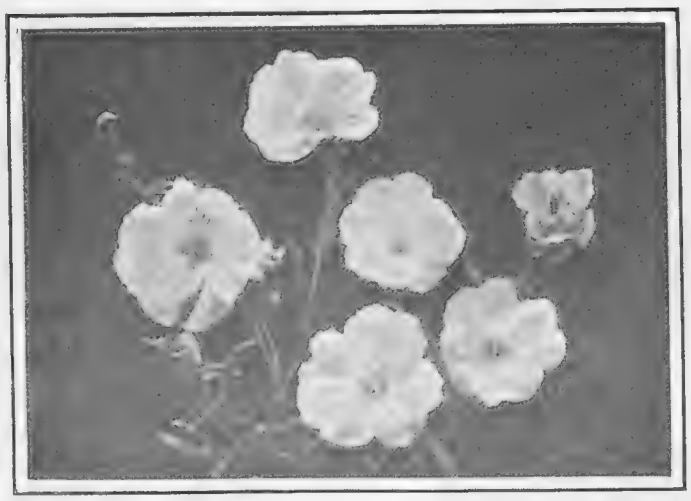
AT the end of the "difficult day" comes the happy time of rest, the mellow evening, when work is done, and we can relax to laughter, refreshment, music, dancing, and the joy of friends. Or, if our preference takes us to flowers and open spaces we can turn to a garden for meditation, for the voluptuous silences of nature, and the "incomparable pomp of eve." With the turn of the sun into the West a number of flowers fold up, waterlilies, convolvuluses, peonies, Barberton and Michaelmas daisies, to name but a few, and those that do not sheath up their loveliness mostly withdraw their scents and go to sleep.

NOWADAYS two-thirds of the people in Britain have, or are hoping to have, a garden, whether in town or country, whether measured by inches or acres, the reaction from noise and hurry and machinery finds this expression throughout the community, and, since the greater number can only rest in the interest and joy of a garden after the day's work is done, there is a good deal to be said for planting the flowers of the dusk around busy homes. Even in a window-box it is easy to sow a few seeds of night-scented stock, that ragged little nobody of the day-time, a small slip of a thing cowering in a beige negligé until sundown, and then opening small starry flowers in bashful colour-schemes of pinky-lilac. There is nothing about the modest flowers to prepare one for the passion of rich scent that pours from them night after night, the seeds are so cheap to buy and easy to raise that one marvels to find very little grown in gardens. If sown in small patches every fortnight from March till July, here and there about the garden, a continuous sweetness will thrill the nights until autumn frosts cut the last plants down. I believe the long Latin name on the penny seed-packets confuses the general public, and they pass by the dull little picture with its hideous name, for something they can understand, like sweet-peas or pansies!



Tobaccos will grow in almost any soil.

THE stately evening primroses with their wide discs of purest yellow ranged up the spikes are dear to many a gardener; so are those lusty, happy things, evening primroses, growing anything from three to five feet high, blooming sweetly in the dusk during May, June, and July, and sowing themselves cheerfully hither and yon, in chancy nooks, all over the gardens that they like best.



The evening Primrose blooms sweetly in the dusk.

THE Cape nectars are only half hardy in our climate, low-growing carpet, or edging, annuals, white, or blue and white. They make a pretty front to a sunny border, or a glimmering patch in the rock-garden. If sown about that time in spring when the philandering toad drums his overture to the nightingale, they will soon flower softly in the dusk, and fill the air with a delicately aromatic scent pleasant to enjoy while the nimble fish leap for flies in the lily-pool.

Among the sword-lilies . . . which most folk call gladioli, forgetting the good English name . . . there is a dainty species from Natal called gladiolus Tristis which uplifts its little red and yellow face about midnight, and flings its abandoned heart out to every wandering moth in gusts of inviting scent. Catalogues will tell the unwary that this is a scented gladiolus, causing confusion in simple minds, because it is usually by the merest accident that the gardener learns of this great nightly activity, having had no reason to expect the prim spikes of a sword lily to start scenting the place up after all the rest of the family have gone to bed.

NEARLY every garden has room for tobacco plants. They are only half-hardy in this country, like the nectars, but very easy to grow, blooming freely through a long season. They can be planted out in May where they are to bloom, either in groups in the herbaceous border, or massed in the shrubbery. We can have pink, rose, purple, and scarlet tobacco flowers as well as those older (and to some tastes still lovelier) pure white tubes, which shine Madonna-clear among the wide green leaves. Tobaccos will grow in almost any soil, either in sunny positions or in semi-shade.

REMEMBER TO—

Sow sweet Peas on good soil in the open. Divide old violas and re-plant on manured ground one foot apart. Plant out cuttings and seedlings of hardy plants raised in the cold frame.

Sow mignonette, stock, cyclamen, polyanthus and sweet pea seeds under glass. Keep the bonfire going. Burn everything that cannot be made into compost

Keep litter handy to cover the celery if frost threatens. As each plot is cleared of its crop it should be thoroughly dug.

The last of the outdoor tomatoes, which are growing against a wall, may be ripened by leaning a spare light frame against the wall.

THE people of Honolulu assemble in hundreds to watch the enchanted hours; it is always on a night of bright moonlight. Almost simultaneously, about eight o'clock, twenty-thousand great ivory chalices break open, unfold, and gush out perfume into the velvet and gold of the Hawaiian night.

Soon after midnight the myriad alabaster goblets close, and not for many a moon can human eye see the like again, the swooning ecstasy is over—the wall is merely covered once more with its usual spiny green branches.

THE flowers of eventide indeed are dear to all the gardens in the world. Those who have slept through the African nights in the cool spacious guest-rooms of its hospitable homes—doors and windows wide to the stars—will know the scent of the moonflowers at the dusk and again at dawn; and some who know the other moon where it rises over Diamond head, that maddening radiant Polynesian moon, may have seen the most wonderful flower miracle in all the nights in all the world. Over a low stone wall, surrounding a garden, hang the angular flexed branches of the night-blooming cereus—a solid bank of it for a quarter of a mile or more.

YOUR COOKING

CABBAGES and THINGS

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

. . . a goodish piece of very stale bread in a cloth, and pop it in . . . . .

Cabbages and Things.

IT is not their fault, but our own, if we undervalue some of our more familiar vegetable friends, especially those which are seldom dealt with as they should be. For striking example—the Cabbage. We should treat Mr. Cabbage and his cousins, the Brussels Sprouts, the Cauliflowers and the Broccoli, very kindly. They are quite human in some of their ways, and will be as nice to us as we are to them.

Of course, everyone knows how to boil a cabbage and a potato. But I am one of the wise who maintain that a potato should never be boiled, but should always be steamed, and also I assert that ninety-nine times out of a hundred to boil only is not to do full justice to a cabbage ; to make him appear and disappear at his best. At the very least he should be drained of all water and buttered.

Simple Ways.

THERE are many simple ways of preparing a cabbage so that he may appear at his best at table, the slight extra trouble and thought being well rewarded. While I think of it : if you resent the appalling odour with which the cabbage assaults us when we boil him, you can follow the same practice as Chinese cooks aboard ship—tie a goodish piece of very stale bread in a cloth or bit of muslin and pop it in the pot. Or this, which I have only been told of—fold a thick towel or cloth so that it fits the top of the pot and keep it there ; it will absorb both the steam and smell.

When your cabbage has been reduced to tenderness, chop him finely, throwing away the thick stalks, and mix with butter, pepper and a good dope of lemon juice or vinegar. Then put the mixture into a shallow fireproof dish, pat it in a kindly way, sprinkle it heavily with baked breadcrumbs, adding or not adding some grated stale cheese and a few shavings of butter. Then hot up in the oven. It makes the cabbage more savoury to provide him with the company of a Spanish onion when he is being boiled, chopping it up with him when cooked.

Squeaker !

BUBBLE and Squeak is a most famous dish, but how it came by its queer name I do not know ; do you ? Chop up enough boiled cabbage, white for choice—that being the choicest ; pepper, salt, butter it, and put it into a hot, shallow fireproof dish with slices of cold boiled salt beef on top. A few shavings of butter or some beef suet. Then the oven for a short time. A touch of Worcestershire Sauce on the cabbage is a great improvement. Of course, there will be many " Bubble-and-Squeakers " who will sniff at this way of " bubble-and-squeaking." So do I sniff at it, with pleasure, for it is good. But, as somebody said, " *A sniff is as good as a feast.*" Another like and likeable dish is this, which may be called for short—

Red Cabbage.

NO true gentleman sings that his " Luv's like a red, red cabbage," much as that vegetable is to be admired. It is chiefly known in a " pickly " condition, which is a pity, for there are many admirable ways in which it can be enjoyed fresh, of which I think that the following is quite the best. Quarter and shred a couple, picking out the thick stalks. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, or casserole, and therein cook, until brown, four tablespoonfuls of very lean minced bacon. Then add the cabbages, duly peppered and salted, and a few shavings of butter, and stew very quietly for about an hour and a half, stirring now and then. As the old song said : " It is gently does the trick." At the end, add a fine splash of lemon juice or vinegar.

Pickle It !

UNLIKE children, red cabbages are praised when they are pickles. Here is the way they do it in Maryland, simply and satisfactorily : Slice the cabbages into a colander, sprinkling each layer with salt. After it has drained for ten days, put it into the jar or jars, filling up with boiling vinegar. That's all there is to it ! But I should like to add to it a few peppercorns or cloves, and a touch of minced shallot. Then it is very warmly welcomed.

A sniff is as good as a feast !

Brussels.

BRUSSELS Sprouts are first-class cousins to Mr. Cabbage. About them I have room for one hint only. Boil, say, a couple of pounds of them until tender, then put them in a colander, keeping them there until they are *thoroughly* de-watered. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, seeing to it that there is no burning, even though you may be Scotch and fond of your national poet ! Sorry ! Toss the sprouts in the butter, till they are nicely coated, season with pepper and salt. You may add, or may not, a dusting of grated nutmeg. You may, or may not, put them in a dish in company with poached eggs.

Cabbage Salads.

THESE are among the tastiest of salads, and are a great help when lettuces and other usuals cannot be procured. Yet how seldom we meet with them ; we should amend our salad ways.

For ordinary cabbage salad, shred very finely the crisp inner leaves, leaving out as much of the stalks as possible. What additions you make you must decide for yourself : beetroot, celery, a touch of shallot ; what not. Give it a simple French dressing — not every French toilette is elaborate !—namely, two parts of olive oil (beware of cheap and too often very nasty salad oils) to one part of lemon juice or vinegar, a little made mustard, possibly a trifle of soft sugar. Toss the salad in this in one bowl and lift it into another for serving. Never drown a salad with dressing. Red cabbage is done in the same way. In both cases it looks and eats well decorated with quartered hard-boileds.

Brussels sprouts make the most delicious salad. One of the very best. They must be boiled carefully, so that they are not broken, then colandered, but not squashed, so that they are freed from all water. When quite cold, dress them as above directed. Or undressed with a sprinkling of tomato ketchup. Some people do, but I do not, add diced beetroot and tiny bits of celery. And this is good too : a dozen cold boiled chestnuts, broken up small and mixed with about two loose breakfastcupfuls of the sprouts. Dressed as suggested.

Have You Tried P-and-C. this Way ?

BOIL a bit of pickled pork until it is about two thirds cooked and let the water drain away. In a pan, or a casserole, which will be better and save you the trouble of dishing-up put three or four not too lean rashers. On these a cabbage divided into quarters or less, an then the pork on top. Just enough stock to cover the whole, and for seasoning use pepper, a dash of grated nutmeg and quite a good deal of chopped parsley, though this last may be omitted. The seasoning in this, and all other dishes, must be in accordance with the taste of the cooker, who must beware of over-seasoning, a bad mistake. Simmer quietly until the cabbage is tender and the pork all that it should be.

ILLUSTRATED in the left-hand panel is, first of all, the Boudoir suit, which costs, with its sachet 79/6. The matching "Happicoat" is priced from 49s. 6d. The belt can be purchased for 5s. 6d., the top glove at 8s. 11d. the pair, and the lower one at 11s. 6d. The buttonhole of leather Gardenias is 3s. 6d. (bottom left of page, and the little shoulder brooch facing it is 8s. 9d

The LITTLE MORE— HOW MUCH!

ESPECIALLY in dress. Something that is new and *chic* and just a little different. Something that both your best friends and worst enemies will envy! Isn't that what you want when you go a-shopping? Well, then, this page is obviously for you.

You are including, of course, like every smart woman, a boudoir suit in your autumn outfit? The one shown on the left is the loveliest affair, one of "Tomorrow's" models, made of printed Crêpe de Chine, the Happicoat that "belongs" being carried out in broché Crêpe de Chine, and fitting neatly into a little matching case. The belt illustrated, that will give just the right touch to your sports jumper, is of coloured suède, in a setting of flexible metal with a beaded edge. And gloves? Two new styles are shown, one of Arabian lambskin, wool-lined and with fur at the wrist, the other of English doeskin, known as the "Wear Clean," and true to the name, to be obtained in putty, fawn and grey. The little bunch of leather Gardenias, is something new in buttonholes, and the dainty shoulder brooch beside it, of coloured stones set in metal, is a delightful little ornament. At the top of the page on the right is a charming velveteen Bridge coat that will turn up trumps on a chilly night, and just below it is a bag with the new gate-opening. No more fumbling while the taximeter runs up. This is to be found in leathers of various colours.

Its next-door neighbour is another leather button-hole—of begonias this time. Then a necklace of gilt metal, a most effective finish to an evening frock. And, finally, the latest in rain kit, that almost makes you pray for rain, carried out in a waterproof fabric with a suède finish in various colourings. Note the zip fastening, also the matching hat.

M.E.

THE velveteen Bridge coat at the top of the right-hand panel costs 21s. 9d. unlined, or lined Jap silk 32s. 6d. The leather bag with gate-opening frame is 23s. 6d.; the bunch of leather Begonias, 4s. 11d.; the Gilt Metal Necklet is 7s. 6d.; and the raincoat, with its zip fastening, 3½ guineas, the matching hat being priced at 7s. 6d.

Send your queries, marked "Fashion," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

"Dance Little Lady"

Dance In These

AN inviting frock and what's more at a most inviting price 9½ guineas! Carried out in the soft, supple Printed Velvet that, lending itself to draping and flounces, is Fashion's favourite at the moment. Isn't the design lovely? White roses, shaded with pink against a black background. And this is only one of various attractive colour schemes.

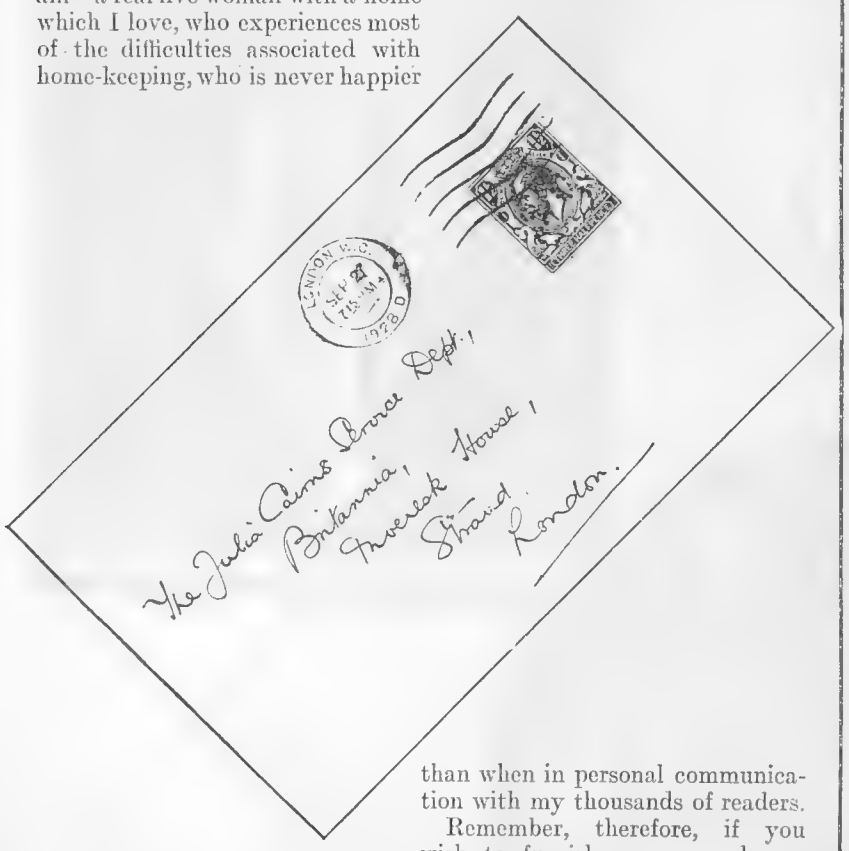
THIS model, carried out in lace in many fascinating shades, costs only 6½ guineas. Grace personified, with the skirt dipping in the fashionable manner, almost to the ground at the sides, and the bodice, achieving a bolero effect by means of clever draping—this has a fancy buckle for a finish. For the shoulder-straps, diamanti is used.

Send your queries to "Fashions," c/o the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

The Julia Cairns SERVICE DEPARTMENT

BRITANNIA is but one week old, yet already I have been happy to welcome the many inquiries which I have received from my readers all over the country. Happy to find that, after all, I was right when, in my opening article of last week, I assumed that the average British woman was full of sane common-sense. Keen, yes! very keen to find out all she can with regard to every matter concerning her home, her cooking, her children, her garden, herself (in which, of course, I include Beauty and Fashion).

There was a time, I remember, and not so very long ago—when those who read my articles, like those who attended my lectures, were somewhat slow and retiring when it came to actually asking questions. But the response I have had from readers of BRITANNIA makes me feel that many of these, my followers, have come to realise that I am not merely an unapproachable figure-head with an incalculable bank balance and little or no interest in the trivialities of life. No! Rather I am at last being taken for what I am—a real live woman with a home which I love, who experiences most of the difficulties associated with home-keeping, who is never happier



than when in personal communication with my thousands of readers.

Remember, therefore, if you wish to furnish your new home, to refurnish your old one, to alter, in part, the furniture you already have, to re-equip your home, write to me.

If you have wearied of your wall-papers, your distemper, your curtains, your carpets, your linoleum, your loose covers, or you feel that your cushions, your light shades, are not quite as you would like them—write to me.

If you fancy a change of Colour Scheme . . . if you require reliable information concerning all that is up-to-date in heating, lighting, cooking and electrical appliances, gas, coal, anthracite, oil, refrigerators, suction-cleaners, as well as the lesser though equally important labour-saving gadgets . . . write and ask me.

Again, if you require any information relative to cooking or gardening, write to my own Service Department, marking your envelopes "Cooking" or "Garden," as the case may be.

And in precisely the same way, I want each woman reader of BRITANNIA to make full use of the Beauty and Fashion advice which the Julia Cairns Service Department extends to all.

Briefly, let me help you.

J. C.

THE
PRESERVENE METHOD of WASHING

Saves 1/- each Wash and 3 Hours' Work

Although it is a fact that Preservene Soap is double the price of any other soap, weight for weight, it is nevertheless true that it

Saves 1/- each Wash and 3 Hours' Work

THE PRESERVENE METHOD OF WASHING

is childishly simple. You merely shred three quarters of a bar of Preservene on a suet grater hooked over the copper tap into six or eight gallons of water. Bring to the boil, then put in the soiled linen. Boil for fifteen minutes (longer if you like) and, after rinsing, all is snowy white. No white powders are necessary.

Woollens, colours, and silks are washed separately in warm Preservene.

Saves 1/- each Wash and 3 Hours' Work

Preservene contains Glycerine, Ammonia, Eucalyptus, Borax, etc.

Preservene is used by over one million women.

It is sold in over 50,000 shops in Great Britain and Ireland.

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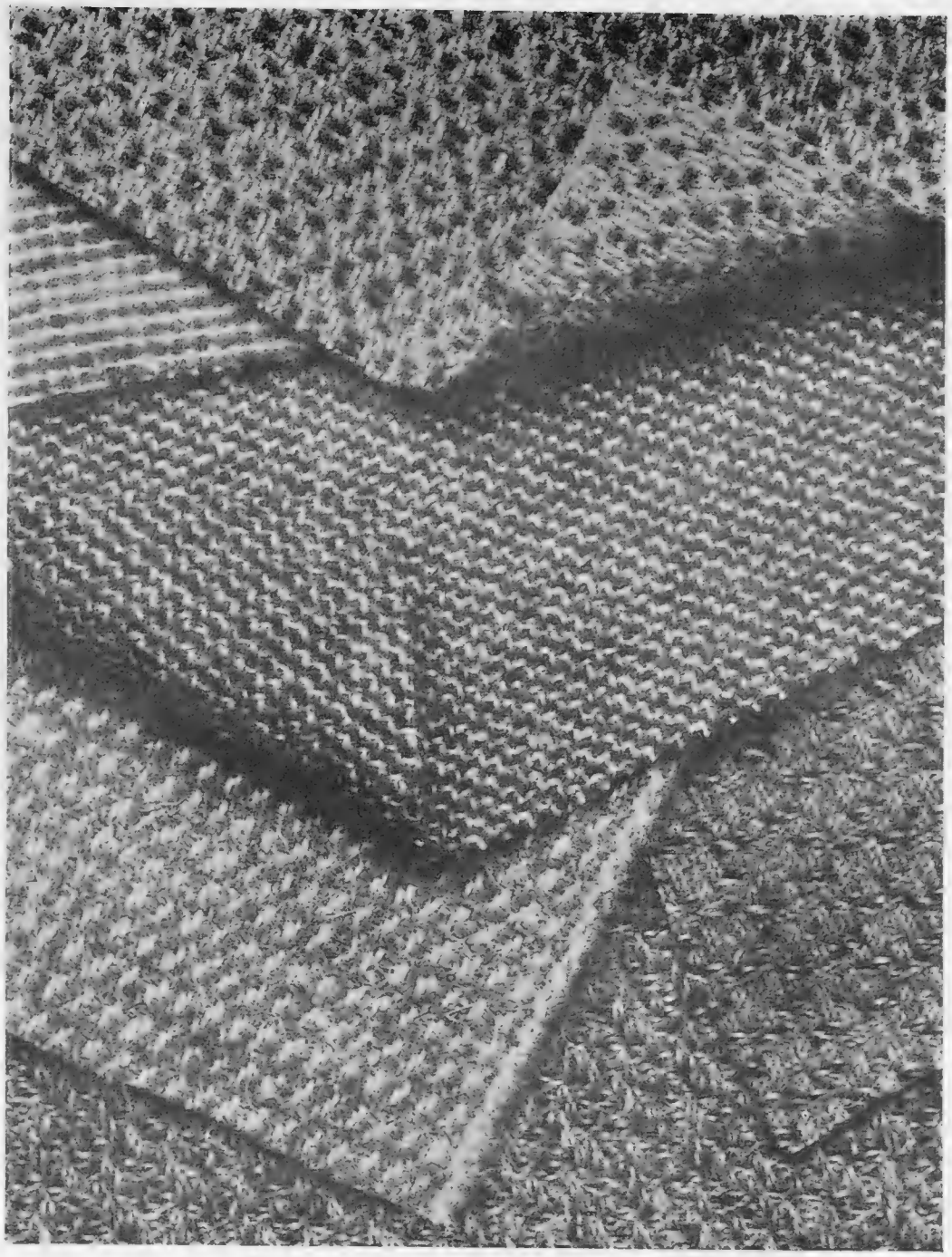
Tweeds in the Forefront of Fashion.



AN ATTRACTIVE SCOTCH TWEED SUITABLE FOR WALKING COATS.

WEST OF ENGLAND COATING IS USED FOR MANY OF THE LATEST ENSEMBLES

CUMBERLAND TWEED SMOOTH AND CLOSELY WOVEN IS IDEAL FOR SMARTLY TAILORED SUITS AND COATS.

HARRIS TWEED, WITH ITS CHARACTERISTIC "PEATY FLAVOURS," IS FIRST FAVOURITE FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

SCOTCH TWEED, LOOSELY WOVEN AND DELIGHTFULLY WARM, MEETS THE CASE FOR COUNTRY OVERCOATS.

PRICES 8/11 A YARD. 54 INCHES WIDE.

ANOTHER VARIETY OF SCOTCH TWEED WITH A RAISED PATTERN, SUITED FOR MOTORING AND STEAMER WEAR.

OF course you'll include something in tweed in your autumn outfit, for nothing is better suited to any and every occasion than tweed in its latest variety, and at the moment nothing is smarter. For the perfectly tailored suit, in which you do your morning shopping—for the fur-trimmed overcoat, that, in spite of being light in weight, will keep you most delightfully warm—for that rough country wrap that simply doesn't care what the elements provide—tweeds are ideal. Indeed, weather never does affect tweeds for they are always specially shrunk and proofed. Then there's the ensemble suitable for afternoon and restaurant wear, etc. To-day tweed is used for this too—for the coat and the skirt of the frock at least; the jumper top, sometimes joined to the skirt and sometimes not, is made of crêpe-de-Chine or stockinette in a shade that tones. There's your country suit too. Of course that will be made of tweed—preferably hand-woven and conjuring up with its characteristic Harris flavour (caused by the material being impregnated with peat smoke, when it is hung up to dry in the crofters' smoky cottages), picture on picture of glorious tramps over the wind-swept moors. The latest fashions in tweeds! What are they? Well, basket weaves are popular; so are broken checks, also blurred mixtures, with an outstanding fleck. Loose weaves are used for coats, closer ones for suits. In colours it is all the brownish tints that prevail, often flecked, however, with shades that are as bright as the silks with which they are combined in ensembles. The ensemble idea has also spurred manufacturers to concentrate in producing light-weight fabrics; tweeds in the past were sometimes on the heavy side! In one London store above 30,000 yards of tweed—over 17 miles—is in stock for the Season! A fact, recently reported in the Daily Press, that gives some indication of its popularity.

The tweed industry has been steadily developing ever since woman, realising at once the marvellous possibilities of tweeds with their fascinating texture and lovely colourings, turned envious eyes on the mixtures worn by her male acquaintances for shooting, and converted them to her own wardrobe. And they now hail, not only from Scotland, but from Ireland and from every part of England. Once labelled "For Sport Only," British tweeds have become first favourites in the field of woollen fabrics, not only in the country of their origin and in our Dominions overseas, but in Paris, New York, everywhere, indeed, where the well-dressed woman is found.

MARJORY CHARLTON.

Send your queries, marked "Fashions," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inverness House, Strand, London, together with a stamped addressed envelope.

Winsome Frocks for the Wee People.

"DRESS my children fashionably? Of course I do. I like them to feel right in their clothes as well as warm and comfortable"..... so says the mother of To-day. So tiny overcoats are cut much on the same lines as Papa's and Mama's, and Party frocks have flaring skirts and tight bodices. Assistants, in the shops that cater for the special needs of the Younger Generation, are getting quite a wholesome respect for their taste. It's a case of "I want this coat, Mummy"; "That hat, please"; "I don't like this colour." of To-day Children are born with a Dress Sense.

PANNE velvet is used for the quaint little frock on the extreme right, with its tight-fitting bodice and flaring skirt. In size 20 it costs 45/9, and isn't its next-door neighbour quite the sweetest thing in Party frocks, made of Georgette over silk and all complete with pockets for bringing home the pretty things out of the crackers? In an 18 inch size it is 49/9.

MODERN PARENTS LOOK FOR SMARTNESS, AS WELL AS WARMTH AND COMFORT IN THEIR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

THEY almost quack, the ducks, embroidered in teazle wool on the knitted suit in the centre (from 22/9). The overcoat next door is the most manly affair (size 18, 43/6)—and Sister too, as well she may do likes her winter coat with its fur collar. This cost 61/-

YOUR children won't catch cold in the Winter if you dress them, not only inside but outside in pure wool—light and supple, hard-wearing, and unaffected by changes of temperature. The frock immediately on the left, for instance, will suit your Four-Year-Old. Note the borders of a contrasting colour. Your Three-Year-Old will be ever so comfy in the centre frock with its nice big pockets. Your Six-Year-Old will look well in the practical little dress on the extreme right. These frocks are carried out in a variety of colourings, all fast to Sunlight and washing. Complete with knickers, from 18/-.

Send your queries, marked "Fashion," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Inexpensive FURS

YOU know, don't you, almost without my telling you, that furs do give a finish, a *chic* to almost any *ensemble*. You can't quite "get away with it" without giving due thought to furs—and if you are wise you will do this well ahead of the Winter Season. For, although the neatest tailor-made and the most fascinating hat are, admittedly, becoming, somehow it *does* take a fur to supplement the whole, to give the real finish.

If you have hitherto been inclined to regard a fur coat or other furs as something of a luxury, think for a moment and see whether you have been right. Realise how many of your thinner frocks, which you have worn during the warm months, will be able to double their duty beneath the sheltering cosiness of a well-chosen fur coat! Again, your coat and skirts, with which you may have become almost contemptuously familiar, will assume quite a new appearance to your friends, unless they know nothing whatever about dress, and will give you yourself an entirely new interest in them if you choose your furs wisely.

IN the Fur Department of a large West-End house, it is possible to-day to buy a perfectly worked coney coat for thirteen guineas. (No! This isn't a misprint!) In this same Department you can spend 265 guineas on a Kolinsky model. There is a price for every pocket.

Take, for instance, the fur coats illustrated here, all of which are the Season's new models, cut on straight, slimming lines, with long revers, yet wrapping well over in front. None of that draughty feeling toward the knees when you sit down! The one on the extreme left is carried out in Sable-Marmot, one of those delightful furs equally suitable for day or evening wear. Its price? £31 10s. For the model next to it Seal-Coney is used, the collar and cuffs being of Skunk, also the border with its fashionable scalloped effect, and it costs £55. American Broadtail, beige in colour, expresses the centre-right model; this, costing 25 guineas, has a Fox collar, that contrasts effectively with the pale shade of the fur.

THE coat on the extreme right, showing something new in cuffs, is made of Mole-skins, the skins being particularly effectively worked and displayed, and it is priced at 30 guineas. Now stoles, all-important from the point of view of smartness as well as warmth. The Stone Marten choker tie, over on the left, is £5 15s., and very *chic* too! and the centre sketch of Sable-dyed Marmot is 35s., a really marvellous opportunity, isn't it? The handsome stole, which is sketched on the right, of tipped, Hudson Bay Canadian sable, is £25.

(Continued on page 176)

Send your queries, marked "Fashions," together with a stamped addressed envelope to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., Inveresk House, Strand, London

Inexpensive FURS

(*Continued from previous page.*)

AND having decided that you are going to be clad in furs this winter, which particular furs are you going to choose? For there are not only furs at every price, but furs to suit every occasion. If it's a case of one woman, one coat (a pretty usual state of things!) do choose it with both town and country wear in view. Most furs are entirely adaptable in this respect. It is only a few of the darker ones, Persian lamb, Seal-Musquash, Seal-Coney, etc. (very smart for town wear this winter) that seem better suited to pavements than roads and fields. And for your overcoat don't choose a very striking fur—leopard skin for instance, or you may wish that you could "change your spots" before the winter is out! The American Broadtail in the beige, brown and cocoa shades is new and smart for general wear. Pony-skin is a wise choice if you want a fur coat for really hard wear and one that will "shed" rain. Nothing looks nicer than white coney in the evening, whether in the form of a coat or cloak. But perhaps you aren't reading the fur news because you want to buy a coat, but because, having one already, you hope there is no radical change in line! Well, even if there isn't, there are various subtle differences that mark to-day's styles from those of yesterday! Take another glance at the models on the previous page! Never mind! A skilled furrier can do wonders in the way of "old furs for new," and at a very reasonable price. No woman can afford to be a back number to-day, even in a Sable coat!

DON'T forget that furs get dirty too! To clean them efficaciously, wash a stiff bristled brush and cover the bristles with absorbent cotton wool. Then brush, always the way the fur runs, with a firm, yet gentle touch, changing the cotton wool as it gets dirty. And finish by giving the article in question a "good shake."

AND when your furs get wet, hang them where the warmth of the fire will reach them, but not too near. Shake from time to time. And when thoroughly dry, replace the disordered surface by gently working it with the hand.

YOU can clean white furs easily at home if you mix starch with cold water until it becomes a paste of the consistency of cream, and rub it into the fur that requires cleaning. The cuffs, elbows and collar of a white coney coat can be treated in this way, as well as stoles. At first glance your fur may appear to be ruined! Don't worry—it is quite a safe treatment. Leave the starch on all night, and by the morning when it is completely dry, it can be easily removed with the fingers and the fur shaken.

AND to combat moths use Formaldehyde, which is practically odourless, sprinkling a few drops from time to time over the brown paper that lines the trunk or drawer in which furs are stored. It is a strong poison, so the safest plan is to keep it in a small bottle with a sprinkler top, among the furs themselves.

AND a word, in conclusion, on kindness to furs! Do you ever consider what a bad time they get to-day? Don't listen to grandmamma when she says "my Sealskin" coat or "my Sables" (lucky grandmamma!) "lasted me all my life," for those same Sealskins and Sables spent quite half *their* life comfortably packed away in camphor. Your's have no off-time. They are on duty, morning, noon and night, all the year round. They set off the flimsiest of summer frocks. They keep you snug and warm in July as well as December. No wonder they require replacing oftener, and need, once a year at the very least, cleaning and overhauling. If you knew how many pounds of actual dirt *some* women carry about with them on their furs, you'd be surprised. So if you haven't had this done already, my advice to you is, "Do it now!"

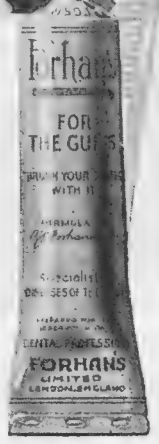
KATHLEEN GRANT.

Smiling lips may reveal clean, white teeth—BUT..

Even when smiling lips reveal teeth of flashing whiteness, Pyorrhœa may be launching its attack. White teeth are not the pledge of security. Gums must be kept firm, alive and healthy. Unaware of this, 4 persons out of 5 over forty, and thousands younger, surrender health to Pyorrhœa.

By following a simple régime, you can safeguard health and teeth. See your dentist every six months, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer Forhan's For the Gums. It protects the teeth from acids which cause decay, and keeps gums firm, helping them to resist Pyorrhœa. Don't wait for the gums to bleed and teeth to loosen in their sockets. Start using Forhan's For the Gums, morning and night, and teach your children this good habit.



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Lazy gums invite trouble. Exercise them with Forhan's For the Gums. Morning and night massage gums with Forhan's For the Gums, following directions that come with tube.

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AND YOU YOURSELF.

EVERY mirror tells a story! What does your's say? Does it reflect cheeks warm and soft, transparently clear, aglow with perfect health? Eyes fresh and sparkling, of hair radiantly beautiful? Or does it show you eyes that are tired and languid, cheeks a little muddy-looking perhaps, drawn, rather wan; hair that is lifeless, lank and dull? Whichever the picture reflects, believe me, there is more and more beauty for you to learn, to cultivate from that which Nature has already given you.

HAVE YOU ACQUIRED *The Beauty Habit?*

By Sonia

YOU are a very busy person, I know . . . there are the children to look after, or, maybe, the office to go to, so I suppose I must not be too greedy. But twenty minutes a day in all does seem such a very short time, so if you could spare a little more . . .

The chief thing for us to do is to work out a time-table, so that the one thing we are sure of is that the most is made of that twenty minutes.

I suppose that all this time you wonder what I am talking about. I refer to the TEN MINUTES which you are going to spend on yourself every night before getting into bed and every morning before getting dressed, in the cause of Beauty—your Beauty.

AT night-time there is, first of all, the cleaning to be done. Dip the tips of your fingers into a jar of good cleansing cream and gently massage it into your face with an upward movement—this will thoroughly cleanse the pores. Then remove it with a very soft towel or an absorbent tissue.

After this your face and neck should be massaged with your special skin food (chosen carefully to suit your own particular requirements). Begin by massaging upwards from the chin to the corner of the cheek-bone, near the temples, then from the centre of the forehead to the temples, also from the lower parts of the cheek to the side of the nose. A fairly large quantity of the skin food should be gently applied near the eyes.

THE neck, too, needs special care and massage; sometimes dark patches, caused by the rubbing of a fur collar, will disfigure it. An easy remedy is to bathe the patches with witch hazel, or a reliable bleaching cream. The neck that is no longer young should have a good nourishing food frequently applied—something that will help to firm up sagging muscles. When you rise in the morning drink a glass of cold water or pure orange juice, and once more apply the cleansing cream. Wipe away the cream and sponge the face with cold soft water. A good astringent lotion will finally tone up the skin, tightening the muscles and making the complexion fresh and clear.

So many women are apt to suffer from eye strain, and they may not know that an eye bath of pure lotion, used night and morning, will do a great deal to alleviate this. One very good remedy is to bathe them with milk, which must be perfectly fresh and just off the chill.

THE hands, also, are a very important detail of every woman's toilet. Apart from a regular manicure, make a point of rubbing a special hand lotion, containing some proportion of glycerine, into them, moistening the cuticles in a little cuticle cream, and pressing them down with an orange stick.

Teeth that are to look pearly white must have more than a regular night and morning cleaning. It is a good plan to brush the teeth with a small quantity of peroxide of hydrogen in half a tumblerful of water; this, of course, in addition to the regular application of some genuinely good health-giving dentrifice.

THE question of your hair? If the scalp is inclined to be dry, massage it with a good hair oil the night before it is shampooed. In the case of a greasy scalp, a special lotion should be applied two or three times a week, but you will be wise to consult your hair-dresser about this. It is unfortunate that, with the advent of the shingle, brushing and combing of the hair has almost been forgotten—you will do well to remember this if you wish your hair to be your "Crowning Glory."

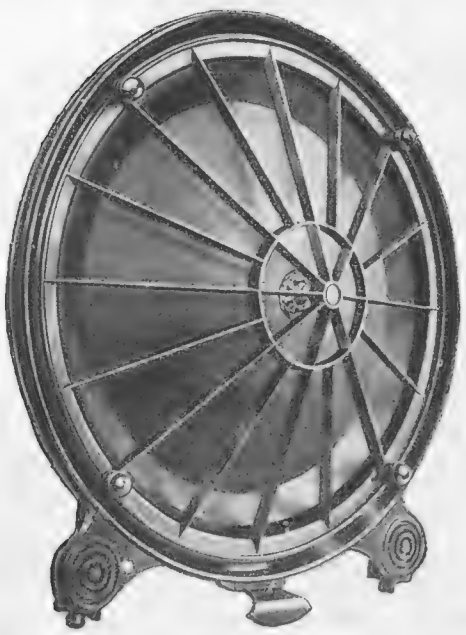
From personal experience I have found it an excellent plan, whilst inevitably carrying out the general treatment which must not be neglected, to emphasise a special aspect of the toilet each night, such as the hands, arms, the teeth, the feet and the neck.

After a few weeks of this regular treatment night and morning look in your mirror once again. Look well.

What does it tell you?

Send your queries marked "Beauty," to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

"It will discourse most exquisite music."



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Model D £5 : 0 : 0
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ARKS.

RADIO REFLECTIONS

By ROBERT W. BEARE

WITH the general adoption of a mains supply of all forms of current for the radio set, I expect that we shall hear less of one particular type of trouble which affects everyone who is dependent upon batteries—deterioration of performance for no apparent reason.

The expert naturally knows where to look when his wireless set goes off colour; or rather, he knows what to do and when to do it, to prevent this from happening. And I might say that prevention is better than cure in this as in all other matters.

The general symptoms of deterioration make themselves apparent after a new set has been in satisfactory operation for a considerable period, possibly as long as three months. It is then suddenly noticed that the voice of the loud speaker has an edge to it which no amount of adjustment of the diaphragm will eliminate.

Too much reaction is the next obvious solution. but when the "volume" knob is turned back towards zero, the quantity of sound is reduced without improving its quality.

H.T. Battery Life.

And then the uninstructed operator is in a tangle. He knows positively that the accumulator is all right, as it is freshly charged, while the high tension battery must be good for a long time yet. That is just the trouble, perhaps it ought to be, but it isn't! There is a general belief that a H.T. battery will last six months, and I have been surprised to find the number of people who accept the idea blindly without troubling to inquire how many hours per night it should be used to have a six months' life, or how many valves it is supposed to supply.

This belief is, I imagine, a relic of the early days when the majority of us tinkered with single valve sets, and as there was little broadcasting, the number of hours per day which we put in with the headphones on was comparatively limited.

Now, however, a good family wireless set may be in use almost all day long, and as it may have anything up to eight valves, the life of the battery must be much shorter. Further, a short-sighted form of economy which is indulged in quite frequently—the replacement of the original H.T. batteries with others of lower price and small size, is bound to lead to trouble, and without much delay.

Be Merciful.

Those small batteries are perfectly good and lasting if used for the modest purposes for which they are designed, but if asked to do double, treble, and even quadruple duty they will throw up the sponge without argument or warning.

It is one of the penalties that we have to pay for the wonderful efficiency of modern valves that we must keep them adequately supplied with H.T. It is not merely that starvation in this respect will reduce volume. That would not matter a great deal, for any up-to-date set is capable of giving a greater output than we can possibly use in our homes, and a decrease in volume would be easily adjusted. But quality simply disappears if the valves are not worked exactly as they are intended to be. Too much H.T. is a much better fault than not enough, from the valve's point of view.

Bias, without Prejudice.

There is another less tangible fault than the gradual failure of the high tension battery, though the former is intimately connected with the latter. It is the misadjustment of the grid bias of the various valves which results from the uneven drain upon the respective batteries. The amount of energy taken from the little G.B. cells is many times less than the demand upon the H.T., and the former naturally holds its original voltage much longer.

Supposing, therefore, that a particular valve requires 150 volts of H.T., with 18 volts of negative bias, it is only to be expected that after a month or two of use the high tension may have dropped to 100 volts, whereas the grid bias remains somewhere in the neighbourhood of the initial figure.

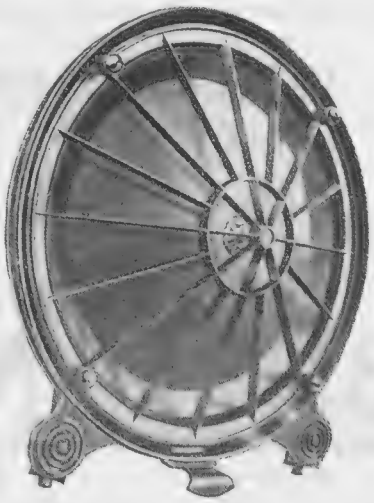
Distortion is very likely to result, and if due to this cause it is difficult to trace, since the last thing the seeker after trouble would be likely to do, unless he knew, would be to reduce the output of a part worn battery.

The best cure is, of course, the replacement of the big battery, but a temporary remedy is often found in the reduction of the grid bias voltage to match the fallen H.T. voltage.

The Eureka, a typical up-to-date portable with the latest valve arrangement.

Television and the Truth.

I find that many people would like to know the exact truth as to the position of television in the realm of practical radio. And I am more than sorry to say that I cannot tell them. There was an official air of mystery on the subject at the recent Radio Show at Olympia, which might have meant anything or nothing, but had the unfortunate effect of scaring earnest inquirers.



A Mullard "Pure Music" Cone Speaker.

Now I, in common with hundreds, or maybe thousands, of other everyday people interested in every phase of radio, had a demonstration of the Baird televisor during the progress of the show.

Taking that which I saw and heard at its face value, I am bound to say that all that is claimed is performed after a fashion. Whether the living, moving image of the performer which one views through a large lens while listening to his or her voice from the loud speaker is the kind of thing that the public desires is a matter of opinion. It behoves us to be a little charitable, in view of the fact that seeing by wireless is but an infant, and the combined wireless receiver and televisor is certainly a nice piece of furniture.

But if that which I saw down at Kensington represents the best that television can do at the moment, then I am afraid that we are still a long way from the time when a broadcast service is either desirable or likely to be a popular success.

Testing the Pick-up.

Several cases of disappointment have come under my notice in instances where friends have, at my instance, invested in pick-ups in order to make the most of their gramophones by coupling up the wireless amplifier and loud speaker. One which I investigated only last week is typical, and may be a warning to any reader similarly placed.

I was told that the results obtainable were. if anything, not so good as those of the unaided gramophone, and the implication was that my advice had brought about an unnecessary expenditure. This had to be looked into, of course, and as the pick-up was one which I knew to be among the best on the market I was prepared to find a fault elsewhere.

Anyway, the necessary connections were made and the gramophone turned on. The reason for the trouble was immediately apparent. It was the wireless set itself which was at fault. The symptoms indicated an insufficiency of grid bias, and this was quickly rectified, when results were all that could be desired in regard to both volume and quality.

My friends naturally wanted to know how it was that the set gave good results on radio, and yet was unsatisfactory with the gramophone, and I think the commonsense reason is that the adjustment of the bias of the power valves needed to be much more critical owing to the considerably greater volume of the gramophone input. Reasons for dissatisfaction in other cases have been similar, and the moral is that one cannot expect to obtain good results from the best of gramophone pick-ups unless radio set and loud speaker are themselves in good order.

It is a very obvious and simple point, but one that is often overlooked. Trifling faults in wireless reception, which are ignored through familiarity, become painfully apparent when the gramophone is used with the set.

If your radio won't work write to BRITANNIA *about it.*

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

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Although its performance includes a smoothness that is wholly fascinating, acceleration that automatically induces a high average speed, and a maximum pace of well over a mile a minute, its running costs include such desirabilities as 23 miles to the gallon of fuel, a very low oil consumption and, thanks to its smooth engine and fine suspension, remarkably low tyre wear.

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See it at Olympia. Arrange with your dealer to try it in your own district.

OLYMPIA, STAND 125

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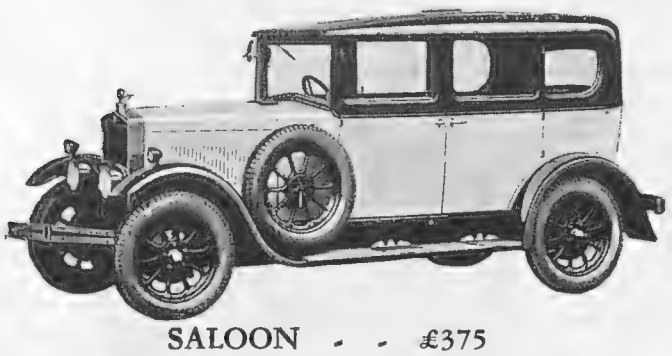

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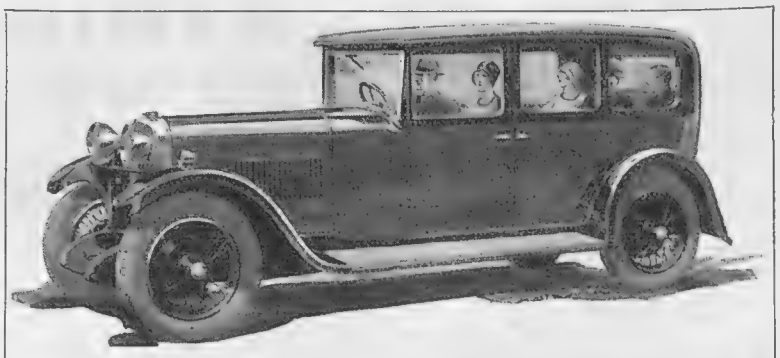

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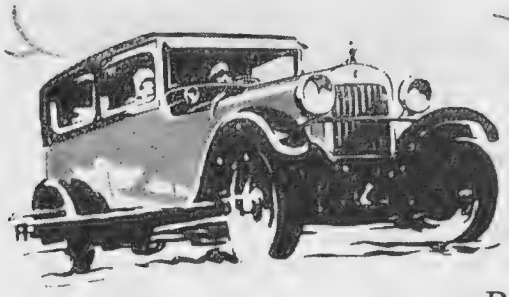
A.J.W.

THE MOTOR SHOW

What says BRITANNIA?

READ MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE'S REVIEW
EXCLUSIVELY IN "BRITANNIA"
October 12th and 19th Issues.



Auto Suggestions

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

How to Buy a Car.

THE imminence of the Motor Show, and the embarrassment of choice offered to the prospectively purchasing visitor suggest to me that a warning may not be out of place. Unless the would-be purchaser has his plans cut and dried as to the stands to be visited and the particular cars to be critically examined, he is likely to become the more confused and unsettled the longer he stays at Olympia. If the various halls be toured without a definite scheme, each car examined seems to possess fresh points of attractiveness, until the original list of perhaps a dozen "possibles" is extended indefinitely.

Much the best plan is to make quite sure before going to Olympia that the provisional list of suitable cars really does include all those that may be profitably considered, and thereafter rigidly to resist the temptation to add to that list. Find out from the catalogue where the stands in question lie, and map out a tour of the building that shall take them all in. Examine every selected car—and go home! Study the pros and cons coolly and collectively, and then pay another visit to the show for the general purposes of sight seeing.

It is a great pity to place an order in a hurry, in the bustle and confusion of the show. There is no particular need for haste, anyway, and nothing is more disappointing than belated regret.

But I know what a difficult matter is that of car selection, especially in these days when nearly all are excellent in their different classes, and I should like to express my willingness to give whatever assistance lies within my power to any reader who cares to write and detail his problems to me. Limit of price, type of car, the probabilities as to the kind of service demanded of the car, and every possible particular of this kind should be stated, and it would help if correspondents would name any particular vehicles that have caught their fancy.

When the long-anticipated opening of the Olympia Motor Show takes place, less than a week hence, there may or may not be surprises in store for the motoring public.

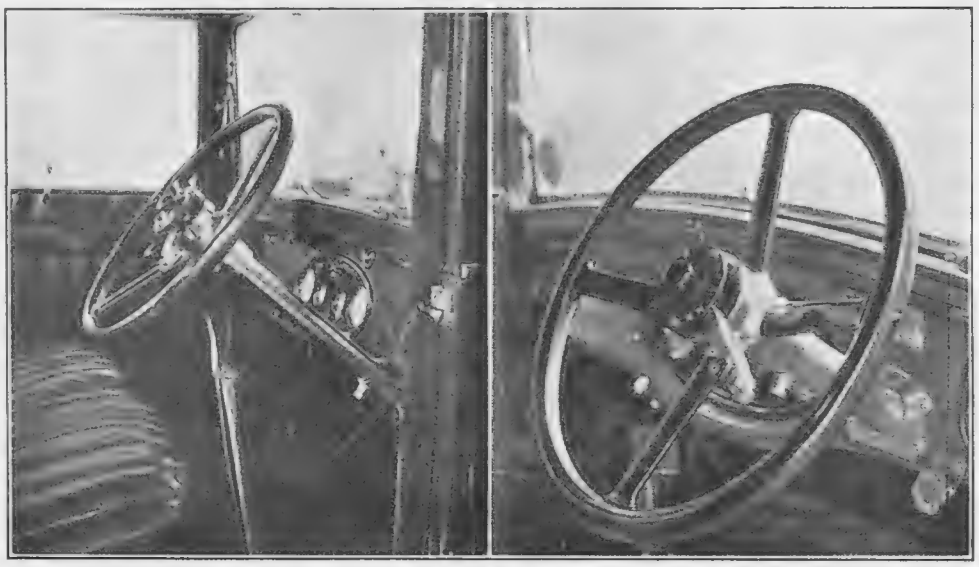
Personally, I think that the day of revolutionary change is long past, and that the most noteworthy developments of the year are already known. Of them all, I think the most notable is the tendency towards the simplification of gearbox control, either by some special device in the gearbox itself, or by the use of a free-wheel clutch.

Notable Progress.

Armstrong-Siddeley cars, with their semi-automatic gearboxes, are in the limelight, and I regard the enterprise of this firm in definitely abolishing all the terrors of gear-changing as the most praiseworthy feature of automobile progress that we have seen for many years.

That there is not anything particularly new about the idea of the form of gearbox control adopted is beside the point. Every one must realise that possibly the most desirable improvement in motor car design is the simplification of gear changing—and here, at last, is a firm which has the courage of its convictions.

It is rather a pity, and I should imagine that the firm in question would be the first to realise it, that in certain quarters exaggerated claims have been made for the Armstrong-Siddeley innovation. The public may have been led to expect more than is actually given. To call the gearbox "automatic" is incorrect. It is fool-proof; and an expert change may be made by an absolute novice every time in almost any circumstances. That is all; but surely it is enough!



Two views showing pre-selective control on the steering wheel which replaces the ordinary gear lever.

Wanted: A Gearbox Which Thinks.

Unfortunately, automaticity and gearbox control don't go well together, and to call a new device automatic without mitigating qualifications is by way of being an insult.

Let us just consider the utmost that an automatic device could do, on the one hand, and the requirements of gear control on the other. An entirely automatic gear change could only start off from neutral into the lowest possible ratio, and increase the ratio steadily as the speed of the car increased towards a fixed point. At that point, the gear ratio would become the highest allowed for in the design.

Similarly, in decreasing speed, so soon as that fixed speed was reached, the gear ratio would begin to lower itself again. That is all very nice, of course; but how about those times when one wishes to dawdle along peacefully at scarcely any miles per hour, with the engine ticking over? or those other times when a hill can only be climbed quickly by dropping to a lower gear and accelerating rather fiercely?

No automatic device can allow for these and other departures from the normal. Many have been invented and patented, and the particulars of a large number have been published, but the difficulties which I have outlined have always stood in the way of their practical adoption. They fall just short of perfection, for the simple reason that no gearbox will ever be made that can think!

Try Turning off the Petrol!

We hear very little of motoring fire risks in these days, but although the development of the car has reduced them to almost negligible proportions, the risk is still there. The danger of fire from external causes—the careless lighting of a match or dropping of a lighted match while the petrol tank is being refilled for instance—is obvious, but I do not suppose every modern owner is aware of how easily neglect in the maintenance of the car may cause a fire. The simple matter of a sagging high tension wire is sufficient. The insulation becomes frayed, and when the motion of the car causes the wire to sway towards any metal part of the frame or engine, a spark may jump the gap. It needs only the existence of petrol or petrol vapour due to a leaky pipe joint or badly seating needle valve to cause an outbreak. The car's demise is written down to natural causes, no doubt, but the real reason is criminal negligence.

Not only the high tension wires but those carrying the lighting current as well should be frequently inspected for the same reason. It is quite a general practice to use only one insulated wire for the lamps, the circuit being completed through the frame of the car. If, therefore, the insulation becomes faulty, a dead short circuit between wire and frame may result, and although the usual effect is the instant blowing of a fuse, there is always the possibility that loose petrol or vapour may become ignited.

As to the quelling of an outbreak, I suppose everyone knows that water merely spreads the flames, and makes it certain that total destruction will result. One of the several chemical extinguishers should be carried in an accessible position in every car; but, failing that, it is often possible to smother the flames with a coat or rug. The first thing to do is to turn off the petrol, and at a guess I should say that nearly fifty per cent. of comparative beginners don't even know where their petrol taps are situated! It is worth while to find out, and to practice turning off the tap quickly.

Signposting at Home and Abroad.

There are people who profess never to be able to see any good in their own country, or in anything connected with it. I am not one

(*Continued overleaf*)

Auto Suggestions—*continued*

A bad way of doing a good thing. Sign post in Morocco.

of them; but——! Take sign posting, for instance. We could improve our road conditions so easily if our highway authorities would only use a little commonsense, or would deign to take notice of what is being done elsewhere.

Yes, I know that under the latest road schemes there is an improvement, but in any case this applies only to main roads. And here and there throughout the country one comes across a series of signs erected by the local authority which leaves little to be desired.

And, even so, I have to admit that I have seen very much more sensible road signs and signboards abroad than are to found at home. Generally speaking, on the Continent signposts are erected of a type, and in a position, suitable to modern traffic.

The photographs reproduced on this page illustrate the point. In the case of both the Moroccan and French signs, it is possible to read them without diminishing speed, and the indications are clear and unmistakable. The contrast between these modern signposts and the typical example of the posts still to be found—decrepit and indecipherable—on our country roads is almost tragic.

Fortunately, as I say, matters are now a little better on the main roads, but sufficient effort does not appear to be made to place the signs in such a position that they may be easily read from the car before a turning is reached.

To Cyclists—Show a Light.

Another little matter in which the law is concerned is worth consideration—rear lights for cyclists. The motorist, subject still to a technical though obsolete speed limit, should be the last to inveigh against law-breakers in other spheres, but I have been amazed on several recent night-drives to observe the unanimity with which cyclists are ignoring the comparatively new rear lighting law, and the passivity of the police. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that non-observance is becoming more and more general; so much so, in fact, that I should estimate that there are now very few more cyclists carrying rear lamps or reflectors than there were before the law came into force. From the motoring point of view conditions have been aggravated rather than ameliorated by the passing of the law. Actually, however, the remaining moral necessity is greater than before.

The Tortoise and a Hare.

Since there's no sentiment in business, I don't quite know why motorists should have felt so pleased and hopeful when Sir William Joynson-Hicks became Home Secretary. The fact that he had been chairman for many years of the Automobile Association, and might be presumed to have pro-motoring tendencies, meant very little. Are we not all motorists nowadays—even Winston Churchill? And look what he did to us in the spring!

I never imagined for a moment that all our troubles would disappear at the instant of Jix's appointment. I therefore feel all the more keenly that he is to be congratulated upon the policy of merely warning first motoring offenders which he instituted recently. In England this warning takes the form of a letter from the

Neglected signposts often found in our country lanes.

police authority, I understand; I haven't had one yet, but I did have a personal experience of the operation of a similar policy in the far north of Britain—Inverness-shire, to wit. This was before Sir William's announcement, by the way. I had driven through the deserted streets of a large village at a speed which I had not considered to be unduly fast, but which had attracted the attention of the local constable.

He pedalled his bicycle after me and asked to see my licence. When he handed it back, I remarked: "Well, what does this mean? A summons?" The constable said: "No, there will be no summons. The police do not trap in this county, but the Chief Constable expects that motorists in return will behave considerately and reasonably!"

Surely that is the right attitude? Placed on his honour in this way, no decent motorist could help behaving himself. But I particularly noticed that the constable was not out of breath after catching up to me, and have, therefore, deep admiration for the physical condition of the Inverness-shire police!

Speed at a Standstill.

While the very words "Royal Commission" suggest interminable delay and inconclusive results, it must be admitted that consideration of the growing traffic congestion problem is essential. Matters cannot be allowed to go on as they are, because in both town and country the road transport question is getting out of hand. The Royal Commission on Road Transport, therefore, is a desirable means to the end of finding a solution to the problem, only, however, if it proves to have a higher average speed and much better acceleration than is normal to Royal Commissions. The trouble with the traffic problem is not merely that its seriousness is increasing, but that the rate of increase itself is increasing.

The position of the Commission in regard to the problem reminds me of the story of the owner of a well-known luxury type of car who pulled up at a filling station to have his petrol tank replenished. The attendant pumped and pumped for a while, and then walked round to the owner: "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but would you mind switching off your engine? I can't keep pace with it!" In other words, unless the Royal Commission works on business lines and gets a real move on, the traffic of London will have congested itself to a standstill before a conclusion has been reached.

The Invisible Speedometer.

Since the motor-car manufacturer is not superhuman the perfect car does not exist. It is actually possible to find as many faults with the most expensive and luxurious vehicle as it is with the little, general purpose runabout. They are not the same faults, of course, But there is one fault which I have observed in connection with all classes of cars, and it is so irritatingly obvious to the user while being so easily remedied that one wonders why it is permitted to persist. It is to the invisibility of the speed indicator that I am referring. In a very large proportion of cases the indicator is fitted on the right hand side of the instrument board, with a clock to balance it on the left. Unfortunately, the rim of the steering wheel cuts across the line of vision from the driver's eyes to the indicator, and often one of the spokes of the wheel adds to the trouble. The clock, of course, is entirely unobscured, and can be read instantly at any time. It may not be essential to know one's speed all the time, but I believe the majority of drivers do go by the speedometer to a very large extent, and inability to see at a glance the pace of the car is apt to be disconcerting.

A group of cyclists who want all the road

WATER SPEED

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

WILL the road hog discover on the water a fresh field for the activities which growing traffic congestion is automatically limiting on the highway ?

The query is suggested by a paragraph which I noticed in the news recently. The Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron was complaining at a meeting of the Cowes Harbour Commissioners of the grave danger and nuisance caused by the excessive speed of high-power motor boats. One commissioner said that he had had a narrow escape from being run down by a yacht travelling at probably forty knots.

Speeding on the Upper Reaches of the Thames.

Speeding on Upper Thames.

Well, I expect history will repeat itself to some extent, although with the lesson of the road before us it will be a great pity if we do not use circumspection in the time and manner of our indulgence in the thrills of the new pastime.

Apart from regulations on the subject, the upper reaches of the Thames, for instance, are obviously unsuitable for trying out a racing hydroplane. The craft, indeed, is unsuitable for river work, where its wash is likely to cause inconvenience or danger, for it is not possible to throttle down to the crawl, which is the only justifiable pace.

At the same time, outboard equipments of a more plodding and robust type are obtainable, and may be attached to a dingey or any ordinary rowboat and used with great success for peaceful water motoring.

So far as speeding on open water is concerned there is no excuse whatever for the reckless driver. No doubt there will often be the temptation to cut across the bows of other craft in order to avoid their wash ; and there will be moments of peril caused through the faulty judgment of those whose experience of speed and distance at sea is undeveloped.

As a matter of fact, however, the code of behaviour of the considerate driver on land needs very little adaptation for the water. The good motor-car driver should be a good motor-boat driver, and the water hog must be discouraged in the most rigorous fashion. It would be tragic if a new sport and pastime which means a great deal to British industry should be discredited almost at birth by the inconsiderate actions of a few undesirables.

Future Speed Possibilities.

It is interesting to note, however, that there is no speed limit in the lower reaches of the Thames, though it is unwise constantly to pass the Houses of Parliament, a complaint having been recently made by one of the speakers, who stated he was unable to hear his own voice. In the meantime the fifty miles' race for small outboard hydroplanes at Brighton—the first event of this length to be held in this country — demonstrated rather forcibly the rapidity with which the capability of these craft is being increased.

The winning boat is stated to have averaged 38·5 miles an hour over the five-mile circuit, in which eight buoys had to be rounded, so that the maximum speed accomplished must have been in the neighbourhood of forty miles an hour.

British Record Attempt.

Prize money totalling £500 is offered, I understand, by the Elto Company of America for the establishment of a new mile outboard hydroplane record before October 31st. The mile has to be covered three times in each direction, and the attempt must be made in the course of a competition.

The present holder of the record, Mr.—— Frey, whose speed was 39·367 miles an hour, was successful under rather remarkable conditions. During his attempt in a recent regatta at Detroit he unfortunately overturned his boat.

By the conditions of the competition it was necessary for him to resume the attempt within an hour, and difficult though this would seem to be, in view of the fact that the engine must be taken right down in order to free it from water, he was successful.

Now I hear that a British attempt is to be made on Mr. Frey's record by Mr. J. Holroyd, the well-known motor cyclist, of Farnham.

Mr. Holroyd has chosen Southampton Water for his effort, and is confident of exceeding 40 miles an hour. Unfortunately he has to be content with the glory of breaking a record, for it is not possible to comply with the Elto Company's condition, as to the award of their prizes, that the attempt shall form part of a regatta programme. All the more luck to him!

Fishermen's Tales.

We used to credit the disciple of Isaac Walton with being the prize fairy story-teller. Then came the enthusiastic motorist with his tales of amazing speeds. But there is someone out in Germany with a still more vivid imagination—or can the story possibly be true ?

Here it is, anyway. A hydroplane, it is stated, has been completed with a passenger accommodation of 60, plus a crew of 9, which will have a speed of 150 miles an hour and a cruising radius of 2,600 miles. To me this seems rather a tall story, though I hasten to add that the power plant consists of twelve engines developing 6,000 h.p. each.

I am affecting to doubt the possibilities, though no one realises more keenly than I do how unsafe it is to disbelieve that which one does not understand. There is certainly something in the story, and such a hydroplane undoubtedly exists. Whether it will prove to have either the weight-carrying or the speed capacity, or both, remains to be seen, but I find it difficult to reconcile the idea of hydroplane design with the enormous weight which it is proposed to cause to skim the surface.

There is this to be said for it : If such a craft, fully laden, is ever to be made to plane, then the enormously high speed referred to is a vital necessity. And if it is brought into our home waters, the Royal Yacht Squadron and similar authorities will have something to say !

[Last week I inadvertently gave a title to the illustration of a family type of speed boat as "32 knots per hour." This should have read "32 knots."]

The exhilarating sport of surf riding.

"A Light in the Ashes of Delusion."

From the Lord Dewar.

DEAR SIR,

May the torches of BRITANNIA illumine the winter of our discontent and be a light in the ashes of our delusions, because is not the light of civilisation fed by dark printer's ink, and the strongest light in national affairs, the newspapers? To make something out of nothing and much more out of less, is the privilege and prerogative of those upon the Press—how would we know what we said the night before if it were not for the Press?

Britannia rules the waves, but after the next General Election, with the advent of the Women's Franchise, it may be the Wives who will rule Britannia!

That the new publication of which you are Governing Director may continue to flourish like a green bay tree, and express the truth, impress virtue, repress vice and oppress none, is the hope and desire of, Yours sincerely,

DEWAR.

"Wonderful First Number."

Telegram from Sir Harold Bowden, Bart.

SIR,

Sincerest congratulations on BRITANNIA'S wonderful first number. Your paper should be a great national success.

HAROLD BOWDEN.

A Pacifist Hits Out.

DEAR SIR,

May I congratulate you on the first issue of BRITANNIA? It is truly a brilliant achievement.

I assume that as your journal will contain much of a controversial nature you will throw its columns open to correspondence, and I therefore hasten to join issue with your contributor "Samuel Johnson" on the subject of his remark under "Pacifist Logic."

"Truly, we are not a logical people," writes Mr. S. J.

I agree, and, truly, he is the least logical of all.

So, by hanging a man, we indicate "the value which the community sets on human life!"

Again, "man has come only gradually and painfully to respect his neighbour's life." True—and just how gradually and painfully only a pacifist who served four years in France fighting in the "War for Civilisation" can perhaps realise!

Please, will Mr. "Samuel Johnson" tell us what "little loosening of restraints" occurred to "bring back the gunmen into our everyday existence" during those years? And will he also please tell us why we poor pacifists should be ridiculed because we wish to submit issues gravely affecting the future of the world to arbitration?

I seem to remember hearing something about a Locarno Pact signed by a gentleman named Sir Austen Chamberlain on behalf of His Majesty's Government. I also seem to recall speeches by another gentleman, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, extolling the virtues of peace and lauding the work of the League of Nations.

But perhaps I am mistaken, and these gentlemen are not really pacifists. Maybe Mr. "Samuel Johnson" has a better knowledge of their real intentions than I have. Or is it that they are only pacifists for the duration of peace?

It is all rather difficult. I wonder what the "Doctor" would say?

Yours faithfully,

S. WARD.

To be Driven or Led?

SIR,

May I congratulate you on your first issue of BRITANNIA. It is excellent, and very readable, except the first (page 2) political article. I entirely object to that. Think again. Mr. Baldwin is an honest, upright, Christian gentleman, and has done well in his most difficult post. You cannot drive the British people. A leader can only lead a very little way ahead. I am no politician, and vote independently of party.

But your article irks and annoys me, as it will many another middle class Englishman. Indeed, it nearly caused me to decide never to buy the paper again, or to recommend it, but I found the rest of the Journal so good that I shall try another number before settling whether or not to take it regularly.

I hope you will cut yourself loose from the old names, such as Messrs. Wells, Bennett, Conan Doyle, etc. Excellent men, but one is so tired of them. Try and find and encourage young men, and don't refuse good matter because the name of the writer is unknown.

I wish you well.

HARVEY PREEN.

P.S.—I hope you will carefully read Mr. Baldwin's plain, honest, straightforward speech at Yarmouth on September 27th.

If you are not a hidebound Lloyd Georgeite or a Labour man who can see nothing but his class, you cannot but approve. If, however, you don't agree, and still would damn a good man, better drop politics altogether from BRITANNIA, and many will be glad.

You may publish this letter in the next number, if you "like," but I expect you will not "like."

Our National Accounts.

SIR,

I am moved by the second paragraph, in column 2, page 2, of your issue dated September 28th, to send you a copy of a letter I sent to the Editor of *The Times* on April 24th last. Needless to say it was not published.

This very serious aspect of our national accounts ought to be probed further.—Yours, etc.,

(COL. SIR) HERBERT BRYAN.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,

I find some difficulty in reconciling figures given in "Returns on National Debt, July, 1927," with those quoted in the special article, headed "The Budget," published in to-day's *Times*.

Your contributor writes:—"In the last eight years over £700,000,000 has been applied to the repayment of Debt; but the total capital of the Debt has fallen in that period only from £7,828,800,000 to £7,586,800,000, viz., by £242,000,000."

Taking the figures of the official return quoted above, I find as follows:

Total nominal Debt, 1919 ..	£7,434,949,429
„ „ „ 1927 ..	£7,554,617,647

being an increase of £119,668,218.

Further, there has been expended, according to the same official publication, under "Total Interest Charges and Management Expenses," from 1919 to 1927 (both years inclusive), no less than £2,896,732,304. The actual official figures, therefore, for the period 1919 to 1927 are:—

Disbursements:—

On % of Charges and Management	£2,896,732,304
„ „ „ Redemption	£741,635,951
Total	£3,638,368,255

Notwithstanding, the National Debt has increased during that period by £119,668,218.

How is it done?—Yours, etc.,

(Signed) HERBERT BRYAN.

Unsolved Problems.

DEAR SIR,

As one of the multitudes that were "over there," also as one who had almost reached a point of despair, raising a lone voice on the unsolved problem of unemployment and inter-Empire migration and settlement and inter-Empire free trade and inter-Empire industrial safeguards against other than inter-Empire industries, allow me to be one of the number (I hope a multitude) who will thank you for the advent of the BRITANNIA and for the very emphatic courage which informs your first leader.

I have just returned from revisiting Western Australia (where I was resident for over twelve years), and I can assure you that the men of your generation and mine—those who shared in the "job"—will welcome throughout the Empire an Imperial journal that proves informed, courageous, critical, constructive, and just.

BRITANNIA opens with a promise of this, calling for fresh effort to remove unemployment, the institution of safeguards of Empire, Imperial statesmanship in place of domestic politics (and the future Houses of Parliament must become more and more Imperial and less and less Domestic), those considerations that will add fresh jewels to the Crown and without which the Empire must recede and not progress.

Our mutual experience in France informs us that enterprise and pioneering effort is decidedly not dead in our people, and those who regard our 1,300,000 unemployed as evidence of lack of desire to work fail to understand the tragedy lying behind this enormous body of people.

It is this one thing, thrust out of men's attention by gift to them of a useless and unwanted dole (unwanted in the sense that work and not charity was desired by those who did their war job) that calls for the entire attention of our nation.

To my mind, the solution is fully within the capacity of our peoples; otherwise, we deny the capacity for regimentation and organisation which we demonstrated as a nation during war time. This second war, arising out of the first—a war against the old narrow economics in favour of the new wide Imperial vision—is more important even than the last.

We do not admit that we have bitten off more Empire than we can economically chew, and, acting under the dictum of Descartes, namely, "only those objects should engage our attention to the sure and indubitable knowledge of which our mental powers seem to be adequate."

I am certain, from the first number of BRITANNIA, that nothing I might say would be against your Journal's policy, namely, ardent Imperialism and the destruction of futile ideas of progress.

I had thought seriously of attaching myself to publicity through the party machine, but, as I think the matter urgent, and think that effort should not be further delayed, I see in your Journal the possibility of appeal to a much wider public than a party attachment might reach; the individual is of small moment in this matter, but the informing of public conscience everything.

It is clear that your new Journal will do this, whether I am able to assist your efforts or not; therefore, I wish you and your BRITANNIA an immediate and perpetual success.—I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

G. C. MURRAY.

The Unreasoning Communist.

DEAR SIR,

I was very interested in the first advertisement of your new weekly paper, but as far as the first issue is concerned I am sure that the description of Mr. Gilbert Frankau's "few straight words to the Conservative Conference" will not help your paper to any degree of success.

I can only conclude that the reasoning classes referred to by Mr. Frankau are the Communists, and, after four years' political work in a working-class constituency, I have yet to meet a Communist who could reason about anything.

Yours truly,

(MISS) MARJORIE H. SMITH.

By A. PADDOCK

Gordon Richards

NOT so many years ago the month of October was one of the busiest of the racing season in a speculative sense. Everybody with the least interest in betting would turn his attention to the possibilities of winning a small fortune at the cost of a trifling sum by endeavouring to find the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—the "big autumn double," as it is popularly termed. In recent years, however, ante-post betting has been practically a dead-letter, as any starting price bookmaker will tell you.

But signs are not wanting that a revival in this form of investment is setting in, and I continue to hear reports of the backing of this

Troubadour winning the Newbury Autumn Cup.

or that candidate for one or other of the two big events.

All the same, I doubt whether it is weight of money which has placed Arctic Star and Tourist and Sunny Trace and Palais Royal II at the head of the markets on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire respectively. Public form, in my opinion, has been the main factor.

Ever since Arctic Star's easy victory in the Goodwood Stakes his possibilities as a Cesarewitch aspirant have been apparent to anyone with the merest knowledge of racing, while Tourist owes his position largely to his forward display in the St. Leger, and the fact that as a Son-in-Law colt he will stay the course well.

The Ascot Gold Cup is usually regarded as the greatest test of stamina the Racing Calendar offers, but I would award that distinction to the Cesarewitch. Not only must a horse have ability to last the severe two miles and a quarter across a dead galloping track, but he must be endowed with good initial speed. For that reason I cannot see the French-bred Bois Josselyn winning the race, for I think he will be hopelessly outpaced from the start.

Troubadour's Triumph.

Perhaps the most interesting development in connection with the race the last few days have produced has been Troubadour's defeat of Steel-point in the Newbury Autumn Cup. It is no exaggeration to say that he lost and won his race twice over, and only a horse possessed of staying power to a marked degree could have spurted again as he did in the last fifty yards on Saturday after seeming to have thrown the race away.

Coming on top of his triumph in the Prince Edward Handicap, his Newbury success pays a great tribute to Major Sneyd's ability as a trainer of stayers, and it will be a wonderful achievement if the colt adds the Cesarewitch to his tally. And yet this son of Gay Crusader proved so unprofitable in his younger days that he was weeded out of the Stanley House stable! It would be an ironic twist of the hand of fate if Troubadour defeated Lord Derby's candidate Cap-a-pie on October 17th.

Old Orkney's Disappearance.

One of the things which have helped to unpopularise ante-post betting is the scratching of a well-fancied horse a few days before the race for no very apparent reason. Consequently Captain Gooch's action in advising the scratching at this early stage of Old Orkney is to be commended.

I believe training difficulties—hard going, etc.—have made such a course necessary.

Old Orkney's disappearance will bring Kinchinjunga more into prominence. Mr. Sutton's horse struck me as a Cesarewitch winner of the future when I saw him make practically all the running to win the Goodwood Cup. I shall watch developments in this quarter very closely.

Meanwhile Brown Jack continues to give every satisfaction. It was a pity the state of the going prevented him being started for his Gatwick engagement, but Aubrey Hastings, his trainer, wisely refrained from taking risks. He told me, however, the colt was perfectly well.

Palais Royal II Warning.

Regarding the Cambridgeshire a word of warning should be issued in connection with Palais Royal II. This colt is due to run for the rich Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris on Sunday, and I gather he is fully expected to win. Success would entail a ten pounds penalty for the Cambridgeshire, which would bring his weight up to 8 st. 9 lb.

This would constitute a tremendous burden for a three-year-old, and as a fact the last of that age to win the Cambridgeshire with a similar impost was the brilliant La Fleche, who carried 8 st. 10 lb. to victory in 1892: seven years after Palais Royal II's compatriot Plaisanterie completed the remarkable Cesarewitch—Cambridgeshire double by winning under 8 st. 12 lb.

The Defeat of Mr. Jinks.

The two-year-old situation has become further involved by the unexpected defeat of Mr. Jinks in the Buckenham Stakes at Newmarket this week by Mr. A. de Rothschild's Reflector. So far as I could see there was no excuse for the Stockbridge colt, who was beaten on his merits. It was a complete reversal of the running in the July Stakes over the July Course, when Reflector suffered defeat by Mr. Jinks. The weights carried on Tuesday were exactly the same, and the distances were similar, yet Reflector was able to turn a half-length beating into a comfortable victory by three-quarters of a length. The inference is that Mr. Jinks is not improving in the same ratio, and along with a number of other close observers I am inclined to think that Reflector will not be far away from the best of next season's three-year olds.

Betting Tax Reduction.

It will be interesting to see what effect the reduction in the Betting Tax, which came into operation this week, has on racing generally. I was at pains to sound a number of prominent bookmakers on the subject recently, and the majority are of opinion that it would make very little difference. "No tax on turnover can have any other result than a bad one. We shall continue to fight until it gives place to the much fairer method of graduated licences," was the tenour of their remarks.

My own view is that the volume of business will remain much as it was before. The tax has not been nearly so responsible for the falling off in betting transactions as its opponents would have us believe. I am sure the chief trouble all along has been lack of money, a state of things which every industry has been forced to feel during the last year or two. Once trade revives betting will get back into its old standard, tax or no tax, tote or no tote.

Lord Dewar's The Cheerful Abbot (No. 4) winner of the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket.

DOG RACING

SOME years ago I sat in a cinema and saw a moving picture of greyhounds chasing an electric hare round an American Stadium track. The audience, and I with them, shrieked with laughter, " Shades of the Waterloo Cup ! " we thought—little dreaming that in a very short while the electric hare was to start a new sport in England which was to run through the community with a wave of enthusiasm rarely paralleled.

The result of the early popularity of greyhound racing with a mechanical hare was a fortune for those people in this country who formed the first syndicates. Thousands and thousands of people—some of whom had never been to a race meeting in their lives before—thronged the stands at the new greyhound tracks at every meeting.

All kinds of inconsequential rubbish was written and spoken about the beauty of the greyhound, both in repose and action. He was likened to the hounds of Diana—who were probably much more like Alsatian wolf dogs than greyhounds—photographed *ad nauseam* in the daily and sporting newspapers, cartooned, made into mascots, his likeness was even shaped into little brooches to be worn in women's hats.

Dogs which had been worth a few pounds suddenly soared in value, so that a hundred guineas would not purchase what a five pound note would have paid before the craze set in. Londoners were " bitten."

The Backers Won.

But let us be honest. How many of us went to see the greyhound stretched out in all his beauty ? Very few. Most of us hoped to see the bookmaker outstretched and his pockets emptied ; and for a time that is precisely what did happen. The dogs ran true to form and the backers won. Here was amusement which paid for itself ! It was simple. Back the favourite—draw your money !

Courses sprang up all over the country. For a while the public continued to make money and the dogs to run true to form. Then another phase set in. The originators of the game went out of it, taking their money with them. The dogs began to run less true to form. And, lastly, the public enthusiasm waned—bets were halved and the bookmakers came into their own.

Greyhound racing is not dead to-day, but it is not so popular as it was. The people " in the game " are in it for pure financial gain rather than for the honour and glory ; and that is never good for any sport.

There is no Jockey Club of the greyhound racing world and if a dog is warned off one course there are others on which it can be run. And " accidents " have happened—as they must even in the best regulated dog circles—but when bookmakers know definitely that certain " accidents " are due for certain races—then all is far from being well. A white dog has been painted black and has won a race so camouflaged ! And other curious things. . .

Pity the Poor Owner.

These and other more obscure reasons explain the uncertainty as to whether the tracks will remain open during the winter months. Another factor in the dying enthusiasm for dog racing lies in the ruling that dog owners have no say in the entrances. If you own a dog you have no right to say in which race it may compete, so that after buying your dog you have nothing more to do with the racing end of it save to draw the winnings (when there are any) and to find the money when there are no winnings to draw.

That the financial success of greyhound racing is due to betting will not bear contradiction. In the early days people alleged that to bet on the " dogs " would be illegal, forgetting that betting in itself is not against the law. It is all a question of where you make your bet.

It was not and is not illegal to go to the White City or to Wembley to bet on the greyhound races, but it was illegal to set up a betting post at either of those places and stand there to bet. As a result all sorts and condition of syndicates were formed for running different kinds of animals in " chasing races."

It was suggested that Alsatian wolf dogs would provide better sport than the greyhounds, on the grounds that the Alsatian had far more intelligence, and that he had better staying powers. It was argued that where a greyhound was faster, the Alsatian, with his long, tireless, wolf-like lope, would be capable of providing a five-mile thrill where the greyhound could only race short distances.

Eventually, Alsatians were tried out. They did all that was required of them, but they were too slow. That is only to be expected. The Alsatian is not a police dog by nature. He is a sheep dog pure and simple, and as such he has been used on the Continent for centuries. He is wise, hard as nails, and tireless. His wolf lope will carry him for miles—but he is not, and never will be, a racing dog.

And so, like hundreds of other suggestions, the Alsatian races were shelved.

Terriers after Rats.

Of the many which were started only one looks like coming to stay. I refer to the wire-haired terriers who race after rats at the Stadium Club in High Holborn. There, the dogs run under cover and you can dine and watch them at leisure, and at the same time, if you are a member, make your bets on the club totalisator.

As a spectacle it is much more thrilling and intriguing to watch these smaller dogs who are much more the friends of man than the bigger greyhounds. Besides, they have a hundred times more sagacity. Watch them, and you will see that there is no shadow of doubt that they are all out to get their rat and to tear it to pieces if they get the chance. Sometimes they do—and then the fur flies !

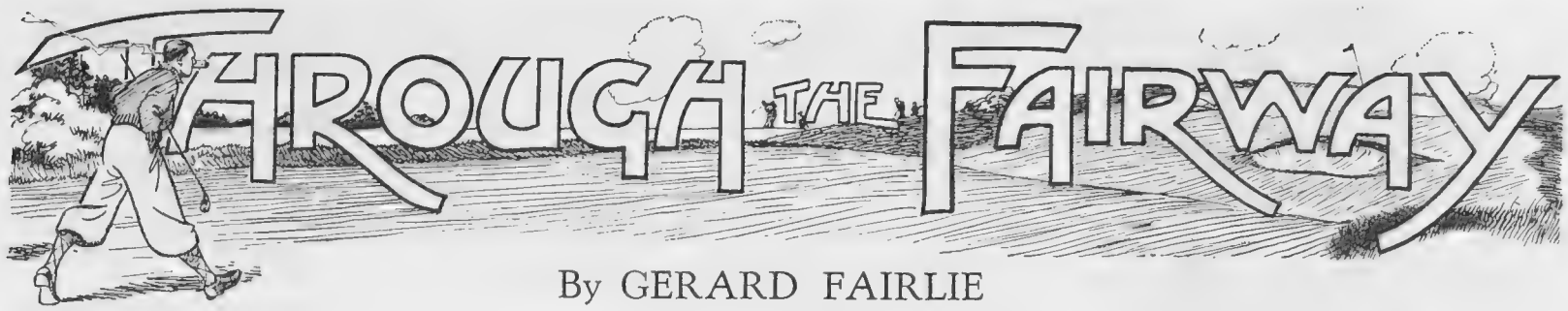
Terriers are " Paying " Pets.

I have seen them stop, watch for the rat to come round and then go for each other hammer and tongs—which seems perfectly natural in terriers. These dogs, too, are just as good over the hurdles as they are on the " flat."

Quite a nice amount of money can be won with a good terrier. I know several women who have made more than a little " pin money " with one dog who was formerly just a pet. He still is a pet—but a " paying pet " who helps to clothe his mistress—but not with pins.

Terriers do not need the coddling which the greyhound demands. You can own your own dog, keep him at home and train him and run him when you like if you are so disposed. On the other hand, Mr. Fred Howard, who runs the Stadium Club, has a number of stables and will train and run your dog for you, as and when you wish. If any BRITANNIA readers have a terrier who can " go a bit " and would like to run him, let them write to the Stadium Club about it.

A. BARKER.



By GERARD FAIRLIE

THERE are certain competitions which stand out in importance because of the quality of the entry which they attract. The King William IV medal, although in point of fact merely the Autumn medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, is probably the second most important stroke play competition of the year, and certainly by far the most important of those played only over eighteen holes.

The winner for 1928 is Peter Campbell, who returned an excellent card of 73, made up of 39 out and 34 home. The latter half of his round represents really magnificent golf, the best of the meeting.

It is a pleasant thought that the man who played the best golf won the medal; this may

Mr. Angus V. Hambro, new captain of the Royal and Ancient.

sound ridiculous, but in point of fact that element of chance which is half the attraction of the game sometimes prevents this desirable happening.

The New Ball.

I remarked last week on the new ball, and made so bold as to warn the average golfer that his enjoyment of the game stood in dire peril of abridgement. I headed my remarks with: A New Ball? I regret to say that the question mark comes out.

A new ball is almost a fact, and actually will be as soon as details are decided on by the committee set up to deal with the matter by the Royal and Ancient after consultation with a similar committee in America. This new ball will be both lighter and larger than the present one.

I retract not one word which I wrote last week. We are told that this new measure is designed to save the game from being made to look ridiculous, but who is going to make a fool of it? If at all, only a few of our very best and longest players. Therefore this new measure is one of those designed to help the tiger at the expense of the tyro.

To play with this new ball will be to play with something far harder to control.

For the average golfer the game, difficult enough as it is, becomes even more difficult. The good player will undoubtedly benefit by the change, since a premium is placed on skilful and delicate execution of shots. But, and this is the whole point, by how many do the tyros exceed the tigers in number? Millions, I should say.

The Royal and Ancient.

Nobody denies to St. Andrews the title Royal and Ancient. One very prominent amateur maintains, in fact, that ancient is an admirable title for certain members of the club committees. Only golfing communists and fools would have the control of the game taken out of the club's hands.

There are, of course, county unions and national unions and other bodies who help when they can, which is not often, although it seems to me they have a chance now.

I am not sure that St. Andrews would not object to receiving information as to the feeling among the indifferent players of the country on the matter, and I should be surprised if with this information the committee did not reconsider the whole question.

As far as I know only scratch players have so far been given the opportunity of voting on the subject, and they, of course, should matter not one jot when a measure such as this comes up for ratification.

I know I am treading on delicate ground, and I hope that my loyalty to St. Andrews will not be questioned. I have a tremendous respect for my father, but I'll argue with him until I am black in the face if I think he is wrong. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, as far as golf is concerned, holds much the same position.

Steel Shafts.

The new captain of the Royal and Ancient, Angus Hambro, announced at the business meeting of the club that steel shafts would not be legalised. He gave out that there was plenty of hickory available, and that where climatic conditions made it advisable steel shafts were already allowed.

This decision is obviously the right one. Certain activities have recently been noticeable in the direction presumably of attempting to force St. Andrews to make these shafts legal. They have been treated in precisely the manner which they deserved. A few short sentences, and that was that.

The real objection to steel shafts lies in their future. Steel shafts are much the same as hickory shafts at the moment, but would they still be much the same a year or two after they were legalised? I doubt it very much indeed.

The French Open Championship.

British amateur golf has recently come in for some very harsh criticism. Without entering into the why and wherefore, I must nevertheless point out that in my opinion most of this criticism has been undeserved. It is, therefore, with very great pleasure that I find it my duty to record C. J. H. Tolley's victory in the French Open Championship.

Cyril Tolley did himself well. In the first place he is the only amateur golfer ever to have won this event, secondly his winning aggregate is a record for the competition, and thirdly he broke the record for the La Boulie course with a great round of sixty-eight on the first day.

True, this latter record only stood for twenty four hours, since George Duncan's last round beat it by a stroke, but it remains the amateur record and unless somebody goes quite mad is liable to retain this honour for some considerable time.

From the British point of view the Championship was entirely successful. British players occupied the first eight places: the nearest foreigner was ten strokes behind the winner and tied for ninth place. Aubrey Boomer certainly is attached to the St. Cloud club, but he comes from the Channel Islands and has played for Britain. He was fifth along with Duncan, the holder.

Tolley's performance is all the greater when it is remembered that this is the second time he has won the event. Four years ago he just beat a good field which included the famous American, Walter Hagen. The manner of his winning, too, was most courageous.

A Great Effort.

Six players had a chance of winning at the start of the fourth round. Two of these, playing together, were early starters in Cotton, runner up recently in the *News of the World* tournament, and the leader in H. C. Kinch. When these two

(Continued overleaf)

George Duncan, who broke the record of the La Boulie Golf Course.

had finished Kinch had an aggregate of 284 and nobody suspected that he could be beaten, since a rapid calculation by those who knew that Tolley had reached the turn in an average of fours proved that he must do the last nine holes in thirty-three in order to beat this total.

Cyril Tolley is never a safe man to leave out of one's calculations. I don't know at what point in his homeward half he became aware of what was required, but his nerve was impaired not the slightest. He must have known by the seventeenth tee, any way, that two fours would win him the title, and two fours he got. It was a very gallant effort.

Tolley's Record.

Cyril Tolley's record since he won the Amateur Championship is strange. He has his ups and downs, since he is human, but perhaps with him his ups go higher and his downs sink lower than with any other of our greatest golfers. Since winning the Amateur Championship so sensationally his record in this the premier amateur event makes dismal reading, yet it is unfair to say that he has been beaten by bad golf.

Unknown names have triumphed over his, but the unknown has on each occasion done himself well by playing to the very limit of his powers. That might happen to anyone, the more so since these matches are by eighteen holes.

Nevertheless Cyril Tolley remains, in spite of failures, on a pinnacle all his own in the public fancy. The gallery always follows his match. At his best Tolley is magnificent; at his worst he is at least spectacular. He has done much by this his most recent success to restore the confidence of the great many who believe him as good as anybody in the world.

Aids to Courage.

To produce a fighting finish, such as Cyril Tolley produced at La Boulie, is to have been born with the capacity. But there are certain aids which the less fortunate resort to on occasion. One I have known for some time; two or three pieces of lump sugar taken when things are becoming a trifle too exciting very often produce an excellent effect.

But at a recent professional tournament I came across one new to me. The professional I was watching suddenly found himself, rather unexpectedly, with a good chance of winning if he could produce of his very best. He promptly bent down and tightened up his shoe laces.

He gave me the reason. The effect, he said, was to tighten up everything, including his mental powers, and to generate that extra energy of which he felt himself in need.

Fixture List.

October 6th.—Public Schools Scratch Foursomes. Camberley Heath.

,, 9th—London Fouresomes. Addington. Eve's Autumn Foursomes. Ranelagh.

,, 10th—Championship of New Zealand. Dunedin.

Mr. Cyril Tolley, winner of the French Open Championship. A snapshot taken on the La Boulie course during the Competition.

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ODOL keeps the breath sweet and pure all the day through, besides preserving the teeth as only ODOL can.

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Medium Flask, **2/6** *Large Flask (the more economical),* **3/6**

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THE WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

KEEN COMPETITION FOR BRITANNIA SHIELDS ASSURED

BY F. GORDON LOWE.

ARRANGEMENTS for the world's professional Lawn Tennis Championships, which start at Queen's Club on Monday next are now complete. As mentioned last week, BRITANNIA is doing everything possible to help this new venture, and in addition to the three BRITANNIA shields, which will be presented to the singles and doubles champions, has contributed £300 in cash towards the prize money.

Admission to the ground throughout the coming week will be 2s. 6d., and a further 2s. 6d. will provide a seat in one of the stands facing the show court. No enthusiast should miss the chance of attending these championships which are sure to provide some exceptionally fine tennis.

Possible Finalists.

Owing to the seeded draw some splendid matches are ensured for the closing stages, which, in all probability will terminate in an intriguing final between Albert Burke, France, and Najuch, Germany, the two finest players entered.

Charles Read, the British champion, is expected to meet Najuch in the last eight, while Jones or Captain Rodgers, will have a chance of playing Von Braun or Edmund Burke in the same round; in the lower half Maskell should certainly come through to Albert Burke, and there is every prospect of an excellent struggle between Richter and Negro; the last mentioned, by the way, was one of Mlle. Lenglen's chief trainers.

The Choice of Balls.

An interesting feature of the tournament is that the players themselves will be allowed to select any make of ball they prefer for their various matches, provided it is an authorised one. The Committee feel that this is the fairest way of arranging it; the experiment worked very well in that tournament last year. Now that the stitchless lawn tennis ball has been adopted universally, and the old ball with a seam is a thing of the past, one make does not vary very considerably from another. Every make of ball, whoever the manufacturer may be, has to go through the same rigid test. Slight differences, of course, still exist, but not enough to affect the course of a match.

Kozeluh Defeated.

It is interesting to note that the great Kozeluh has suffered the first defeat of his career at the hands of the ex-amateur, Vincent Richards, in the final of the American Professional Championships. On the first three occasions these two have met, the Czechoslovakian has been a comparatively easy winner.

It is the old story of the more two men play together, the nearer the weaker of the two will get to his rival!

Miss Nuthall and Olliff at Gleneagles.

There are still no signs that the tournament player in England who started in some cases as early as March has had enough; the popular Westside Country Club Meeting, for instance, which finishes to-morrow, has enjoyed a record entry both as regards quality and quantity.

At Gleaneagles, Olliff brought off a very fine performance by beating Andrews, the young New Zealander, after a gruelling struggle by 8–6, 3–6, 6–3. Clearly Olliff, and possible Avory, too, who both figured in the final of the Schoolboys' Tournament at Queen's, in 1927, are the most improved young players of the year.

The other interesting result at Gleneagles was the defeat of Miss Betty Nuthall by Miss Boyd. The match served to show that Miss Nuthall's newly-acquired service is still out of control. The English girl can win her opponent's service, but seldom her own.

Ohta's Fifth Successive Victory.

All the winners at Roehampton, except Ohta, who triumphed too easily, had a strenuous time, owing to a blank Friday. By beating that hardy Irishman, Scroope, in the semi-final, and Williams, the Welsh champion, in the final, Ohta scored his fifth successive victory.

This Japanese Davis Cup player seems to get better every time he goes on to the court; he is hitting the ball very hard indeed with his curious forehand. This stroke is very similar in execution to that of his compatriot, Shimidzu, only it is played with more "top spin." Williams, considering he had had a terribly hard struggle with Nigel Sharpe in the morning, played well against Ohta, whom he found in considerably better form than on the last occasion they met, at the Gallery Club, early in the season.

The International Club's Autumn Meeting.

An enjoyable day was spent on Sunday at Woodcote Park, where, at their autumn meeting, the members of the International Club competed for the Captains' Prize. The event was played on the American system, which meant that each of the ten players entered had nine matches. Every match was the best of eight games, so that each player in all had to play seventy-two games—rather a strenuous day's work! However, this particular method of scoring was a pleasant change after the usual sets.

J. D. P. Wheatley, who, with Gilbert, won the Captains' Prize at the Autumn Meeting of the International Club of Great Britain at Woodcote Park.

Wheatley and Gilbert, easily the best pair, were first, with fifty games; Lezard and Avory, who led the field up to lunch-time, were second, with forty-four. Other good players were Powell and Sharpe, Kingscote and A. H. Lowe, Sir Leonard Lyle and Cartwright, and Lamb and Simond.

One of BRITANNIA'S Lawn Tennis Shields.
Designed by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Ltd.

Is Grass the Best Surface?

Owing to the exceptional summer, some people are now saying that the grass court, after all, is the right one for this country. Admittedly, there is nothing to beat a grass court under the perfect conditions which prevail at Wimbledon, Queen's Club, and other well-known centres.

How few clubs, however, outside these select few, can boast of grass courts which are really worth playing on? There is, indeed, nothing worse for learning new strokes or perfecting old ones than an untrue grass surface. Both sun and rain in any large quantities seem quickly to ruin a grass court. How much grass is there left on the ordinary club courts after a spell of really hot weather? Even the Centre Court at Wimbledon, after a fortnight's play, has to be practically returfed to be ready for next year.

I am still of the opinion that the hard court, though there is not one really fast enough yet, is the right one for the English climate, taking it as a whole. In the near future, I believe that it will only be at places like Wimbledon, where the grass courts can be kept up to a proper standard, that this surface will be retained. The question of the various types of hard courts, and their individual advantages, is a subject to which I am going to devote an article later on. What is wanted for winter play in this country more than anything else, is a greater number of covered courts; at present, Queen's Club and Dulwich are the only ones properly equipped in this respect.

Fixture List: October:

October 8th-13th.—World's Professional Championship.
,, ,, Bournemouth Hard Court Tournament.
,, 9th-13th.—Northumberland County Hard Court Tournament.
,, 15th-20th, 22nd and 23rd } Covered Court Championships, Queen's Club.

A Modern Cockfight

The ancient sport of Cocking still flourishes in certain parts of England. The following is an account, by an eye-witness, of a Main which was held recently.

ONE of the most interesting Mains of cocks fought in this country since the War was successfully brought off at Deathling, without interference by spoilsports, at the end of the season, between the Gentlemen of Barnshire and a Confederacy representing the counties of Cornshire and Fernshire.

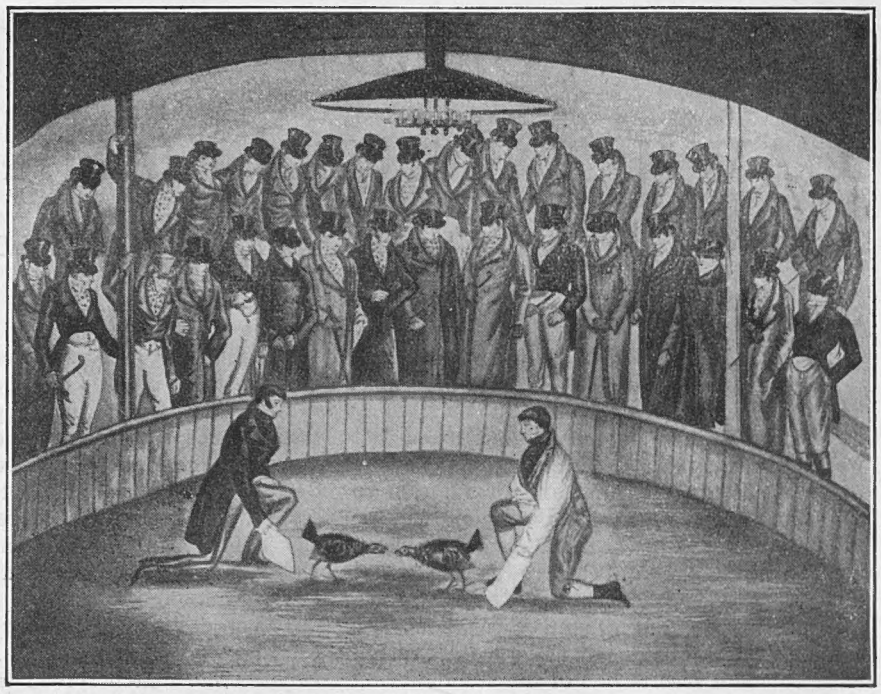
It was a short Main of eleven battles, to show thirteen birds a side, fought under Westminster Rules in fair reputed silver spurs, of which some notable examples by Toulmin, Vincent, Gatesfield, and the elder Clay were in use. Owing to the modern craze for breeding big birds, though those coming within two ounces of each other were matched, only nine cocks a side fell into the Main, there being four bye-battles. The stakes were 5 guineas a battle, and 50 guineas the odd, with 2 guineas each bye.

Fed for Fighting.

The birds were all penned and fed on the premises for some time before the Main, and the match-bills made out by Parson Spur of Wolley, one of the last of the old school of clerical Cockers. The chief interest of the Main was the performance of the team of brown-breasted Brown-reds, brothers, sent up from Cornshire, but bred so big that all save one fell into the second in-go, fought after luncheon.

The first in-go commenced at 10 a.m., a handsome Blue-red from Barnshire disposing of a Birchen-grey, after a well-contested combat, in which the former showed himself the sharper heeler. A Brassywing and a Pyle of Barnshire went down somewhat tamely before a Duckwing and another Birchen-grey representing Cornshire; but one of Lord Lummy's black-breasted Black-reds proved too high a flyer for the lightest of Mr. Volley's Brown-reds. Honours, therefore, were equal in the first in-go; though, of the four bye-battles fought before the lunch interval, Cornshire and Fernshire won three: a solitary Creel—now rarely seen in a cock-pit—on their side refusing to fight and being duly counted out.

Resuming the sport at 2 p.m., it was found that Barnshire had two black-breasted Black-reds, two Brassywings and a Blue-red—brother to the vanquisher of the Birchen in the first in-go—to pit against the much vaunted Brown-red birds from Cornshire; and excitement ran high, the odds before the first pair of cocks was sodded being 6 to 4 on the Confederacy.



A Fight in Westminster Cockpit, 1830.

An Unexpected Death.

The Black-red, fighting the lightest of the Brown-reds, soon altered this, being both sharper and narrower-heeled; and when the first of the Brassywings struck the second Brown-red dead at the first fly, thus making the Main four to two in favour of Barnshire, their supporters' faith in Mr. Volley's strain was sadly shaken. The battle between the second Brassywing and a still heavier Brown-red was a long-drawn-out affair, neither bird succeeding in touching the other, in a series of very low flies, for at least ten minutes. They had to be set several times, and at last came to holding; but the Brassywing, disengaging, finally made a wholly unexpected fly and struck his adversary dead instantaneously.

The second Black-red, a real raven-breasted cock with a high clear-cut comb and blue legs, speedily accounted for the penultimate Brown-red; and although the Main was Barnshire's, tremendous interest was evinced in the final battle: long odds being laid on the last of the Brown-reds defeating the Blue-red, a majority of the cockers present having a prejudice against Duns of any sort, although the pair sodded derived their blood from the strain of old John Harris of Liskeard: "the last of the Fathers of the Sod," as *The Times* once described him.

A Very Game Cock.

This handsome bird, as though aware of his Cornish ancestry, proudly left his settor's hands and eyed his opponent warily. The Brown-red, last hope of his side, however, proved an even worse flyer than his brothers, and the battle and Main ended with the first fly, the narrow-heeled Blue-red piercing the other's brain with a two-inch Toulmin at the first attempt, himself untouched; a cock well worth breeding from, and one likely to maintain the prestige of the Harris strain for many generations.

Barnshire, therefore, won the Main by seven battles to two, and the Confederacy the bye-battles by three to one. Despite the little recent trouble in Norfolk, the past season was a good one all round, and full of promise for the future of this ancient sport.

M. T. R. C.

A Gamble on the Birds, as Hogarth saw it.

I publish the above in order that the public may be fully aware that Cock-fighting is not extinct in Great Britain. Whether the sport is legal or illegal appears open to debate. I commit myself to no opinion, and leave the question of the cruelty or otherwise of the game for discussion by our readers.

G.F.

FROM THE TOUCH LINE

By Mitford Brice

Rugby Football.

I THINK it was on Monday that I asked a member of England's last year's XV. how grounds were playing. "Hard as hell," he replied ruefully. In spite of the inaptness of the metaphor (for do not divines warn us that hell is a lamentably easy matter ?), there was solid justification for the feeling that he put into his words. But rain has fallen, and more is to come, so that Rugger players, racehorse owners, and garden lovers will be holding up their heads again.

Last Saturday marked the virtual opening of first-class Rugger, many teams playing their first match of the season. Those who clicked their way through the turnstiles of various grounds saw much good football; indeed, so good was it for the time of year that prophecies are already being made that, both from the club and the national point of view, we are in for a season of great deeds. Even if Prophecy be the kinsman of Rumour, let us hope that its qualities are different!

Internationals in Form.

FOUR of the principal matches resulted in victories for the home teams. At Richmond, the Harlequins were mastered by Rosslyn Park, whose forwards played with cohesion and dash. The unbeaten Coventry team defeated Guy's Hospital at Coventry, and their victory was also largely due to the forwards, whose work in the loose was specially effective. Windsor Lewis, of Cambridge and Wales, turned out for Guy's, but Coventry were true hosts, and were most attentive to him throughout the game. Richmond, playing at home, were much too good for a somewhat weak London Scottish team. That corner-stone of Rugby, Blackheath, on their ground, defeated Birkenhead Park by 19 points to 7, a score which, nevertheless, flattered them on the run of the play. C. D. Aarvold, in particular, played with a wholesome spirit of adventure which was good to see; for Rugger is a young man's game, and youth without enterprise is a sorry business. He and W. J. Taylor once more demonstrated, by their individual brilliance as well as by their good understanding of each other's play, that they are practically certain to be England's right wing pair again this season. For Birkenhead Park, J. V. Richardson (a third member of the English three-quarter line) was only a qualified success; but perhaps criticism is a little ungenerous so early in the season. Aarvold, by the way, is not likely to assist Blackheath again for some time. Cambridge play their opening match to-morrow, and, as captain of the University XV, Aarvold's main difficulty will not be whom to choose, but whom to omit.

Association Football.

WE may, and do, sit and clap the successful efforts of our favourite team, but it's the sparkle of a rousing game that brings us to our feet. The game is still the thing. And at Highbury last Saturday an intensely interested crowd of over 40,000 lucky people knew themselves privileged to watch what was probably the most rousing and skilful game of this admittedly young season.

R. H. BETTINGTON
to cable reports of Test Matches
to
BRITANNIA.

The Editor of BRITANNIA is able to announce that arrangements have been made with Dr. R. H. Bettington, the well-known Australian cricketer and triple Blue, to cable first-hand reports and criticisms of the Test Matches in Australia. The M.C.C.'s principal State matches will also be reported. These reports will be more than ordinarily interesting, because Dr. Bettington is as fearless a critic as he is a sound judge of the game.

Dr. Bettington was educated at King's School, Parramatta, New South Wales. While at Oxford he obtained Blues for cricket, Rugby football and golf. At cricket he represented his University against Cambridge in 1920-21-22-23, *captaining the Oxford team in the latter year. He played for Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's in* 1920 *and* 1925; *and this year, while at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he was a valuable member of the Middlesex XI. Towards the end of the past season he scored two brilliant centuries in succession—*127 *against the West Indies and* 114 *against Kent.*

Unless his nine years' absence from his own country prejudices him in the selectors' eyes, Dr. Bettington has a reasonable prospect of being chosen to play for Australia in the forthcoming Tests.

The Arsenal, who had hitherto been in the doldrums, were opposed to that team of rare artistry, Huddersfield Town. It seemed as if the Arsenal players were, to a man, alive to the principle that difficulties are made to be overcome; at any rate, they rose to the occasion right manfully. They doggedly resisted all Huddersfield's attacks; and they beat them into the bargain; yet Huddersfield played magnificent football.

There is only one word that puts its finger on the reason of the Arsenal's success; and that word is "guts." They played with immense and sustained guts; they were persistent in attack and relentless in defence, and, although there were plenty of hard knocks, there was a delightful absence of "dirty work." In this connection it was refreshing to hear and see the enthusiasm of my companion, himself an old International. He frankly admitted that the football of both teams was of the highest order, and he plied me with none of that wearisome reiteration of "Of course, in my time——."

DURING the first half, brilliant raid after brilliant raid was delivered first by one team and then by the other; but every thrust had its parry and brilliance in attack was only equalled by sureness in defence. The Arsenal halves had to withstand five International forwards playing International football; not only did they withstand them, but in the end they mastered them. Their left-half, John, was opposed to Scotland's outside-right, Jackson (said to be one of two men who are worth £10,000 in these days when football players are bought and sold in open market), and Kelly, a master footballer. John did not so much harass these two men; after the first half he dominated them.

A Brilliant Trio.

Baker, the right-half, found Smith and Stephenson (two more Internationals!) playing dazzling football. But he stuck to his work, and in the end he, too, won on points. Nor did young Roberts in the centre, for all his inexperience, falter; indeed, much of his work showed high promise. I stress the brilliance of this sturdy trio because they seemed to carry the entire Arsenal team on their shoulders; indeed, the Arsenal team was at times all John.

The first goal—a good one—was his; the second goal was shot by Lambert, who is a hard worker but no artist. Huddersfield's left-back had clearly handled in the penalty area. Nearly 40,000 people and ten Arsenal players demanded a penalty; at the same moment the ball rolled towards goal and Lambert scored. The referee promptly, and rightly, allowed the goal and ignored the penalty. He had waited that perceptible moment that gave him the opportunity of seeing whether a penalty kick would penalise or help the innocent party. Would that all referees acted likewise!

To sum up, the Arsenal played far above their normal form, and as my International friend remarked, their team consisted of eleven tireless terriers. Under ordinary circumstances, Huddersfield's football in the first half was good enough to have scored three or four goals. They are a great team. Most of us left the ground feeling that in a match of such out-

From the Touchline—*contd.*

standing ability, we had as much admiration for vanquished as for victor.

OTHER notable results in the First Division were Birmingham's away win at Sunderland and Newcastle's heavy trouncing at the hands of Manchester United. The other games panned out more or less according to expectations. In the Second Division Chelsea's invincibility and Hull City's consistency were maintained. At Nottingham, the unbeaten Notts County lost to Preston North End, and Port Vale, on their own ground, defeated Tottenham Hotspur. As I indicated last week, Tottenham at the moment possesses a losing team, and unless some drastic changes are made they are likely to find themselves in a serious position.

I am of opinion that the system of buying players is deplorable; but since it exists, a club is clearly entitled to benefit by it. Tottenham Hotspur is one of the richest clubs in the country, and its wealth is derived from the pockets of its supporters. Those supporters have surely the right to demand that that wealth, *their* money, should be utilised to save what was last year a First Division club from the possibility of becoming a Third Division club next year.

IN the Third Division (South), Brentford and Luton fought hard at Brentford to preserve their respective unbeaten records, and Brentford succumbed. Luton and Queen's Park Rangers are now the only undefeated sides in this section. Fulham astonished most people by winning 6–2 at Watford. This result was largely brought about by the fact that Barson, Watford's centre-half and captain, was sent off the field for misconduct during the first half. Barson has played for Aston Villa, Manchester United and Watford; and with each of them he has incurred the strictures of the referee.

It would be a benefit to the game if such a player were permanently disqualified from participation in it. In the interests of the thousands of decent fellows who earn a living by playing football, it behoves each one of them to control his temper and to play the game in a clean and decent manner.

In the Northern Section of the Third Division, Wrexham emphasised their present strength by winning 3–1 on the ground of one of their strongest rivals (Nelson).

The surprise of the Scottish League was the inability of Glasgow Rangers to beat Motherwell at Glasgow. Only very rarely do the Rangers fail to carry the day on their own ground; or, for that matter, on the other fellow's ground either.

Speed and Thrust: Alec Jackson, the Scottish outside right, in action.
(Exclusive to "Britannia.")

Among the Amateurs.

The Corinthians play their first match on October 13th. Their well-wishers—and they are to be found throughout the length and breadth of the country, in professional as well as in amateur circles—will regret that this club, which is making such great efforts to maintain a high standard of amateurism, have not arranged a greater number of fixtures with some of the stronger professional teams. Amongst their supporters there are two opposing groups of opinion as to the desirability of the Corinthians taking part in the great national knock-out tournament, the F.A. Cup.

Whichever group be right, there is an obligation both to their players and to their supporters that the club should either not take part or, taking part, should do so to the very limit of its ability. That ability, we all realise, is limited by the calls of business and other handicaps of the unpaid player.

At the same time, no practical difficulty stands in the way of fixing up matches with professional teams and if they are to make any headway in the national tournament (and what a magnificent thing it would be for the game if the Corinthians, by supreme endeavour, were to reach the semi-final round!) it is professional teams they must meet in practice. A game with the Isthmian League one week and with the Casuals another week is pleasant enough; but if you have announced your intention of trying to swim the Channnel, it is no use practising on the Serpentine.

This is not my criticism alone, nor is it BRITANNIA'S criticism; it is the criticism (actually heard) of hundreds of past and present Soccer players both amateur and professional who would gladly give up whole weeks of their pay in a bank or an office or wherever it might be, to see the Corinthians smite some of the professional teams hip and thigh.

During each of the last three seasons these men of Corinth have made rather an inglorious exit from the F.A. Cup. It is greatly to be hoped that there will be an improvement next year. To effect that, they will have to remember that although artistry is pretty, it is not the whole game in these days of high-pressure football; and that they will never win a cup tie by playing football with an Oxford accent.

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—*Harlequins v. London Scottish. Blackheath v. Plymouth Albion. Bristol v. Gloucester.*

ASSOCIATION.—*Everton v. Arsenal (Div. I.). Huddersfield v. Blackburn Rovers (Div. I.). West Ham v. Liverpool (Div. I.). Tottenham Hotspur v. Hull City (Div. II.). West Bromwich Albion v. Chelsea (Div. II.).*

Forwards at grips: London Scottish and Richmond.

Collar him low! Sir T. G. Devitt leaves nothing to chance.